

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
CHARLES CHURCHILL.

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With Memoir, Critical Dissertation,  
and Explanatory Notes,

BY THE  
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# CHURCHILL—HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

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IN Churchill we find a signal specimen of a considerable class of writers, concerning whom Goldsmith's words are true—

“ Who, born for the universe, narrow'd their mind,  
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind ”

Possessed of powers and natural endowments which might have made him, under favourable circumstances, a poet, a hero, a man, and a saint, he became, partly through his own fault, and partly through the force of destiny, a satirist, an unfortunate politician, a profligate, died early, and we must approach his corpse, as men do those of Burns and Byron, with sorrow, wonder, admiration, and blame, blended into one strange, complex, and yet not unnatural emotion. Like them, his life was short and unhappy—his career triumphant, yet chequered—his powers uncultivated—his passions unchecked—his poetry only a partial discovery of his genius—his end sudden and melancholy—and his reputation, and future place in the history of letters, hitherto somewhat uncertain. And yet, like them, his very faults and errors, both as a man and a poet, have acted, with many, as nails, fastening to a “ sure place ” his reputation and the effect of his genius.

Charles Churchill was born in Vine Street, Westminster, in February 1731. He was the eldest son of the Rev Charles Churchill, a rector in Essex, as well as a curate, and lecturer of St John the Evangelist, Westminster. As to the attainments of the poet's father, we know only that he was qualified

to superintend the studies of the son, during the intervals of public tuition. At eight years of age, he was sent to Westminster School, and placed under the care of Dr Nichols and Dr Pierson Lloyd, where his proficiency in classical lore was by no means remarkable; nor did he give any promise of the brilliance which afterwards distinguished his genius. At fifteen, he stood as candidate for admission to the foundation at Westminster, and carried it triumphantly. Shortly after, having by some misdemeanour displeased the masters, he was compelled to compose, and recite in the school-room, a poetical declamation in Latin, by way of penance. This he accomplished in a masterly manner—to the astonishment of his masters, and the delight of his school-fellows—some of whom became afterwards distinguished men. We can fancy the scene at the day of the recitation—the grave and big-wigged schoolmasters looking grimly on—their aspect, however, becoming softer and brighter, as one large hexameter rolls out after another—the strong, awkward, ugly boy, unblushingly pouring forth his energetic lines—cheered by the sight of the relaxing gravity of his teachers' looks—while around, you see the bashful tremulous figure of poor Cowper, the small thin shape and bright eye of Warren Hastings, and the waggish countenance of Colman—all eagerly watching the reciter—and all, at last, distended and brightened with joy at his signal triumph.

At the age of eighteen, he stood for a fellowship in Merton College, but without success—being defeated by older candidates. Shortly after, he applied for matriculation at the University of Oxford, but is said to have been rejected at his examination, in which, instead of answering the questions proposed, he broke out into satirical reflections on the abilities of his judges. From Oxford he repaired to Cambridge, where he was admitted into Trinity College. Here, however, his stay was very short,—he was probably repelled by the *chevaux-de-frise* of the mathematics;—and in a few weeks he returned to London, disgusted at both universities, shaking their dust off his feet, and, perhaps, vowing vengeance against them—a vow which he has kept in his poetry. In his

"Ghost," for instance, he thus ridiculed those forms of admission—

"Which Balaam's ass  
As well as Balaam's self might pass,  
And with his master take degrees,  
Could he contrive to pay the fees"

Penniless, and soured by disappointment, Churchill returned to his father's house, and, being idle, soon obtained work from the proverbial "taskmaster" of all idle people. Having become acquainted with a young lady, named Scott, whose father lived in the vicinity of Westminster School, he, with true poetic imprudence, married her privately in the Fleet, to the great annoyance of both their parents. His father, however, was much attached to and proud of his son, and at last was reconciled to the match, and took the young couple home. Churchill passed one quiet domestic year under the paternal roof. At its termination—for reasons which are not known—he retired to Sunderland, in the north of England, and seems there to have applied himself enthusiastically to the study of poetry—commencing, at the same time, a course of theological reading, with a view to the Church. He remained in Sunderland till the year 1753, when he came back to London to take possession of a small fortune which accrued to him through his wife. He had now reached the age of twenty-two, and had been three years married.

During the residence in the metropolis which succeeded, he frequented the theatres, and came thus in contact with a field where he was to gather his earliest and most untarnished laurels. In "The Rosciad," we find the results of several years' keen and close observation of the actors of the period, collected into one focus, and pointed and irradiated by the power of genius. As Scott, while carelessly galloping in his youth through Liddesdale, and listening to ballads and old-world stories, was "making himself" into the mighty minstrel of the border—so this big, clumsy, overgrown student, seated in the pit of Drury Lane, or exalted to the one-shilling gallery of Covent Garden, was silently growing into the greatest poet of the stage that, perhaps, ever lived.

Soon after, he was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, on the curacy of Cadbury, in Somersetshire, where he immediately removed, and entered on a career of active ministerial work. Such were the golden opinions he gained in Cadbury, that, in 1756, although he had taken no degree, nor could be said to have studied at either of the universities, he was ordained priest by Dr Sherlock, the Bishop of London (celebrated for his Sermons and his "Trial of the Witnesses"), on his father's curacy of Rainham, Essex. Here he continued diligent in his pastoral duties—blameless in his conduct, and attentive to his theological studies. He seemed to have entirely escaped from the suction of the stage—to have forsworn the Muses, and to have turned the eye of his ambition away from the peaks of Parnassus to the summit of the Bishops' Bench.

But for Churchill's poor circumstances, it is likely that he would have reached this elevation, as surely as did his great contemporary, and the object of his implacable hatred and abuse, William Warburton. But his early marriage, and his increasing responsibilities, produced pecuniary embarrassments, and these must have tended gradually to sour him against his profession, and to prepare his mind for that rupture with it which ultimately ensued. To support himself and his family, he opened a school, and met with considerable encouragement—although we suspect that his scholars felt something of the spirit of the future satirist stirring in the motions of his rod, and that he who afterwards lashed his century did not spare his school. In the year 1758, his amiable and excellent father died, and (a striking testimony both to his own and his son's early worth) Charles was unanimously chosen to be his father's successor in the curacy and lectureship of St John's. There he laboured for a time, according to some statements, with much punctuality, energy, and acceptance. After "The Rosciad" had established his name, he sold ten of the sermons he had preached in St John's to a bookseller for £250. We have not read them; but Dr Kippis has pronounced them utterly unworthy of their author's fame—without a single gleam of his poetic fire—so poor, indeed, that he supposes

-that they were borrowed from some dull elderly divine, if not from Churchill's own father. This reminds us of a story which was lately communicated to us about the famous William Godwin. He, too, succeeded his father in his pastoral charge. Tinged, however, already with heterodox views, he was by no means so popular as his father had been. His own sermons were exceedingly cold and dry, but he possessed a chestful of his father's, and used to read them frequently, by way of grateful change to his hearers. The sermons of the elder Godwin were recognised by the orthodoxy of their sentiment, and the dinginess of their colour, and were much relished, and so long as the stock lasted, the future author of "Caleb Williams" commanded a tolerable audience, but so soon as he had read them all, and resumed his own lucubrations, his hearers melted away, and he moved off to become a literateur in London. Perhaps Churchill, in like manner, may have found that general audiences like plain sense better than poetry. That he had ever much real piety or zeal has been gravely doubted, and we share in the doubts. But although he himself speaks slightly, in one of his latter poems, of his ministerial labours, he at least played his part with outward decorum. His great objection to the office was still his small salary, which amounted to scarcely £100 per annum. This compelled him to resume the occupation of a tutor, first to the young ladies attending a boarding-school in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, and then to several young gentlemen who were prosecuting the study of the classics.

When about twenty-seven years of age, he renewed his acquaintance with Robert Lloyd, the son of Dr Lloyd, one of the masters of Westminster School, and who had been an early chum of Churchill's. This young man had discovered very promising abilities, alike at Westminster and at Cambridge, and had been appointed usher in his father's seminary; but, sick of the drudgery, and infected with a fierce thirst both for fame and pleasure, had flung himself upon the literary arena. Although far inferior to Churchill in genius, and indeed little better than a clever copyist of his manner, he exerted a very pernicious influence on his friend's conduct. He borrowed in-

spiration from Churchill, and gave him infamy in exchange. The poet could do nothing by halves.' Along with Lloyd, he rushed into a wild career of dissipation. He became a nightly frequenter of the theatres, taverns, and worse haunts. His wife, with whom, after the first year, he never seems to have been happy, instead of checking, outran his husband in extravagance and imprudence. He got deeply involved in debt, and was repeatedly in danger of imprisonment, till Dr Lloyd, his friend's father, nobly stepped forward to his relief, persuaded his creditors to accept five shillings in the pound, and himself lent what was required to complete the sum. It is said that, when afterwards Churchill had made money by the sale of his poems, he voluntarily paid the whole of the original debt.

Along with the new love of indulgence, there had arisen in his bosom the old love of verse. Stimulated by intercourse with Lloyd, Colman, B. Thornton, and other wits of the period, he had written a poem, in Hudibrastic rhyme, entitled "The Bard." This he offered to one Waller, a bookseller in Fleet Street, who rejected it with scorn. In this feeling Churchill seems afterwards to have shared, as he never would consent to its publication. Not at all discouraged, he sat down and wrote a satire entitled "The Conclave," directed against the Dean and Chapter of Westminster,—Dr Zachary Pearce, a favourite of Churchill's ire, being then Dean. This would have been published but for the fear of legal proceedings. It was extremely personal and severe. His third effort was destined to be more successful. This was "The Rosciad," written, it is said, after two months' close attendance on the theatres. This excessively clever satire he offered to various booksellers, some say for twenty pounds, others for five guineas. It was refused, and he had to print it at his own expense. It appeared, without his name, in March 1761. Churchill now, like Byron, "awoke one morning and found himself famous." A few days convinced him and all men that a decided hit had been made, and that a strong new satirist had burst, like a comet, into the sky—

"With fear of change perplexing" players.

The effect was prodigious. The critics admired—the victims of his satire writhed and raved—the public greedily bought, and all cried out, “Who can this be?” The *Critical Review*, then conducted by Smollett, alone opposed the general opinion. It accused Colman and Lloyd of having concocted “The Rosciad,” for the purpose of puffing themselves. This compelled Churchill to quit his mask. He announced his name as the author of the poem, and as preparing another—his “Apology”—addressed to the *Critical Reviewers*, which accordingly appeared ere the close of April. It proved a second bombshell, cast into the astonished town. Smollett was keenly assailed in it, and had to write to Churchill, through Garrick, that he was not the writer of the obnoxious critique. Garrick, himself the hero of “The Rosciad,” was here rather broadly reminded that heroes are mortal, and that kings may be dethroned, and had to make humiliating concessions to the fearless satirist. Fearless, indeed, and strong he required to be, for many of his victims had vowed loud and deep to avenge their quarrel by inflicting corporal chastisement on their foe. He aimed himself with a huge bludgeon, however, and stalked abroad and returned home unharmed and unattempted. None cared to meddle with such a brawny Hercules.

In another way his enemies soon had their revenge. He had gained one thousand pounds by his two poems, and this supplied him with the materials of unlimited indulgence, which he did not fail to use. He threw off every restraint. He donned, instead of his clerical costume, a blue coat and gold-laced waistcoat. He separated from his wife, giving her, indeed, a handsome allowance. His midnight potations became deeper and more habitual. Dean Zachary Pearce, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, in vain remonstrated. At last, on his parishioners taking the matter up, and raising an outcry as to his neglect of duty, and the unbecoming character of his dress, he resigned his curacy and lectureship, and became for the rest of his life a literary and dissipated “man about town.”

In October 1761 he published a poem entitled “Night,” addressed to Lloyd, in which, while seeking to vindicate him-

self from the charges against his *moral*e, he in reality glories in his shame. His sudden celebrity had perhaps acted as a glare of light, revealing faults that might have been overlooked in an obscure person. With his dissipation, too, there mingled some elements of generosity and compassion, as in the story told of him by Charles Johnson in his "Chrysal" of the poet succouring a poor starving girl of the town, whom he met in the midnight streets,—an incident reminding one of the ~~similar~~ stories told of Dr Johnson, and Burke, and realising the parable of the good Samaritan. Yet his conduct on the whole could not be defended.

His next poem was "The Ghost," which he published in parts, and continued at intervals. It was a kind of rhymed diary or waste-book, in which he deposited his every-day thoughts and feelings, without any order or plan,—reminding us of "Tristram Shandy" or of "Don Juan," although not so whimsically delightful as the former, nor so brilliant and poignant as the latter.

But now, in 1762, the Poet was to degrade or to sublimiate into the Politician, at the bidding of that gay magician, Jack Wilkes. That this man was much better than a clever and pre-eminently lucky scoundrel, is now denied by few. He had, indeed, immense *pluck* and convivial pleasantiy, with considerable learning and talent. But he had no principle, no character, little power of writing, and did not even possess a particle of that mob eloquence which seduces multitudes. His depravities and vices were far too gross even for that gross age. In the very height of his reputation for patriotism, he was intriguing with the ministry for a place for himself. And he became in his latter days, as Burke had predicted (for we strongly suspect that Burke wrote the words in "Junius"), "a silent senator," sate down "infamous and contented,"—proving that it had only been "the tempest which had lifted him from his place."

Wilkes introduced himself to Churchill, and they became speedily intimate. Soon after, indignant at the supremacy of Lord Bute, who, as a royal favourite, had obtained a power in the country which had not been equalled since Buckingham



fell before the assassin Felton's knife, and was employing all his influence to patronise the Scotch, Wilkes commenced the *North Briton*. In this, from the first, he was assisted by Churchill, who, however, did not write prose so vigorously as verse. He had sent to the *North Briton* a biting paper against the Scotch. On reflection, he recalled and recast it in rhyme. It was "The Prophecy of Famine," and became so popular as to make a whole nation his enemies, and all *their* enemies his friends. This completely filled up the measure of Churchill's triumph. He actually dressed his youngest son in the Highland garb, took him everywhere along with him, and instructed him to say, when asked why he was thus dressed, "Sir, my father hates the Scotch, and does it to plague them."

Lord Bute resigned early in 1763, and was succeeded by a ministry comprising such men as Sir Francis Dashwood, and Lord Sandwich, who had been intimates of Wilkes, and had shared with him in certain disgusting orgies at Medmenham Abbey. They now, however, changed their tactics, and became vehement upholders of morality and religion, and began to watch their opportunity for pouncing on their quondam associate. This he himself furnished by the famous *North Briton*, No 45. That paper may now seem, to those who read it, a not very powerful, and not very daring diatribe. But the times were inflammable—the nation was frantic with rage at the peace—the ministry were young, and willing to flesh their new-got power in some victim or other; and Wilkes, in this paper, had now exposed himself to their fury. Warrants were instantly issued to arrest him and Churchill, as well as the publishers and printers. Wilkes was newly arrested when Churchill walked into his room. Knowing that his friend's name was also in the warrant, he adroitly said to Churchill, "Good morrow, Mr Thomson, how is Mrs Thomson to-day, does *she dine in the country*?" The poet took the hint—said that she was waiting on him—took his leave, and retired to the country accordingly.

Immediately after occurred the controversy between Hogarth and our poet. While Wilkes's case was being tried, and

Chief-Justice Pratt, afterwards Lord Camden, was about to give the memorable decision in favour of the accused, and in condemnation of general warrants, Hogarth was sitting in the court, and immortalising Wilkes's villainous squint upon the canvas. In July 1763, Churchill avenged his friend's quarrel by the savage personalities of his "Epistle to William Hogarth." Here, while lauding highly the painter's genius, he denounces his vanity, his envy, and makes an unmanly and brutal attack on his supposed dotage. Hogarth, within a month, replied by caricaturing Churchill as a bear with torn clerical bands, paws in ruffles, a pot of porter in his right hand, and a knot of LIES and *North Britons* in his left. Churchill threatened him with a renewed and severer assault in the shape of an elegy, but was dissuaded from it by his mistress.

This was Miss Cair, daughter of a respectable sculptor in Westminster, whom Churchill had seduced. After a fortnight they were both struck with remorse, agreed to separate, and, through the intercession of a friend, the young lady was restored to her parents. Rendered miserable, however, by the taunts of an elder sister, she, in absolute despair, cast herself again on Churchill's protection, and they remained together till his death. In his letters we find him, during one of his sober intervals, living quietly with her in Richmond. In "The Conference," he makes some allusions to this unhappy affair, and discovers the spirit, if not of true penitence, certainly of keen remorse, and strong self-crimination. In the autumn of 1763 he became the comforter of his friend, Lloyd, in the Fleet, supported him in confinement, and opened a subscription for the discharge of his heavy debts, which, owing to the backwardness of others, proved of little service.

Toward the close of this year, the *North Briton* was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman; and, on the motion of Lord Sandwich, Wilkes was handed over for prosecution, for his infamous "Essay on Woman," a parody on Pope's "Essay on Man"—(one Kidgell, a clergyman, had stolen a copy, and informed the Government.) Lord Sandwich was backed by Walburton; and the result was, Wilkes's expulsion from the House of Commons, and his flight to France. He

had previously fought a duel with one Martin, an M P, by whom he was severely wounded. All this furnished Churchill with matter for his "Duellist," which even Horace Walpole pronounced "glorious." In this vigorous production, he mercilessly lashes Martin, Kidgell, Warburton, and especially Sandwich. At this time he, too, purposed a retreat to France—a country where his name was already so well known, that when the Honourable Mr Churchill, the son of a general of the name, was asked, in Paris, if he were Churchill—the famous poet, and replied that he was not, the answer of the Frenchman was, "*So much the worse for you*." His time, however, to visit that coast, destined to be so fatal to him, was not yet quite come.

From Richmond he removed to Acton-Common, where he had a house furnished with great elegance—"kept a post-chaise, saddle-horses, and pointers—and fished, fowed, hunted, coured, and lived in an easy independent manner." There he continued his irregular but rapid and energetic course of composition, pouring out poem after poem as if he felt his time to be short, or as if he were spurred on by the secret stings of misery and remorse. To "The Duellist" succeeded "The Author,"—a poem more general and less poisoned with personalities than any of his former. "Gotham," by far the most poetical of his works, came next. When Lord Sandwich stood for the High-Stewardship of Cambridge, Churchill's ancient grudge, as well as his itch for satire, revived, and he improvised "The Candidate," a piece of hasty but terrible sarcasm. With breathless and portentous rapidity followed "The Farewell," "The Times," and "Independence," which was his last published production. Two fragments were found among his MSS, one "A Dedication to Warburton," and another, "The Journey," his latest effort, and in which the last line now seems prophetic—

*"I on my journey all alone proceed"*

A far and final journey was before this great and ill-fated poet. He was seized with one of those sudden longings to see a friend, which are not uncommon with the impulsive. He determined to visit Wilkes at Boulogne, and conveyed his

purpose to his brother John in the following note —“ Dear Jack, adieu, C C ” On the 22d of October 1764, he started for France, met Wilkes, but on the 29th was seized with military fever, under which, while imprudently removed from his bed to be conveyed at his own desire to England, his constitution sunk, and he expired on the 4th of November, in the thirty-third year of his age. He is said to have died calmly and firmly, rebuking the excessive grief of his friends, and repeating some manly but not very Christian lines from his own poetry. By a will made during his sickness, he left an annuity of sixty pounds to his wife (in addition, we suppose, to her former allowance), fifty pounds a-year to Miss Carr, besides providing for his two boys, and leaving mourning rings to his more intimate friends. Wilkes got the charge of all his works. His body was brought to Dover, where he now sleeps in an old churchyard, which once belonged to the church of St Martin, with a stone over him, bearing his age, the date of his death, and this line from one of his own poems—

“ Life to the last enjoy’d, here Churchill lies

The words which he is reported to have used on his deathbed, *should* have been inscribed on the stone—

“ What a fool I have been ! ”

Hogarth had expired on the 25th of October, ten days before his opponent Lloyd was finishing his dinner, when the news of his friend's death arrived. He was seized with sudden sickness, and crying out, “ I shall soon follow poor Charles,” was carried to a bed, whence he was never to rise. Churchill's favourite sister, Patty, who had been engaged to Lloyd, soon afterwards sank under the double blow. The premature death of this most popular of the poets of the time, excited a great sensation. His furniture and books sold excessively high, a steel pen, for instance, for five pounds, and a pair of plated spurs for sixteen guineas. Wilkes talked much about his “ dear Churchill,” but, with the exception of burning a MS fragmentary satire, which Churchill had begun against Colman and Thornton, *two of his intimate friends*, and

erecting an urn to him near his cottage in the Isle of Wight, with a flaming Latin inscription, he did nothing for his memory. The poet's brother, John, an apothecary, survived him only one year; and his two sons, Charles and John, inherited the vices without the genius of their father. There was, as late as 1825, a grand-daughter of his, a Mary Churchill, who had been a governess, surviving as a patient in St George's Hospital,—a characteristic close to such a wayward, unfortunate race.

For the errors of Churchill, as a man, there does not seem to exist any plea of palliation, except what may be found in the poverty of his early circumstances, and in the strength of his later passions. The worst is, that he never seems to have been seduced into sin through the bewildering and bewitching mists of imagination. It was naked sensuality that he appeared to worship, and he always sinned with his eyes open. Yet his moral sense, though blunted, was never obliterated, and many traits of generosity and good feeling mingled with his excesses. Choosing satire as the field of his Muse, was partly the cause and partly the effect of an imperfect *moral*. We are far from averring that no satirist can be a good man, but certainly most satirists have either been very good or very bad men. To the former class have belonged Cowper, Crabbe, &c; to the latter, such names as Swift, Dryden, Byron, and, we must add, Churchill. Robust manhood, honesty, and hatred of pretence, we admit him to have possessed, but of genuine love to humanity he seems to have been as destitute as of fear of God, or regard for the ordinary moralities.

We have to deal with him, however, principally as a poet; and there can, we think, now be but one opinion as to his peculiar merits. He possessed, beyond all doubt, a strong understanding, a lively imagination, a keen perception of character—especially in its defects and weaknesses—considerable wit without any humour, fierce passions and hatreds, and a boundless command of a loose, careless, but bold and energetic diction; add to this, a constant tone of self-assertion, and rugged independence. He was emphatically a John Bull.

sublimated. He rushed into the poetic arena more like a pugilist than a poet, laying about him on all sides, giving and taking strong blows, and approving himself, in the phrase of "the fancy," game to the backbone. His faults, besides those incident to most satirists,—such as undue severity, intrusion into private life, anger darkening into malignity, and spleen fermenting into venom,—were carelessness of style, inequality, and want of condensation. Compared to the satires of Pope, Churchill's are far less polished, and less pointed. Pope stabs with a silver bodkin—Churchill hews down his opponent with a broadsword. Pope whispers a word in his enemy's ear which withers the heart within him, and he sinks lifeless to the ground; Churchill pours out a torrent of blasting invective which at once kills and buries his foe. Dryden was his favourite model; and although he has written no such condensed masterpieces of satire as the characters of Shaftesbury and Buckingham, yet his works as a whole are not much inferior, and justify the idea that had his life been spared, he might have risen to the level of "Glorious John." His versification, too, is decidedly of the Drydenic type. It is a free, fierce, rushing, sometimes staggering, race across meadow, moor, and mountain, dreading nothing except repose and languor, the lines chasing, and sometimes tumbling over each other in their haste, like impatient hounds at a fox-hunt. But more than Dryden, we think, has Churchill displayed the genuine poetic faculty, as well as often a loftier tone of moral indignation. This latter feeling is the inspiration of "The Candidate," and of "The Times," which, although coarse in subject, and coarse in style, burns with a fire of righteous indignation, reminding you of Juvenal. The finest display of his imaginative power is in "Gotham," which is throughout a glorious rhapsody, resembling some of the best prose effusions of Christopher North, and abounding in such lines as these —

"The cedar, whose top mates the highest cloud,  
Whilst his old father Lebanon grows proud  
Of such a child, and his vast body land  
Out many a mile, enjoys the filial shade"

It is of "Gotham" that Cowper says that few writers have

equalled it for its "bold and daring strokes of fancy; its numbers so hazardingly ventured upon, and so happily finished; its matter so compressed, and yet so clear, its colouring so sparingly laid on, and yet with such a beautiful effect."

One great objection to Churchill's poetry lies in the temporary interest of the subjects to which most of it is devoted. The same objection, however, applies to the letters of Junius, and to the speeches and papers of Burke, and the same answer to it will avail for all. Junius, by the charm of his style, by his classic seventies, and purged, poignant venom, contrives to interest us in the paltry political feuds of the past. Burke's does the same, by the general principles he extracts from, and by the poetry with which he gilds, the rubbish. And so does Churchill, by the weighty sense, the vigorous versification, the inextinguishable spirit, and the trenchant satire and invective of his song. The wretched intrigues of Newcastle and Bute, the squabbles of the aldermen and councillors of the day, the petty quarrels of petty patriots among themselves, and the poverty, spites, and frailties of forgotten players, are all shown as in a magnifying-glass, and shine upon us transfigured in the light of the poet's genius.

We have not room for lengthened criticism on all his separate productions. "The Rosciad" is the most finished, pointed, and Pope-like of his satires, it has more memorable and quotable lines than any of the rest. "The Prophecy of Ezzamine" is full of trash; but contains, too, many lines in which political hatred, through its intense fervour, sparkles into poetry such as—

"No birds except as birds of passage flew,"

the account of the creatures which, when admitted into the ark,

"Their saviour shunn'd, and rankled in the dark,"

and the famous line—

"Where half-starved spiders prey on half-starved flies"

"The Ghost" is the least felicitous of all his poems, although

its picture of Pomposo (Dr Johnson) is exceedingly clever. The "Dedication to Warburton" is a strain of terrible irony, but fails to damage the Atlantean Bishop. "The Journey" is not only interesting as his last production, but contains some affecting personal allusions, intermingled with its stinging scorn—like pale passion-flowers blended with nettles and nightshade. The most of the others have been already characterised.

Churchill has had two very formidable enemies to his fame and detractors from his genius—Samuel Johnson and Christopher North. The first pronounced him "a prolific block-head," "a huge and fertile crab-tree," the second has wielded the knout against his back with peculiar gusto and emphasis, in a paper on satire and satirists, published in *Blackwood* for 1828. Had Churchill been alive, he could have easily "retorted scorn"—set a "Christophero" over against the portrait of "Pomposo." the result had been, as always in such cases, a drawn battle; and damage would have accrued, not to the special literateurs, but to the general literary character. Prejudice or private pique always lurks at the bottom of such reckless assaults, and all men in the long run feel so. In Johnson's case, the *causa belli* was unquestionably political difference; and in Christopher North's it was the love of Scotland which so warmly glowed in his bosom, and which created a glow of hatred no less warm against Scotland's ablest, fiercest, and most inveterate poetical foe.

Churchill's poetry only requires to be better known to be highly appreciated for its masculine and thoroughly English qualities. In taking our leave of him, we are again haunted by the signal resemblance he bears, both in mental characteristics and in history, to Byron. Both were powerful in satire, and still more so in purely poetic composition. Both were irregular in life, and unfortunate in marriage. Both were distinguished by fitful generosity, and careless tenderness. Both obtained at once, and during all their career maintained, a pre-eminence in popularity over all their contemporaries. Both were severely handled by reviewers, and underrated by rivals. Both assumed an attitude of defiance to the world,



and stood ostentatiously at bay Both mingled largely in the politics of then day, and both took the liberal side Both felt and expressed keen remorse for their errors, and purposed and in part began reformation Both died at an untimely age by fever, and in a foreign land. The dust of both, not admitted into Westminster Abbey, nevertheless reposes in their native soil, and attracts daily visitors, who lean, and weep, and wonder over it—partly in sympathy with their fate—partly in pity for their errors—and partly in admiration of their genius

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NOTE—We have not alluded to various anecdotes told about Churchill's journey to Wales, about his setting up as a cider merchant, &c, because some of them appear extremely apocryphal The author of an article on him in the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1845 asserts that he was rejected from Oxford because he had already been married But, if so, why was he admitted to Cambridge? Besides, the writer adduces no proof of his assertion The paper, otherwise, is worthy of its author and of the poet



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# CHURCHILL'S POEMS.

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## THE ROSCIAD<sup>1</sup>

Unknowing and unknown, the hardy Muse  
Boldly defies all mean and partial views,  
With honest freedom plays the critic's part,  
And praises, as she censures, from the heart

ROSCIUS<sup>2</sup> deceased, each high aspiring player  
Push'd all his interest for the vacant chair  
The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage  
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;  
The monarch quits his throne, and condescends  
Humbly to court the favour of his friends;  
For pity's sake tells undeserved mishaps,  
And, their applause to gain, recounts his claps  
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,  
To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume,  
In pompous strain fight o'er the extinguish'd war,  
And show where honour bled in every scar.

10

But though bare merit might in Rome appear  
The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here,  
We form our judgment in another way,  
And they will best succeed, who best can pay.

<sup>1</sup> 'The Rosciad' for occasion, &c, see Life — <sup>2</sup> 'Roscius' Quintus Roscius, a native of Gaul, and the most celebrated comedian of antiquity

Those who would gain the votes of British tribes, 17  
Must add to force of merit, force of bribes

What can an actor give ? In every age  
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage ,  
Monarchs themselves, to grief of every player,  
Appear as often as their image there  
They can't, like candidate for other scat,  
Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat  
Wine ! they could bribe you with the world as soon,  
And of ' Roast Beef,' they only know the tune  
But what they have they give , could Clive<sup>1</sup> do  
more,

Though for each million he had brought home four ?

Shuter<sup>2</sup> keeps open house at Southwark fair,  
And hopes the friends of humour will be there , 30  
In Smithfield, Yates<sup>3</sup> prepares the rival treat  
For those who laughter love, instead of meat ,  
Foote,<sup>4</sup> at Old House,—for even Foote will be,  
In self-concert, an actor,—bribes with tea ;  
Which Wilkinson<sup>5</sup> at second-hand receives,  
And at the New, pours water on the leaves  
— The town divided, each runs several ways,  
As passion, humour, interest, party sways.  
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,  
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair, 40  
A dress well chosen, or a patch misplaced,  
Conciliate favour, or create distaste

<sup>1</sup> ' Clive ' Robert Lord Clive See Macaulay's paper on him — <sup>2</sup> ' Shuter ' Edward Shuter, a comic actor, who, after various theatrical vicissitudes, died a zealous methodist and disciple of George Whitefield, in 1776 — <sup>3</sup> ' Yates ' Richard Yates, another low actor of the period — <sup>4</sup> ' Foote ' Samuel Foote, the once well known farcical writer, (now chiefly remembered from Boswell's Life of Johnson), opened the Old House in the Haymarket, and, in order to overrule the opposition of the magistrates, announced his entertainments as ' Mr Foote's giving tea to his friends ' — <sup>5</sup> ' Wilkinson ' Wilkinson, the shadow of Foote, was the proprietor of Sadler's Wells Theatre

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll, 43  
 And thunder Shuter's praises, he's so droll  
 Embox'd, the ladies must have something smart,  
 Palmer! oh! Palmer<sup>1</sup> tops the jaunty pair  
 Seated in pit, the dwarf with aching eyes,  
 Looks up, and vows that Barry's<sup>2</sup> out of size,  
 Whilst to six feet the vigorous stripling grown,  
 Declares that Garrick is another Coan<sup>3</sup> 50

When place of judgment is by whim supplied,  
 And our opinions have their rise in pride,  
 When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,  
 We praise and censure with an eye to self,  
 All must meet friends, and Ackman<sup>4</sup> bids as fair,  
 In such a court, as Garrick, for the chair

At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,  
 By some one judge the cause was to be tried,  
 But this their squabbles did afresh renew,  
 Who should be judge in such a trial —who? 60

For Johnson some, but Johnson, it was fear'd,  
 Would be too grave, and Sterne<sup>5</sup> too gay appear'd,  
 Others for Franklin<sup>6</sup> voted, but 'twas known,  
 He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own  
 For Colman<sup>7</sup> many, but the peevish tongue  
 Of prudent Age found out that he was young.

<sup>1</sup> 'Palmer' John Palmer, a favourite actor in genteel comedy, who married Miss Pritchard, daughter of the celebrated actress of that name —  
<sup>2</sup> 'Barry' Spranger Barry, an actor of first-rate eminence and tall of size. Barry was a competitor of Garrick. Every one remembers the lines in a poem comparing the two—

'To Barry we give loud applause,  
 To Garrick only tears'

<sup>3</sup> 'Coan' John Coan, a dwarf, showed himself, like another Tom Thumb, for sixpence a-head —<sup>4</sup> 'Ackman' Ackman ranked as one of the lowest comic actors of his time —<sup>5</sup> 'Sterne' the celebrated Laurence Sterne —  
<sup>6</sup> 'Franklin' Dr Thomas Franklin, the translator of Sophocles, Phalaris, and Lucian, and the author of a volume of sermons; all forgotten —<sup>7</sup> 'Colman' Colman, the elder, translator of Terence, and author of many clever comedies

For Murphy<sup>1</sup> some few pilfering wits declared, 67  
 Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wisdom star'd

To mischief train'd e'en from his mother's womb,  
 Grown old in fraud, though yet in manhood's bloom,  
 Adopting arts by which gay villains rise,  
 And reach the heights which honest men despise,  
 Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,  
 Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud,  
 A pet, prim, prate of the northern race,<sup>2</sup>  
 Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,  
 Stood forth,—and thrice he waved his lily hand,  
 And thrice he twined his tye, thrice stroked his  
 band —

At Friendship's call (thus oft, with traitorous  
 aim,  
 Men void of faith usurp Faith's sacred name) 80  
 At Friendship's call I come, by Murphy sent,  
 Who thus by me develops his intent.  
 But lest, transfused, the spirit should be lost,  
 That spirit which, in storms of rhetoric toss'd,  
 Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,  
 In his own words his own intentions hear

Thanks to my friends, but to vile fortunes born,  
 No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn  
 Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw,  
 Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law? 90  
 Twice, (cursed remembrance!) twice I strove to gain  
 Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,  
 Who, in the Temple and Gray's Inn, prepare  
 For clients' wretched feet the legal snare,

<sup>1</sup> 'Murphy' Arthur Murphy, Esq., a native of Ireland. See Boswell's Life of Johnson. Churchill hated Murphy on account of his politics. He was in the pay of the Court — <sup>2</sup> 'Northern race' Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough, and Earl Rosslyn, a patron of Murphy, and a bitter enemy of Wilkes



Deaf to those arts which polish and refine, 95  
 Deaf to all worth, because that worth was mine,  
 Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,  
 And foul rejection gave me up to shame.  
 To laws and lawyers then I bade adieu,  
 And plans of far more liberal note pursue 100  
 Who will may be a judge—my kindling breast  
 Burns for that chair which Roscius once possess'd  
 Here give your votes, your interest here exert,  
 And let success for once attend desert

With sleek appearance, and with ambling pace,  
 And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,  
 The Proteus Hill<sup>1</sup> put in his modest plea,—  
 Let Favour speak for others, Worth for me —  
 For who, like him, his various powers could call  
 Into so many shapes, and shine in all ? 110  
 Who could so nobly grace the motley list,  
 Actor, Inspector, Doctor, Botanist ?  
 Knows any one so well—sure no one knows—  
 At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose ?  
 Who can—but Woodward<sup>2</sup> came,—Hill slipp'd away,  
 Melting, like ghosts, before the rising day.

With that low cunning, which in fools<sup>3</sup> supplies,  
 And amply too, the place of being wise,  
 Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave  
 To qualify the blockhead for a knave ; 120  
 With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance charms,  
 And Reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,

<sup>1</sup> 'Proteus Hill' Sir John Hill, a celebrated character of that day, of incredible industry and versatility, a botanist, apothecary, translator, actor, dramatic author, natural historian, multitudinous compiler, libeller, and, *intus et in cute*, a quack and coxcomb. See Boswell's account of the interview between the King and Dr Johnson, for a somewhat modified estimate of Hill —<sup>2</sup> 'Woodward' Woodward the comedian had a paper war with Hill —

<sup>3</sup> 'Fools' the person here meant was a Mr Fitzpatrick, a bitter enemy of Garrick's, and who originated riots in the theatre on the subject of half-price

Which to the lowest depths of guile descends, 123  
 By vilest means pursues the vilest ends ,  
 Wears Friendship's mask for purposes of spite,  
 Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night ,  
 With that malignant envy which turns pale,  
 And sickens, even if a friend prevail,  
 Which merit and success pursues with hate,  
 And damns the worth it cannot imitate , 130  
 With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,  
 Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,  
 Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—  
 What's basely done, should be done safely too  
 With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,  
 Which, dead to shame and every nicer sense,  
 Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading Vice's snares,  
 She blunder'd on some virtue unawares ,  
 With all these blessings, which we seldom find  
 Lavish'd by Nature on one happy mind, 140  
 A motley figure, of the Fiddle tribe,  
 Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,  
 Came simpering on—to ascertain whose sex  
 Twelve sage impannell'd matrons would perplex  
 Nor male, nor female , neither, and yet both ,  
 Of neuter gender, though of lush growth ,  
 A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait ,  
 Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate ,  
 Fearful it seem'd though of athletic make,  
 Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake 150  
 Its tender form, and savage motion spread,  
 O'er its pale cheeks, the horrid manly red  
 Much did it talk, in its own pretty phrase,  
 Of genius and of taste, of players and of plays ,  
 Much too of writings, which itself had wrote,  
 Of special merit, though of little note ;

For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed 157  
 That what It wrote, none but Itself should read,  
 Much, too, It chatter'd of dramatic laws,  
 Misjudging critics, and misplaced applause,  
 Then, with a self-complacent, jutting air,  
 It smiled, It smuk'd, It wiggled to the chair,  
 And, with an awkward briskness not Its own,  
 Looking around, and perking on the throne,  
 Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame,  
 Known but to few, or only known by name,  
 Plain Common-Sense appear'd, by Nature there  
 Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the chair,  
 The pageant saw, and, blasted with her frown,  
 To Its first state of nothing melted down 170

Nor shall the Muse, (for even there the pride  
 Of this vain nothing shall be mortified)  
 Nor shall the Muse (should Fate ordain her rhymes,  
 Fond, pleasing thought ' to live in after-times)  
 With such a trifler's name her pages blot,  
 Known be the character, the thing forgot  
 Let It, to disappoint each future aim,  
 Live without sex, and die without a name ' 175

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate sires  
 Scance hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires 180  
 Glimmer'd then last, whose sluggish blood, half froze,  
 Creeps labouring through the veins, whose heart ne'er glows  
 With fancy-kindled heat,—a servile race,  
 Who, in mere want of fault, all merit place,  
 Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,  
 Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules,  
 With solemn consequence declared that none  
 Could judge that cause but Sophocles alone  
 Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,  
 Obsequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd 190

When, from amidst the throng, a youth stood forth,<sup>1</sup>  
 Unknown his person, not unknown his worth, 192  
 His look bespoke applause, alone he stood,  
 Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood  
 He talk'd of ancients, as the man became  
 Who prized our own, but envied not their fame;  
 With noble reverence spoke of Greece and Rome,  
 And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb

But, more than just to other countries grown,  
 Must we turn base apostates to our own? 200  
 Where do these words of Greece and Rome excel,  
 That England may not please the ear as well?  
 What mighty magic's in the place or air,  
 That all perfection needs must centre there?  
 In states, let strangers blindly be prefer'd,  
 In state of letters, merit should be heard.  
 Genius is of no country, her pure ray  
 Spreads all abroad, as general as the day,  
 Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,  
 And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise 210  
 May not, (to give a pleasing fancy scope,  
 And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)  
 May not some great extensive genius raise  
 The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise,  
 And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms,  
 Make England great in letters as in arms?  
 There may—there hath,—and Shakspeare's Muse aspires  
 Beyond the reach of Greece, with native fires  
 Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,  
 Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at his height.  
 Why should we then abroad for judges roam, 221  
 When abler judges we may find at home?

<sup>1</sup> 'A youth' Robert Lloyd, the friend and imitator of Churchill—an ingenious but improvident person, who died of grief at his friend's death, in 1764

Happy in tragic and in comic powers, 223

Have we not Shakspeare?—Is not Jonson ours?

For them, your natural judges, Britons, vote,

They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons wrote

He said, and conquer'd—Sense resumed her sway,

And disappointed pedants stalk'd away

Shakspeare and Jonson, with deserved applause,

Joint-judges were ordain'd to try the cause 230

Meantime the stranger every voice employ'd,

To ask or tell his name Who is it? Lloyd

Thus, when the aged friends of Job stood mute,

And, tamely prudent, gave up the dispute,

Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,

Boldly stood forth the advocate of Truth;

Confuted Falsehood, and disabled Pride,

Whilst baffled Age stood snarling at his side

The day of trial's fix'd, nor any fear

Lest day of trial should be put off here 240

Causes but seldom for delay can call

In courts where forms are few, fees none at all

The morning came, nor find I that the Sun,

As he on other great events hath done,

Put on a brighter robe than what he wore

To go his journey in, the day before

Full in the centre of a spacious plain,

On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,

Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art

With decent modesty perform'd her part, 250

Rose a tribunal from no other court

It borrow'd ornament, or sought support

No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,

No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here,

No gownsmen, partial to a client's cause,

To their own purpose turn'd the pliant laws,

Each judge was true and steady to his trust, 257  
 As Mansfield wise, and as old Foster <sup>1</sup> just.

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,  
 A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,  
 Sat Shakspeare in one hand a wand he bore,  
 For mighty wonders famed in days of yore,  
 The other held a globe, which to his will  
 Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill  
 Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,  
 And look'd through Nature at a single view  
 A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,  
 And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll,  
 Call'd into being scenes unknown before,  
 And passing Nature's bounds, was something more 270

Next Jonson sat, in ancient learning train'd,  
 His rigid judgment Fancy's flights restrain'd,  
 Correctly pruned each wild luxuriant thought,  
 Mark'd out her course, nor spared a glorious fault  
 The book of man he read with nicest art,  
 And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;  
 Exerted penetration's utmost force,  
 And traced each passion to its proper source,  
 Then, strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,  
 And brought each foible forth to public view 280  
 The coxcomb felt a lash in every word,  
 And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd  
 His comic humour kept the world in awe,  
 And Laughter frighten'd Folly more than Law

But, hark! the trumpet sounds, the crowd gives way,  
 And the procession comes in just array

Now should I, in some sweet poetic line,  
 Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine,

<sup>1</sup> 'Foster' Sir Michael Foster, one of the puisne judges of the Court of King's Bench

Invoke the Muse to quit her calm abode, 289  
 And waken Memory with a sleeping Ode <sup>1</sup>  
 For how shall mortal man, in mortal veise,  
 Their titles, merits, or then names rehearse ?  
 But give, kind Dulness ! memory and rhyme,  
 We'll put off Genius till another time

First, Order came,—with solemn step, and slow,  
 In measured time his feet were taught to go  
 Behind, from time to time, he cast his eye,  
 Lest this should quit his place, that step away  
 Appearances to save his only care ,  
 So things seem right, no matter what they are 300  
 In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,  
 Begotten by Sir Critic on Saint Prude

Then came drum, trumpet, hautboy, fiddle, flute ,  
 Next snuffer, sweeper, shifter, soldier, mute  
 Legions of angels all in white advance ,  
 Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance ,  
 Pantomime figures then are brought to view,  
 Fools, hand in hand with fools, go two by two.  
 Next came the treasurer of either house ,  
 One with full purse, t' other with not a sous. 310  
 Behind, a group of figures awe create,  
 Set off with all the impertinence of state ,  
 By lace and feather consecrate to fame,  
 Expletive kings, and queens without a name

Here Havard,<sup>2</sup> all serene, in the same strains,  
 Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs and complains .  
 His easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart  
 Which could not feel emotions, nor impart  
 With him came mighty Davies <sup>3</sup> on my life,  
 That Davies hath a very pretty wife ! 320

<sup>1</sup> 'Ode' alluding to Mason's Ode to Memory — <sup>2</sup> 'Havard' William Havard, an amiable man, but mediocre actor, of the period — <sup>3</sup> 'Davies' Thomas Davies, a bookseller, actor, and author See Boswell

Statesman all over, in plots famous grown, 321  
He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone

Next Holland<sup>1</sup> came with truly tragic stalk,  
He creeps, he flies,—a hero should not walk  
As if with Heaven he wail'd, his eager eyes  
Planted their batteries against the skies,  
Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,  
He borrow'd, and made use of as his own.  
By fortune thrown on any other stage,  
He might, perhaps have pleased an easy age, 330  
But now appears a copy, and no more,  
Of something better we have seen before  
The actor who would build a solid fame,  
Must Imitation's servile arts disclaim,  
Act from himself, on his own bottom stand,  
I hate e'en Garrick thus at second-hand

Behind came King<sup>2</sup>—Bred up in modest lore,  
Bashful and young, he sought Ilibernia's shore;  
Hibernia, famed, 'bove every other grace,  
For matchless intrepidity of face 340  
From her his features caught the generous flame,  
And bid defiance to all sense of shame  
Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass,  
'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines in Brass

Lo, Yates!<sup>3</sup> Without the least finesse of art  
He gets applause—I wish he'd get his part  
When hot Impatience is in full career,  
How vilely 'Hark ye! hark ye!' grates the  
ear,  
When active fancy from the brain is sent,  
And stands on tip-toe for some wish'd event, 350

<sup>1</sup> 'Holland' Holland, a pupil and imitator of Mr Garrick — <sup>2</sup> 'King' Thomas King, a voluble and pert but clever actor — <sup>3</sup> 'Yates' Yates had a habit of repeating his words twice or thrice over, such as 'Hark you, hark you'



I hate those careless blunders, which recall  
Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all 351

In characters of low and vulgar mould,  
Where Nature's coarsest features we behold,  
Where, destitute of every decent grace,  
Unmanner'd jests are blunted in your face,  
There Yates with justice strict attention draws,  
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause  
But when, to please himself or charm his wife,  
He aims at something in politer life, 360  
When, blindly thwarting Nature's stubborn plan,  
He treads the stage by way of gentleman,  
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,  
Looks like Tom Errand<sup>1</sup> dress'd in Clincher's  
clothes

Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,  
Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,  
From side to side he struts, he smiles, he pates,  
And seems to wonder what's become of Yates

Woodward,<sup>2</sup> endow'd with various tricks of face  
Great master in the science of grimace, 370  
From Ireland ventures, favourite of the town,  
Lured by the pleasing prospect of renown,  
A speaking harlequin, made up of whim,  
He twists, he twines, he tortures every limb,  
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,  
And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart  
We laugh indeed, but, on reflection's birth,  
We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth  
His walk of parts he fatally misplaced,  
And inclination fondly took for taste, 380

<sup>1</sup> 'Tom Errand' Tom Errand and Clincher, two well-known dramatic characters—a clown and a coxcomb — <sup>2</sup> 'Woodward' Henry Woodward, a comic actor of much power of face

Hence hath the town so often seen display'd 381  
 Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade

But when bold wats,—not such as patch up plays,  
 Cold and correct, in these insipid days,—  
 Some comic character, strong featured, urge  
 To probability's extremest verge,  
 Where modest Judgment her decree suspends,  
 And, for a time, nor censures, nor commends,  
 Where critics can't determine on the spot  
 Whether it is in nature found or not, 390  
 There Woodward safely shall his powers exert,  
 Nor fail of favour where he shows desert,  
 Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,  
 Such worthy praises, Kately<sup>1</sup> scarce had more

By turns transform'd into all kind of shapes,  
 Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts, and scrapes:  
 Now in the centie, now in van or rear,  
 The Proteus shifts, bawd, parson, auctioneer  
 His strokes of humour, and his buists of sport,  
 Are all contain'd in this one word—distort 400

Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?  
 Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault,  
 With personal defects their mirth adorn,  
 And hang misfortunes out to public scorn  
 E'en I, whom Nature cast in hideous mould,  
 Whom, having made, she trembled to behold,  
 Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,  
 And find that Nature's errors are my own

Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came,  
 Wilkinson this, Obrien<sup>2</sup> was that name. 410  
 Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,  
 That even shadows have then shadows too!

<sup>1</sup> 'Kately' Kately, in Johnson's 'Every Man in his Humour,' was a favourite character of Garrick's —<sup>2</sup> 'Obrien' a small actor, originally a fencing-master

With not a single comic power endued, 413  
 The first a mere, mere mimic's mimic stood ,  
 The last, by Nature form'd to please, who shows,  
 In Johnson's Stephen, which way genius grows,  
 Self quite put off, affects with too much art  
 To put on Woodward in each mangled part ,  
 Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare , nay, more,  
 His voice, and croaks , for Woodward croak'd  
 before 420

When a dull copier simple grace neglects,  
 And rests his imitation in defects,  
 We readily forgive , but such vile arts  
 Are double guilt in men of real parts.

By Nature form'd in her peevisest mood,  
 With no one requisite of art endued,  
 Next Jackson came <sup>1</sup>—Observe that settled glare,  
 Which better speaks a puppet than a player ,  
 Lost to that voice—did ever Discord hear  
 Sounds so well fitted to her untuned ear ? 430  
 When to enforce some very tender part,  
 The right hand slips by instinct on the heart,  
 His soul, of every other thought bereft,  
 Is anxious only where to place the left ,  
 He sobs and pants to soothe his weeping spouse ,  
 To soothe his weeping mother, turns and bows  
 Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill  
 Of moving gracefully, or standing still,  
 One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,  
 Desirous seems to run away from t' other 440

Some errors, handed down from age to age,  
 Plead custom's force, and still possess the stage.  
 That's vile should we a parent's faults adore,  
 And err, because our fathers err'd before ?

<sup>1</sup> ' Jackson ' afterwards manager of the Royal Theatre, Edinburgh

If, inattentive to the author's mind, 445  
 Some actors made the jest they could not find ,  
 If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's mien,  
 And blurr'd the graces of the simple scone,  
 Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,  
 Not see their faults, or seeing, not avoid ? 450  
 When Falstaff stands detect'd in a lie,  
 Why, without meaning, rolls Love's<sup>1</sup> glassy eye ?  
 Why ? There's no cause—at least no cause we know—  
 It was the fashion twenty years ago  
 Fashion !—a word which knaves and fools may use,  
 Their knavery and folly to excuse  
 To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence  
 To fame—to copy faults, is want of sense  
 Yet (though in some particulars he fails,  
 Some few particulars, where mode prevails) 460  
 If in these hallow'd times, when, sober, sad,  
 All gentlemen are melancholy mad ;  
 When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half  
 To violate a vestal as to laugh,  
 Rude mirth may hope, presumptuous, to engage  
 An act of toleration for the stage ,  
 And courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,  
 Suspend vain fashion, and unscrew their features ,  
 Old Falstaff, play'd by Love, shall please once more,  
 And humour set the audience in a roar 470  
 Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,  
 Who, being from one part possess'd of fame,  
 Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,  
 Still introduce that favourite part in all  
 Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd  
 To call in that wag Falstaff's dangerous aid ,

<sup>1</sup> 'Love' James Love, an actor and dramatic writer, who could play nothing well but Falstaff

Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a friend, 477  
 He'll seize that throne you wish him to defend.  
 In a peculiar mould by Humour cast,  
 For Falstaff framed—himself the first and last—  
 He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,  
 And scorns, like Scotsmen, to assimilate  
 Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,  
 Though the knight wears the weeds of Dominic,<sup>1</sup>  
 And Boniface<sup>2</sup> disgraced, betrays the smack, .  
 In *anno Domini*, of Falstaff sack

Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet marching slow,  
 A band of malcontents with spleen o'erflow,  
 Wrapt in Conceit's impenetrable fog,  
 Which Piide, like Phœbus, draws from every bog, 490  
 They curse the managers, and curse the town  
 Whose partial favour keeps such merit down.

But if some man, more hardy than the rest,  
 Should dare attack these gnatlings in their nest,  
 At once they rise with impotence of rage,  
 Whet their small stings, and buzz about the stage  
 'Tis breach of privilege ' Shall any dare  
 To aim satiric truth against a player?  
 Prescriptive rights we plead, time out of mind,  
 Actors, unleash'd themselves, may lash mankind 500

What! shall Opinion then, of nature free,  
 And liberal as the vagrant air, agree  
 To rust in chains like these, imposed by things,  
 Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings?  
 No—though half-poets with half-players join  
 To curse the freedom of each honest line,  
 Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek,  
 What the Muse freely thinks, she'll freely speak,

<sup>1</sup> 'Dominic' Dryden's 'Spanish Friar'—<sup>2</sup> 'Boniface' The jovial landlord  
 in Farquhar's 'Beaux Stratagem'

With just disdain of every paltry sneer, 509  
 Stranger alike to flattery and fear,  
 In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,  
 Public contempt shall wait the public fool

Austin<sup>1</sup> would always glisten in French silks,  
 Ackman would Norris be, and Packer, Wilkes -  
 For who, like Ackman, can with humour please,  
 Who can, like Packer, charm with sprightly ease?  
 Higher than all the rest, see Bransby strut:  
 A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!

Ludicrous Nature! which at once could show  
 A man so very high, so very low! 520

If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I say  
 Aught hurtful, may I never see thee play.  
 Let critics, with a supercilious air,  
 Decry thy various merit, and declare  
 Frenchman is still at top, but scorn that rage  
 Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.  
 French follies, universally embraced,  
 At once provoke our mirth, and form our taste.

Long, from a nation ever hardly used,  
 At random censured, wantonly abused, 530  
 Have Buttons drawn then spoit; with partial view  
 Form'd general notions from the rascal few,  
 Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,  
 Which from their country banish'd, seek our own  
 At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke,  
 And Sense, awaken'd, scorns her ancient yoke  
 Taught by thee, Moody,<sup>2</sup> we now learn to raise  
 Mirth from their foibles, from their virtues, praise

Next came the legion which our summer Bayes,<sup>3</sup>  
 From alleys, here and there, contrived to raise, 540

<sup>1</sup> 'Austin,' &c all small and forgotten actors — <sup>2</sup> 'Moody' Moody excelled in Irish characters — <sup>3</sup> 'Bayes' alluding to the summer theatre in the

Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed, 541  
 With wits who cannot write, and scarce can read  
 Veterans no more support the rotten cause,  
 No more from Elliot's <sup>1</sup> worth they reap applause ;  
 Each on himself determines to rely ;  
 Be Yates-disbanded, and let Elliot fly.  
 Never did players so well an author fit,  
 To Nature dead, and foes declared to wit.  
 So loud each tongue, so empty was each head, -  
 So much they talk'd, so very little said, 550  
 So wondrous dull, and yet so wondrous vain,  
 At once so willing, and unfit to reign,  
 That Reason swore, nor would the oath recall,  
 Their mighty master's soul inform'd them all.

As one with various disappointments sad,  
 Whom dulness only kept from being mad,  
 Apart from all the rest great Murphy came—  
 Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame  
 What though the sons of Nonsense hail him Sire,  
 Auditor, Author, Manager, and Squire, 560  
 His restless soul's ambition stops not there ,  
 To make his triumphs perfect, dub him Player.

In person tall, a figure form'd to please,  
 If symmetry could charm deprived of ease ;  
 When motionless he stands, we all approve ,  
 What pity 'tis the thing was made to move.

His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried sound,  
 Seems to break forth from caverns under ground ;  
 From hollow chest the low sepulchral note  
 Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat 570

Could authois butcher'd give an actor grace,  
 All must to him resign the foremost place

Haymarket, where Murphy's plays were got up and acted under the joint management of himself and Mr Foote —<sup>1</sup> ' Elliot ' a female actress of great merit

When he attempts, in some one favourite part, 573  
 To ape the feelings of a manly heart,  
 His honest featurer the disguise defy,  
 And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.

Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,  
 Or raving mad, or stupidly serene  
 In cold-wrought scenes, the lifeless actor flags ,  
 In passion, tears the passion into rags 580  
 Can none remember ? Yes—I know all must—  
 When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,  
 When o'er the stage he Folly's standard bore,  
 Whilst Common-Sense stood trembling at the door

How few are found with real talents blest !  
 Fewer with Nature's gifts contented rest  
 Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray :  
 All hunt for fame, but most mistake the way  
 Bred at St Omer's to the shuffling trade, 590  
 The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made ,  
 With various readings stored his empty skull,  
 Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull ;  
 Or, at some banker's desk, like many more,  
 Content to tell that two and two make four ;  
 His name had stood in City annals fair,  
 And prudent Dulness mark'd him for a mayor

What, then, could tempt thee, in a critic age,  
 Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage ?  
 Could it be worth thy wondrous waste of pains  
 To publish to the world thy lack of brains ? 600  
 Or might not Reason e'en to thee have shown,  
 Thy greatest praise had been to live unknown ?  
 Yet let not vanity like thine despair :  
 Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne, high-placed in Smithfield, view,  
 To sacred Dulness and her first-born due,



Thither with haste in happy hour repair, 607  
 Thy buthought claim, nor fear a rival there  
 Shater himself shall own thy juster claim,  
 And venal Ledgers<sup>1</sup> puff their Murphy's name ;  
 Whilst Vaughan,<sup>2</sup> or Dapper, call him which you  
 will,

Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill

There rule, secure from critics and from sense,  
 Nor once shall Genius rise to give offence ,  
 Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,  
 And little factions<sup>3</sup> break thy rest no more

From Covent Garden crowds promiscuous go,  
 Whom the Muse knows not, nor desires to know ,  
 Veterans they seem'd, but knew of arms no more 620  
 Than if, till that time, arms they never bore  
 Like Westminster militia<sup>4</sup> train'd to fight,  
 They scarcely knew the left hand from the right  
 Ashamed among such troops to show the head,  
 Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes fled

Sparks<sup>5</sup> at his glass sat comfortably down  
 To separate frown from smile, and smile from  
 frown

Smith,<sup>6</sup> the genteel, the airy, and the smart,  
 Smith was just gone to school to say his part  
 Ross<sup>7</sup> (a misfortune which we often meet)

Was fast asleep at dear Statua's<sup>8</sup> feet , 630  
 Statira, with her hero to agree,  
 Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he

<sup>1</sup> 'Ledgers' the Public Ledger, a newspaper — <sup>2</sup> 'Vaughan' Thomas Vaughan, a friend of Murphy. — <sup>3</sup> 'Little factions' Murphy had called Churchill and his friends 'The Little Faction' — <sup>4</sup> 'Militia' the Westminster militia and the city of London trained bands and lumber troops, afforded much amusement — <sup>5</sup> 'Sparks' Luke Sparks, an actor of the time, rather hard in his manner — <sup>6</sup> 'Smith' called 'Gentleman Smith,' an actor in genteel comedy, corpulent in person — <sup>7</sup> 'Ross' a Scotchman, dissipated in his habits — <sup>8</sup> 'Statua' Ross's Statua was Miss Palmer, the daughter of Mrs Pritchard.

Macklin,<sup>1</sup> who largely deals in half-form'd sounds, 633  
 Who wantonly transgresses Nature's bounds,  
 Whose acting's hard, affected, and constrain'd,  
 Whose features, as each other they disdain'd,  
 At variance set, inflexible and coarse,  
 Ne'er know the workings of united force,  
 Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,  
 Nor show the mingled powers of light and shade , 640  
 No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,  
 To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,  
 Harangued, gave lectures, made each simple elf  
 Almost as good a speaker as himself ,  
 Whilst the whole town, mad with mistaken zeal,  
 An awkward rage for elocution feel ,  
 Dull cits and grave divines his praise proclaim,  
 And join with Sheridan's<sup>2</sup> their Macklin's name  
 Shuter, who never cared a single pin  
 Whether he left out nonsense, or put in, 650  
 Who aim'd at wit, though, levell'd in the dark,  
 The random arrow seldom hit the mark,  
 At Islington,<sup>3</sup> all by the placid stream  
 Where city swains in lap of Dulness dream,  
 Where quiet as her strains their strains do flow,  
 That all the patron by the bards may know,  
 Secret as night, with Rolt's<sup>4</sup> experienced aid,  
 The plan of future operations laid,  
 Projected schemes the summer months to cheer,  
 And spin out happy folly through the year 660  
 But think not, though these dastard chiefs are fled,  
 That Covent Garden troops shall want a head

<sup>1</sup> 'Macklin' Charles Macklin, *alias* M'Laughlin, good in such characters as Shylock, &c , no tragedian, a lecturer on elocution, coarse in features

<sup>2</sup> 'Sheridan' father of Richard Brinsley See Boswell and Moore —

<sup>3</sup> 'Islington' the new river — <sup>4</sup> 'Rolt' a drudge to the booksellers, who plagiarised Akenside's 'Pleasures of Imagination,' and was a coadjutor with Christopher Smart in the 'Universal Visitor' See Boswell

Hailequin comes their chief! See from afar 663  
 The hero seated in fantastic car!  
 Wedded to Novelty, his only aims  
 Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and charms.  
 On one side Folly sits, by some call'd Fun,  
 And on the other his arch-patron, Lun;<sup>1</sup>  
 Behind, for liberty athirst in vain,  
 Sense, helpless captive, drags the galling chain 670  
 Six rude misshapen beasts the chariot draw,  
 Whom Reason loathes, and Nature never saw,  
 Monsters with tails of ice, and heads of fire;  
 'Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire'  
 Each was bestrode by full as monstrous wight  
 Giant, dwarf, genius, elf, hermaphrodite  
 The Town, as usual, met him in full cry,  
 The Town, as usual, knew no reason why.  
 But Fashion so directs, and Moderns raise  
 On Fashion's mouldering base their transient praise 680  
 Next, to the field a band of females draw  
 Their force, for Britain owns no Salique law  
 Just to their worth, we female rights admit,  
 Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit  
 First giggling, plotting chambermaids arrive,  
 Hoydens and romps, led on by General Clive<sup>2</sup>  
 In spite of outward blemishes, she shone,  
 For humour famed, and humour all her own  
 Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,  
 Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod 690  
 Original in spirit and in ease,  
 She pleased by hiding all attempts to please

<sup>1</sup> 'Lun' Mr John Rich, the manager of Covent Garden and Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, called Lun for his performance of Hailequin, famous for pantomimes — <sup>2</sup> 'Clive' Catherine Clive, a celebrated comic actress, of very diversified powers, 'a better romp' than Jonson 'ever saw in nature'

No comic actress ever yet could raise,693  
On Humour's base, more merit or more praise.

With all the native vigour of sixteen,  
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,  
See lively Pope<sup>1</sup> advance, in jig, and trip  
Cinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip  
Not without art, but yet to nature true,  
She charms the town with humour just, yet new .700  
Cheer'd by her promise, we the less deplore  
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more

Lo! Vincent<sup>2</sup> comes! With simple grace array'd,  
She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns parade  
Nature through her is by reflection shown,  
Whilst Gay once more knows Polly for his own.

Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—  
I see it all, but must forgive it here,  
Defects like these, which modest terrors cause,  
From Impudence itself extort applause710  
Candour and Reason still take Virtue's part,  
We love e'en foibles in so good a heart

Let Tommy Arne,<sup>3</sup>—with usual pomp of style,  
Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,  
Who, meanly pilfering here and there a bit,  
Deals music out as Murphy deals out wit,—  
Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,  
And chaunt the praise of an Italian tribe;  
Let him reverse kind Nature's first decrees,  
And teach e'en Brent<sup>4</sup> a method not to please;720  
But never shall a truly British age  
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage;

<sup>1</sup> 'Pope' a pleasing protégé of Mrs Clive — <sup>2</sup> 'Vincent' Mrs Vincent, a tolerable actress and a fine singer — <sup>3</sup> 'Arne' a fine musician, but no writer — <sup>4</sup> 'Brent' a female scholar of Arne's, very popular as Polly in the 'Beggars Opera'

The boasted work's call'd national in vain, 723  
If one Italian voice pollutes the strain.

Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,  
Let slavish minstrels pour the enervate lay,  
To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,  
In native notes whilst Beard and Vincent<sup>1</sup> sing

Might figure give a title unto fame,  
What rival should with Yates<sup>2</sup> dispute her claim? 730

But justice may not partial trophies raise,  
Nor sink the actress' in the woman's praise  
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,  
And the heart feels more than the features show;  
For, through the regions of that beauteous face  
We no variety of passions trace,

Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,  
No kindred softness can those eyes impart:  
The brow, still fix'd in sorrow's sullen frame,  
Void of distinction, marks all parts the same. 740

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,  
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?  
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,  
Some want the striking elegance of ease;  
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;  
They seem like puppets led about by wires.  
Others, like statues, in one posture still,  
Give great ideas of the workman's skill,  
Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we view,  
And only grieve he gave not motion too. 750  
Weak of themselves are what we beauties call,  
It is the manner which gives strength to all,  
This teaches every beauty to unite,  
And brings them forward in the noblest light;

<sup>1</sup> 'Beard and Vincent' famous singers — <sup>2</sup> 'Yates' Anna Maria Yates, the wife of Richard Yates, mentioned in a preceding note

Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng, 755  
 With transient gleam of grace, Hart<sup>1</sup> sweeps along.

If all the wonders of external grace,  
 A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,  
 Where—union rare—expression's lively force  
 With beauty's softest magic holds discourse, 760  
 Attract the eye, if feelings, void of art,  
 Rouse the quick passions, and inflame the heart,  
 If music, sweetly breathing from the tongue,  
 Captives the ear, Bride<sup>2</sup> must not pass unsung

When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,  
 By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat,  
 When judgment, tutor'd by experience sage,  
 Shall shoot abroad, and gather strength from age,  
 When Heaven, in mercy, shall the stage release  
 From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece; 770  
 When some stale flower,<sup>3</sup> disgraceful to the walk,  
 Which long hath hung, though wither'd, on the stalk,  
 Shall kindly drop, then Bride shall make her way,  
 And merit find a passage to the day,  
 Brought into action, she at once shall raise  
 Her own renown, and justify our praise

Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage  
 With rival excellence of love and rage;  
 Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill  
 To turn and wind the passions as she will, 780  
 To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,  
 Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow;  
 To put on frenzy's wild, distracted glare,  
 And freeze the soul with horror and despair;

<sup>1</sup> 'Hart' Mrs Hart, a demirep, married to one Reddish, who, after her death, wedded Miss Canning, mother of the great statesman — <sup>2</sup> 'Bride' another beautiful, but disreputable actress — <sup>3</sup> 'Stale flower,' &c. an unmanly allusion to Miss Palmer, the daughter of Miss Pritchard, who was greatly inferior to her mother

With just desert enroll'd in endless fame, 785  
 Conscious of worth superior, Cibber<sup>1</sup> came

When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,  
 And strongly imag'd griefs her mind distract,  
 Struck with her grief, I catch the madness too,  
 My brain turns round, the headless trunk I view ! 790  
 The roof cracks, shakes, and falls—new horrors rise,  
 And Reason buried in the ruin lies !

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,  
 She makes her first attack upon the heart ;  
 Pleased with the summons, it receives her laws,  
 And all is silence, sympathy, applause

But when, by fond ambition drawn aside,  
 Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female pride,  
 She quits the tragic scene, and, in pretence  
 To comic merit, breaks down nature's fence, 800  
 I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,  
 Or find out Cibber through the dark disguise

Pritchard,<sup>2</sup> by Nature for the stage design'd,  
 In person graceful, and in sense refined ,  
 Her art as much as Nature's friend became,  
 Her voice as free from blemish as her fame,  
 Who knows so well in majesty to please,  
 Attemper'd with the graceful charms of ease ?

When, Congreve's favoured pantomime<sup>3</sup> to grace,  
 She comes a captive queen, of Moorish race , 810  
 When love, hate, jealousy, despair, and rage  
 With wildest tumults in her breast engage,

<sup>1</sup> 'Cibber' sister to Aine, and wife to the once notorious Theophilus Cibber, the son of the hero of the 'Dunciad'. She was no better in character than many actresses of that day, but sang so plaintively, that a bishop who heard her once cried out, 'Woman, thy sins be forgiven thee !'—<sup>2</sup> 'Pritchard' according to Johnson, 'in private a vulgar idiot, but who, on the stage, seemed to become inspired with gentility and understanding'—<sup>3</sup> 'Pantomime' the 'Mourning Bride'

Still equal to herself is Zara seen , 813  
 Her passions are the passions of a queen.

When she to murder whets the timorous Thane,<sup>1</sup>  
 I feel ambition rush through every vein ,  
 Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue,  
 My heart grows flint, and every nerve's new strung

In comedy—Nay, there, comes Critic, hold ,  
 Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old . 820

Who can, with patience, bear the gray coquette,  
 Or force a laugh with over-grown Juliett ?<sup>2</sup>  
 Her speech, look, action, humour, all are just,  
 But then, her age and figure give disgust

Are foibles, then, and graces of the mind,  
 In real life, to size or age confined ?  
 Do sprits flow, and is good-breeding placed  
 In any set circumference of waist ?

As we grow old, doth affectation cease,  
 Or gives not age new vigour to caprice ? 830

If in originals these things appear,  
 Why should we bar them in the copy here ?

The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,  
 The grand minute reformers of the stage,  
 Slaves to propriety of every kind,  
 Some standard measure for each part should find,

Which, when the best of actors shall exceed,  
 Let it devolve to one of smaller breed

All actors, too, upon the back should bear  
 Certificate of birth , time, when , place, where , 840

For how can critics rightly fix their worth,  
 Unless they know the minute of their birth ?  
 An audience, too, deceived, may find, too late,  
 That they have clapp'd an actor out of date

<sup>1</sup> 'Thane' Macbeth —<sup>2</sup> 'Julietta' a witty maid-servant in the play of  
 'The Pilgrim'



Figure, I own, at first may give offence, 845  
 And haishly strike the eye's too curious sense,  
 But when perfections of the mind break forth,  
 Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth,  
 When the pure genuine flame by Nature taught,  
 Springs into sense and every action's thought, 850  
 Before such merit all objections fly—

Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high  
 Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wondrous skill,  
 Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still;  
 That worth, which shone in scatter'd rays  
 before,

Collected now, breaks forth with double power  
 The 'Jealous Wife'<sup>1</sup> on that thy trophies raise,  
 Inferior only to the author's praise

From Dublin, famed in legends of romance  
 For mighty magic of enchanted lance, 860  
 With which her heroes arm'd, victorious prove,  
 And, like a flood, rush o'er the land of Love,  
 Mossop and Barry came—names ne'er design'd  
 By Fate in the same sentence to be join'd  
 Raised by the breath of popular acclaim,  
 They mounted to the pinnacle of fame,  
 There the weak brain, made giddy with the  
 height,

Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight  
 Thus sportive boys, around some basin's brim,  
 Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim, 870  
 But if, from lungs more potent, there arise  
 Two bubbles of a more than common size,  
 Eager for honour, they for fight prepare,  
 Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air

<sup>1</sup> The 'Jealous Wife' the 'Jealous Wife,' by Colman, was taken from the story of Lady Bellaston, in 'Tom Jones'

Mossop,<sup>1</sup> attach'd to military plan, 875  
 Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand<sup>2</sup> man ;  
 Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming  
     skill,  
 The right hand labours, and the left lies still,  
 For he, resolved on Scripture grounds to go,  
 What the right doth, the left-hand shall not know 880  
 With studied impropriety of speech,  
 He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach ,  
 To epithets allots emphatic state,  
 Whilst principals, ungraced, like lackeys wait ,  
 In ways first trodden by himself excels,  
 And stands alone in indeclinables ,  
 Conjunction, preposition, adverb join  
 To stamp new vigour on the nervous line ;  
 In monosyllables his thunders roll,  
 'He, she, it, and we, ye, they, fight the soul 890  
     In person taller than the common size,  
 Behold where Barry<sup>3</sup> draws admiring eyes !  
 When labouring passions, in his bosom pent,  
 Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent ,  
 Spectatois, with imagined terrors warm,  
 Anxious expect the bursting of the storm  
 But, all unfit in such a pile to dwell,  
 His voice comes forth, like Echo from her cell,  
 To swell the tempest needful aid denies,  
 And all adown the stage in feeble murmurs dies 900  
     What man, like Barry, with such pains, can err  
 In elocution, action, character ?  
 What man could give, if Barry was not here,  
 Such well applauded tenderness to Lear ?

<sup>1</sup> ' Mossop ' Henry Mossop, a powerful, fiery, but irregular actor, very unfortunate in life —<sup>2</sup> ' Right-hand ' Mossop practised the ' tea-pot attitude ' —<sup>3</sup> ' Barry ' Spranger Barry, mentioned above as Garlick's great rival. He acted in Covent Garden

Who else can speak so very, very fine, 905  
That sense may kindly end with every line ?

Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,  
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare  
See how he flames his eyes, poises each limb,  
Puts the whole body into proper trim — 910  
From whence we learn, with a no great stretch of art,  
Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, ha ! a start

When he appears most perfect, still we find  
Something which jars upon and hurts the mind .  
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,  
We see too plainly they are not his own  
No flame from Nature ever yet he caught,  
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught -  
He raised his trophies on the base of art,  
And conn'd his passions, as he conn'd his part 920

Quin,<sup>1</sup> from afar, lured by the scent of fame,  
A stage Leviathan, put in his claim,  
Pupil of Betterton<sup>2</sup> and Booth Alone,  
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own  
For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,  
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play ?  
Gray-bearded veterans, who, with partial tongue,  
Extol the times when they themselves were young,  
Who, having lost all relish for the stage,  
See not their own defects, but lash the age, 930  
Received, with joyful murmurs of applause,  
Then darling chief, and lined<sup>3</sup> his favourite cause

Far be it from the candid Muse to tread  
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead .

<sup>1</sup> 'Quin' the friend of Thomson, (see 'Castle of Indolence'), instructor in reading of George III., famous for indolence, wit, good nature, and corpulence — <sup>2</sup> 'Betterton' the great actor of the seventeenth century, whose funeral and character are described in the 'Tailor' Booth was his successor and copy — <sup>3</sup> 'Lined' supported

But, just to living merit, she maintains, 935  
 And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns,  
 Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,  
 Happily praised, if they could act as well.  
 But, though prescription's force we disallow,  
 Nor to antiquity submissive bow ; 940  
 Though we deny imaginary grace,  
 Founded on accidents of time and place,  
 Yet real worth of every growth shall bear  
 Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there  
 His words bore sterling weight ; nervous and  
 strong,

In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.  
 Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence  
 To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense ;  
 No actor ever greater heights could reach  
 In all the labour'd artifice of speech 950  
 Speech ! is that all ? And shall an actor found  
 An universal fame on partial ground ?  
 Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,  
 And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.  
 I laugh at those who, when the stage they tread,  
 Neglect the heart, to compliment the head ;  
 With strict propriety their cares confined  
 To weigh out words, while passion halts behind  
 To syllable-dissectors they appeal,  
 Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel, 960  
 But, spite of all the criticising elves,  
 Those who would make us feel, must feel them-  
 selves

His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,  
 Proclaim'd the sullen 'habit of his soul'  
 Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,  
 Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage

When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears, 967  
 Or Rowe's<sup>1</sup> gay rake dependent virtue jeers,  
 With the same cast of features he is seen  
 To chide the libertine, and court the queen.  
 From the tame scene, which without passion flows,  
 With just desert his reputation rose,  
 Nor less he pleased, when, on some surly plan,  
 He was, at once, the actor and the man

In Brute<sup>2</sup> he shone unequal'd all agree  
 Garrick's not half so great a Brute as he  
 When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,  
 With equal praise the actor labour'd too,  
 For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,  
 Small difference 'twixt the Stoic and the Brute 980  
 In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,  
 He could not, for a moment, sink the man.

In whate'er cast his character was laid,  
 Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd  
 Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in  
 Horatio, Dorax,<sup>3</sup> Falstaff,—still 'twas Quin

Next follows Sheridan<sup>4</sup> A doubtful name,  
 As yet unsettled in the rank of fame  
 This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,  
 Gives him all merit, that allows him none; 990  
 Between them both, we'll steer the middle course,  
 Nor, loving praise, rob Judgment of her force.

Just his conceptions, natural and great,  
 His feelings strong, his words enforced with weight.  
 Was speech-famed Quin himself to hear him speak,  
 Envy would drive the colour from his cheek,

<sup>1</sup> 'Rowe' Andromache, in the tragedy of the 'Distressed Mother,' by Ambrose Philips, and Lothario, in the 'Fair Penitent,' by Rowe —<sup>2</sup> 'Brute' Sir John Brute, in Vanbrugh's 'Provoked Wife' —<sup>3</sup> 'Dorax' a soldier in Dryden's 'Don Sebastian' —<sup>4</sup> 'Sheridan' see a previous note

But step-dame Nature, niggard of her grace, 937  
 Denied the social powers of voice and face  
 Fix'd in one fiamê of features, glâie of eye,  
 Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie,  
 In vain the wonders of his skill are tried  
 To form distinctions Nature hath denied  
 His voice no touch of harmony admits,  
 Irregularly deep, and shrill by fits  
 The two extremes appear like man and wife,  
 Coupled together for the sake of strife  
 His action 's always strong, but sometimes such,  
 That candour must declare he acts too much  
 Why must impatience fall three paces back ?  
 Why paces three return to the attack ? 1010  
 Why is the right leg, too, forbid to stir,  
 Unless in motion semicircular ?  
 Why must the hero with the Nailor<sup>1</sup> vie,  
 And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye ?  
 In Royal John, with Philip angry grown,  
 I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.  
 Inhuman tyrant ! was it not a shame  
 To fight a king so harmless and so tame ?  
 But, spite of all defects, his glories rise,  
 And art, by judgment form'd, with nature vies 1020  
 Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's<sup>2</sup> soul,  
 Whilst in his own contending passions roll,  
 View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,  
 And then deny him merit, if you can  
 Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone,  
 Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own  
 Last Garrick<sup>3</sup> came Behind him throng a train  
 Of snailing critics, ignorant as vain

<sup>1</sup> 'Nailor' pugilist — <sup>2</sup> 'Hubert' in King John — <sup>3</sup> 'Garrick' see Boswell and Murphy's life of that great actor

One finds out—He's of stature somewhat low— 1029  
 Your hero always should be tall, you know,  
 True natural greatness all consists in height  
 Produce your voucher, Critic—Serjeant Kite.<sup>1</sup>

Another can't forgive the palt'ry arts  
 By which 'he makes his way to shallow hearts;  
 Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause—  
 'Avaunt! unnatural start, affected pause!'

For me, by Nature form'd to judge with phlegm,  
 I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.  
 The best things carried to excess are wrong,  
 The start may be too frequent, pause too long · 1040  
 But, only used in proper time and place,  
 Severest judgment must allow them grace.

If bunglers, form'd on Imitation's plan,  
 Just in the way that monkeys mimic man,  
 Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,  
 And pause and start with the same vacant face,  
 We join the critic laugh, those tricks we scorn  
 Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn  
 But when, from Nature's pure and genuine  
 source,

These strokes of acting flow with generous force, 1050  
 When in the features all the soul's portray'd,  
 And passions, such as Garrick's, are display'd,  
 To me they seem from quickest feelings caught—  
 Each start is nature, and each pause is thought

When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,  
 And the whole state of man is up in arms,  
 What but a critic could condemn the player  
 For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there?  
 Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,  
 And mark it strongly flaming to the face, 1060

<sup>1</sup> 'Serjeant Kite' the recruiting serjeant in Farquhar's 'Recruiting Officer'

Whilst in each sound I hear the very man, 1061  
 I can't catch words, and pity those who can

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortured brain  
 Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain ,  
 The gods,—a kindness I with thanks must pay,—  
 Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay ,  
 Not stung with envy, nor with spleen diseased,  
 A poor dull creature, still with Nature pleased  
 Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,  
 And, pleased with Nature, must be pleased with thee

Now might I tell how silence reign'd throughout, 1071  
 And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout,  
 How every claimant, tortured with desire,  
 Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire ,  
 But loose to fame, the Muse more simply acts,  
 Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts

The judges, as the several parties came,  
 With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each claim ,  
 And, in their sentence happily agreed,  
 In name of both, great Shakspeare thus decreed — 1080

If manly sense, if Nature link'd with Art ,  
 If thorough knowledge of the human heart ,  
 If powers of acting vast and unconfined ,  
 If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd ,  
 If strong expression, and strange powers which lie  
 Within the magic circle of the eye ,  
 If feelings which few hearts like his can know,  
 And which no face so well as his can show,  
 Deserve the preference—Garrick ! take the chair ,  
 Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there. 1090



## THE APOLOGY.

ADDRESSED TO THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS <sup>1</sup>*Tristitiam et Metus* —HORACE

LAUGHS not the heart when giants, big with pride,  
 Assume the pompous port, the martial stride ;  
 O'er arm Herculean heave the enormous shield,  
 Vast as a weaver's beam the javelin wield ,  
 With the loud voice of thundering Jove defy,  
 And dare to single combat—what ?—A fly !

And laugh we less when giant names, which shine  
 Establish'd, as it were, by right divine ,  
 Critics, whom every captive art adores,  
 To whom, glad Science pours forth all her stores ,      10  
 Who high in letter'd reputation sit,  
 And hold, Astræa-like, the scales of wit,  
 With partial rage rush forth—oh ! shame to tell !—  
 To crush a bard just bursting from the shell ?

Great are his perils in this stormy time  
 Who rashly ventures on a sea of rhyme  
 Around vast surges roll, winds envious blow,  
 And jealous rocks and quicksands lurk below  
 Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends ,  
 He hurts me most who lavishly commends      20

Look through the world—in every other trade  
 The same employment's cause of kindness made,  
 At least appearance of good will creates,  
 And every fool puffs off the fool he hates :

<sup>1</sup> For occasion, &c of this, see *Life*

Cobblers with cobblers smoke away the night, 25  
 And in the common cause e'en players unite ,  
 Authors alone, with more than savage rage,  
 Unnatural war with brother authors wage.  
 The pride of Nature would as soon admit  
 Competitors in empire as in wit , 30  
 Onward they rush, at Fame's imperious call,  
 And, less than greatest, would not be at all

Smit with the love of honour,—or the pence,—  
 O'erlun with wit, and destitute of sense,  
 Should any novice in the rhyming trade  
 With lawless pen the realms of verse invade,  
 Forth from the court, where sceptred sages sit,  
 Abused with praise, and flatter'd into wit,  
 Where in lethargic majesty they reign,  
 And what they won by dulness, still maintain, 40  
 Legions of factious authors throng at once,  
 Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.  
 To Hamilton's<sup>1</sup> the ready lies repair—  
 Ne'er was he made which was not welcome  
 there—

Thence, on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,  
 The polish'd falsehood's into public brought.  
 Quick-circulating slanders mirth afford ,  
 And reputation bleeds in every word.

A critic was of old a glorious name,  
 Whose sanction handed merit up to fame , 50  
 Beauties as well as faults he brought to view ,  
 His judgment great, and great his candour too ;  
 No servile rules drew sickly taste aside ;  
 Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide  
 But now—oh ! strange reverse !—our critics bawl  
 In praise of candour with a heart of gall ,

<sup>1</sup> ' Hamilton ' Archibald Hamilton, printer of the ' Critical Review,'

Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light, 57  
 They lurk enshrouded in the vale of night ;  
 Safe from detection, seize the unwary prey,  
 And stab, like braves, all who come that way

When first my Muse, perhaps more bold than wise,  
 Bade the rude trifle into light arise,  
 Little she thought such tempests would ensue ,  
 Less, that those tempests would be raised by you.  
 The thunder's fury rends the towering oak,  
 Rosciads, like shrubs, might 'scape the fatal stroke  
 Vain thought ! a critic's fury knows no bound ,  
 Diawcansu-like, he deals destruction round ;  
 Nor can we hope he will a stranger spare,  
 Who gives no quarter to his friend Voltane <sup>1</sup> 70

Unhappy Genius ! placed by partial Fate  
 With a free spirit in a slavish state ,  
 Where the reluctant Muse, oppress'd by kings,  
 Or droops in silence, or in fetters sings !  
 In vain thy dauntless fortitude hath borne  
 The bigot's furious zeal, and tyrant's scorn.  
 Why didst thou safe from home-bred dangers steer,  
 Reserved to perish more ignobly here ?  
 Thus, when, the Julian tyrant's pride to swell,  
 Rome with her Pompey at Pharsala fell, 80  
 The vanquish'd chief escaped from Cæsar's hand,  
 To die by ruffians in a foreign land

How could these self-elected monarchs raise  
 So large an empire on so small a base ?  
 In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,  
 Did Genius sleep when Dulness seized the throne ?  
 Whence, absolute now grown, and free from awe,  
 She to the subject world dispenses law

<sup>1</sup> ' Voltane ' Smollett had changed his opinion of Voltane, and from praising, had begun to abuse him

Without her licence not a letter stirs, 89  
 And all the captive cross-cross-row is hers  
 The Stagyrite, who rules from Nature drew,  
 Opinions gave, but gave his reasons too  
 Our great Dictators take a shorter way—  
 Who shall dispute what the Reviewers say ?  
 Their word's sufficient ; and to ask a reason,  
 In such a state as theirs, is downright treason  
 True judgment now with them alone can dwell ,  
 Like Church of Rome, they're grown infallible.  
 Dull superstitious readers they deceive,  
 Who pin their easy faith on critic's sleeve, 100  
 And knowing nothing, everything believe !  
 But why repine we that these puny elves  
 Shoot into giants ?—we may thank ourselves :  
 Fools that we are, like Israel's fools of yore,  
 The calf ourselves have fashion'd we adore.  
 But let true Reason once resume her reign,  
 This god shall dwindle to a calf again.

Founded on arts which shun the face of day,  
 By the same arts they still maintain their sway  
 Wrapp'd in mysterious secrecy they rise, 110  
 And, as they are unknown, are safe and wise.  
 At whomsoever aim'd, how'er severe,  
 The envenom'd slander flies, no names appear .  
 Prudence forbids that step,—then all might  
 know,

And on more equal terms engage the foe  
 But now, what Quixote of the age would care  
 To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air ?  
 By interest join'd, the expert confederates stand,  
 And play the game into each other's hand .  
 The vile abuse, in turn by all denied, 120  
 Is bandied up and down, from side to side

It flies—hey !—presto !—like a juggler's ball, 122  
Till it belongs to nobody at all

All men and things they know, themselves unknown,  
And publish every name—except their own.  
Nor think this strange,—secure from vulgar eyes,  
The nameless author passes in disguise ;  
But veteran critics are not so deceived,  
If veteran critics are to be believed  
Once seen, they know an author evermore, 130  
Nay, swear to hands they never saw before  
Thus in 'The Rosciad,' beyond chance or doubt,  
They by the writing found the writers out  
That's Lloyd's—his manner there you plainly trace,  
And all the Actor stares you in the face  
By Colman that was written—on my life,  
The strongest symptoms of the 'Jealous Wife'  
That little disingenuous piece of spite,  
Churchill—a wretch unknown !—perhaps might  
write

How doth it make judicious readers smile, 140  
When authors are detected by their style ,  
Though every one who knows this author, knows  
He shifts his style much oftener than his clothes !

Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,  
The Muse a trifle, and her theme so mean ?  
What had I done, that angry Heaven should send  
The bitterest foe where most I wish'd a friend ?  
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,<sup>1</sup>  
And hail'd the honours of thy matchless fame.  
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground, 150  
So nobler Pickle stands superbly bound ;

<sup>1</sup> 'Thy name' Dr Tobias Smollett, the well-known author of 'Roderick Random,' 'The Regicide,' an unfortunate tragedy, and one of the editors of the 'Critical Review,' is here satirised

From Livy's temples tear the historic crown, 152  
 Which with more justice blooms upon thine own  
 Compared with thee, be all life-writers dumb,  
 But he who wrote the Life of Tommy Thumb  
 Who ever read 'The Regicide,' but swore  
 The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before '  
 Others for plots and under-plots may call,  
 Here's the right method—have no plot at all.  
 Who can so often in his cause engage 160  
 The tiny pathos of the Grecian stage,  
 Whilst horrors rise, and tears spontaneous flow  
 At tragic Ha! and no less tragic Oh!  
 To praise his nervous weakness all agree,  
 And then for sweetness, who so sweet as he!  
 Too big for utterance when sorrows swell,  
 The too big sorrows flowing tears must tell,  
 But when those flowing tears shall cease to flow,  
 Why—then the voice must speak again, you  
 know.

Rude and unskilful in the poet's trade, 170  
 I kept no Naiads by me ready made,  
 Ne'er did I colours high in air advance,  
 Torn from the bleeding foppes of France,<sup>1</sup>  
 No flimsy linsey-woolsey scenes I wrote,  
 With patches here and there, like Joseph's coat.  
 Me humbler themes befit secure, for me,  
 Let play-wrights smuggle nonsense duty free,  
 Secure, for me, ye lambs, ye lambkins! bound,  
 And frisk and frolic o'er the fairy ground  
 Secure, for me, thou pretty little fawn! 180  
 Lick Sylvia's hand, and crop the flowery lawn;

<sup>1</sup> 'Foppes of France,' &c. in these lines the poet refers to Murphy's practice of vamping up French plays, and to his 'Desert Island,' a ridiculous pastoral drama

Uncensured let the gentle breezes rove 182

Through the green umbrage of the enchanted grove  
Secure, for me, let foppish Nature smile,  
And play the coxcomb in the 'Desert Isle'

The stage I chose—a subject fair and free—

'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis public property.

All common exhibitions open lie,

For praise or censure, to the common eye.

Hence are a thousand hackney writers fed, 190

Hence Monthly Critics earn their daily bread.

This is a general tax which all must pay,

From those who scribble, down to those who play

Actors, a venal crew, receive support

From public bounty for the public sport.

To clap or hiss all have an equal claim,

The cobbler's and his lordship's right's the same.

All join for their subsistence; all expect

Free leave to praise their worth, their faults correct

When active Pickle Smithfield stage ascends, 200

The three days' wonder of his laughing friends,

Each, or as judgment or as fancy guides,

The lively witling praises or derides.

And where's the mighty difference, tell me where,

Betwixt a Merry Andrew and a player?

The strolling tribe—a despicable race!—

Like wandering Arabs, shift from place to place

Vagrants by law, to justice open laid,

They tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid,

And, fawning, cringe for wretched means of life 210

To Madam Mayoress, or his Worship's wife.

The mighty monarch, in theatric sack,

Carries his whole regalia at his back;

His royal consort heads the female band,

And leads the heir apparent in her hand,

The pannier'd ass creeps on with conscious pride, 216  
 Bearing a future prince on either side  
 No choice musicians in this troop are found,  
 To varnish nonsense with the charms of sound,  
 No swords, no daggers, not one poison'd bowl, 220  
 No lightning flashes here, no thunders roll,  
 No guards to swell the monarch's train are shown,  
 The monarch here must be a host alone :  
 No solemn pomp, no slow processions here,  
 No Ammon's entry, and no Juliet's bier

By need compell'd to prostitute his art,  
 The varied actor flies from part to part,  
 And—strange disgrace to all theatric pride '—  
 His character is shifted with his side  
 Question and answer he by turns must be, 230  
 Like that small wit in modern tragedy,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who, to patch up his fame—or fill his purse—  
 Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them  
 worse ;

Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,  
 Defacing first, then claiming for his own  
 In shabby state they strut, and tatter'd robe,  
 The scene a blanket, and a bairn the globe  
 No high conceits their moderate wishes raise,  
 Content with humble profit, humble praise  
 Let dowdies simper, and let bumpkins stare, 240  
 The strolling pageant hero treads in air  
 Pleased, for his hour he to mankind gives law,  
 And snores the next out on a truss of straw

But if kind Fortune, who sometimes, we know,  
 Can take a hero from a puppet-show,  
 In mood propitious should her favourite call,  
 On royal stage in royal pomp to bawl,

<sup>1</sup> 'Modern tragedy' Mr Murphy again.



Forgetful of himself, he rears the head, 248  
 And scorns the dunghill where he first was bred,  
 Conversing now with well dress'd kings and  
 queens,

With gods and goddesses behind the scenes,  
 He sweats 'beneath the terror-nodding plume,  
 Taught by mock honours real pride to assume.  
 On this great stage, the world, no monarch e'er  
 Was half so haughty as a monarch player.

Doth it more move our anger or our mirth  
 To see these things, the lowest sons of earth,  
 Presume, with self-sufficient knowledge graced,  
 To rule in letters, and preside in taste?  
 The town's decisions they no more admit, 260  
 Themselves alone the arbiters of wit,  
 And scorn the jurisdiction of that court  
 To which they owe their being and support  
 Actors, like monks of old, now sacred gown,  
 Must be attack'd by no fools but their own

Let the vain tyrant<sup>1</sup> sit amidst his guards,  
 His puny green-room wits and venal bards,  
 Who meanly tremble at the puppet's frown,  
 And for a playhouse-freedom lose their own,  
 In spite of new-made laws, and new-made kings, 270  
 The free-born Muse with liberal spirit sings  
 Bow down, ye slaves! before these idols fall;  
 Let Genius stoop to them who've none at all  
 Ne'er will I flatter, cringe, or bend the knee  
 To those who, slaves to all, are slaves to me

Actors, as actors, are a lawful game,  
 The poet's right, and who shall bar his claim?

<sup>1</sup> 'Vain tyrant,' &c. Garrick is here meant: he had displeased Churchill by pretending that he had written 'The Roscius' to gain the freedom of the playhouse. He apologised very humbly to Churchill, and a reconciliation took place.

And if, o'erweening of their little skill, 278  
 When they have left the stage, they're actors still,  
 If to the subject 'world they still give laws,  
 With paper crowns, and sceptres made of straws,  
 If they in cellar or in garret loar,  
 And, kings one night, are kings for evermore,  
 Shall not bold Truth, e'en there, pursue her theme,  
 And wake the coxcomb from his golden dream?  
 Or if, well worthy of a better fate,  
 They rise superior to their present state,  
 If, with each social virtue graced, they blend  
 The gay companion and the faithful friend;  
 If they, like Pritchard, join in private life 290  
 The tender parent and the virtuous wife,  
 Shall not our verse their praise with pleasure speak,  
 Though Mimics bark, and Envy split her cheek?  
 No honest worth's beneath the Muse's praise;  
 No greatness can above her censure raise,  
 Station and wealth to her are trifling things;  
 She stoops to actors, and she soars to kings.  
 Is there a man,<sup>1</sup> in vice and folly bred,  
 To sense of honour as to virtue dead,  
 Whom ties, nor human, nor divine can bind, 300  
 Alien from God, and foe to all mankind,  
 Who spares no character; whose every word,  
 Bitter as gall, and sharper than the sword,  
 Cuts to the quick; whose thoughts with rancour  
 swell;  
 Whose tongue, on earth, performs the work of hell?  
 If there be such a monster, the Reviews  
 Shall find him holding forth against abuse:  
 Attack profession!—'tis a deadly breach!  
 The Christian laws another lesson teach:—

<sup>1</sup> 'A man' Dr Smollett again

Unto the end shall Charity endure, 310  
And Candour hide those faults it cannot cure.

Thus Candour's maxims flow from Rancour's throat,  
As devils, to serve their purpose, Scripture quote

The Muse's office was by Heaven design'd  
To please, improve, instruct, reform mankind,  
To make dejected Virtue nobly rise  
Above the towering pitch of splendid Vice,  
To make pale Vice, abash'd, her head hang down,  
And, trembling, crouch at Virtue's awful frown  
Now aim'd with wiath, she bids eternal shame, 320  
With strictest justice, brand the villain's name;

Now in the milder garb of ridicule  
She sports, and pleases while she wounds the fool  
Her shape is often varied, but her aim,  
To prop the cause of Virtue, still the same.  
In praise of Mercy let the guilty bawl,  
When Vice and Folly for correction call,  
Silence the mark of weakness justly bears,  
And is partaker of the crimes it spares  
But if the Muse, too cruel in her mirth, 330  
With harsh reflections wounds the man of worth;  
If wantonly she deviates from her plan,  
And quits the actor to expose the man,<sup>1</sup>  
Ashamed, she marks that passage with a blot,  
And hates the line where candour was forgot

But what is candour, what is humour's vein,  
Though judgment join to consecrate the strain,  
If curious numbers will not aid afford,  
Nor choicest music play in every word?  
Verses must run, to charm a modern ear, 340  
From all harsh, rugged interruptions clear.

<sup>1</sup> 'Expose the man' referring to some personal lines on one Mr John Palmer, which occurred in the first edition, but which he expunged

Soft let them breathe, as Zephyr's balmy breeze, 342  
 Smooth let their current flow, as summer seas,  
 Perfect then only deem'd when they dispense  
 A happy tuneful vacancy of sense  
 Italian fathers thus, with barbarous rage,  
 Fit helpless infants for the squeaking stage;  
 Deaf to the calls of pity, Nature wound,  
 And mangle vigour for the sake of sound  
 Henceforth farewell, then, feverish thirst of fame, 350  
 Farewell the longings for a poet's name;  
 Perish my Muse—a wish 'bove all severe  
 To him who ever held the Muses dear—  
 If e'er her labours weaken to refine  
 The generous roughness of a nervous line.

Others affect the stiff and swelling phrase;  
 Their Muse must walk in stilts, and strut in stays,  
 The sense they murder, and the words transpose,  
 Lest poetry approach too near to prose  
 See tortured Reason how they pare and trim, 360  
 And, like Procrustes, stretch, or lop the limb

Waller! whose praise succeeding bards rehearse,  
 Parent of harmony in English verse,  
 Whose tuneful Muse in sweetest accents flows,  
 In couplets first taught straggling sense to close.

In polish'd numbers and majestic sound,  
 Where shall thy rival, Pope! be ever found?  
 But whilst each line with equal beauty flows,  
 E'en excellence, unvaried, tedious grows  
 Nature, through all her works, in great degree, 370  
 Borrows a blessing from variety  
 Music itself her needful aid requires  
 To rouse the soul, and wake our dying fires.  
 Still in one key, the nightingale would tease;  
 Still in one key, not Brent would always please

Here let me bend, great Dryden ! at thy shine, 376  
 Thou dearest name to all the Tuneful Nine !  
 What if some dull lipes in cold order creep,  
 And with his theme the poet seems to sleep ?  
 Still, when his subject rises proud to view, 380  
 With equal strength the poet rises too .  
 With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,  
 Thought still springs up and rises out of thought ;  
 Numbers ennobling numbers in their course,  
 In varied sweetness flow, in varied force ;  
 The powers of genius and of judgment join,  
 And the whole Art of Poetry is thine

But what are numbers, what are baids to me,  
 Forbid to tread the paths of poesy ?  
 A sacred Muse should consecrate her pen— 390  
 Priests must not hear nor see like other men—  
 Far higher themes should her ambition claim  
 Behold where Sternhold points the way to fame !

Whilst with mistaken zeal dull bigots bunn,  
 Let Reason for a moment take her turn  
 When coffee-sages hold discourse with kings,  
 And blindly walk in paper leading-strings,  
 What if a man delight to pass his time  
 In spinning reason into harmless rhyme,  
 Or sometimes boldly venture to the play ? 400  
 Say, where's the crime, great man of prudence, say ?  
 No two on earth in all things can agree ;  
 All have some darling singularity :  
 Women and men, as well as girls and boys,  
 In gew-gaws take delight, and sigh for toys  
 Your sceptres and your crowns, and such like things,  
 Are but a better kind of toys for kings.  
 In things indifferent Reason bids us choose,  
 Whether the whim's a monkey or a Muse

What the grave triflers on this busy scene, 410  
 When they make use of this word Reason, mean  
 I know not, but 'according to my plan,  
 'Tis Lord Chief-Justice in the court of man,  
 Equally form'd to rule in age or youth,  
 The friend of virtue and the guide to truth;  
 To her I bow, whose sacred power I feel;  
 To her decision make my last appeal;  
 Condemn'd by her, applauding worlds in vain  
 Should tempt me to take up the pen again,  
 By her absolved, my course I'll still pursue 420  
 If Reason's for me, God is for me too

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## NIGHT.<sup>1</sup>

### AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT LLOYD

*Contrarius evenior orbi — OVID, Met lib II.*

WHEN foes insult, and prudent friends dispense,  
 In pity's strains, the worst of insolence,  
 Oft with thee, Lloyd, I steal an hour from grief,  
 And in thy social converse find relief.  
 The mind, of solitude impatient grown,  
 Loves any sorrows rather than her own.

Let slaves to business, bodies without soul,  
 Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,  
 Solemnise nonsense in the day's broad glare,  
 We Night prefer, which heals or hides our care. 10

<sup>1</sup> 'Night' this poem was written to defend the irregularities imputed to the poet

Reason, collected in herself, disdains 45  
 The slavish yoke of arbitrary chains ;  
 Steady and true, each circumstance, she weighs,  
 Nor to bare words inglorious tribute pays  
 Men of sense live exempt from vulgar awe,  
 And Reason to herself alone is law 50  
 That freedom she enjoys with liberal mind,  
 Which she as freely grants to all mankind  
 No idol-titled name her reverence stirs,  
 No hour she blindly to the rest prefers ;  
 All are alike, if they 're alike employ'd,  
 And all are good if virtuously enjoy'd.

Let the sage Doctor (think him one we know)  
 With scraps of ancient learning overflow,  
 In all the dignity of wig declare  
 The fatal consequence of midnight air, 60  
 How damps and vapours, as it were by stealth,  
 Undermine life, and sap the walls of health  
 For me let Galen mould'ring on the shelf,  
 I 'll live, and be physician to myself.  
 Whilst soul is join'd to body, whether fate  
 Allot a longer or a shorter date,  
 I 'll make them live, as brother should with brother,  
 And keep them in good humour with each other

The surest road to health, say what they will,  
 Is never to suppose we shall be ill. 70  
 Most of those evils we poor mortals know,  
 From doctors and imagination flow.  
 Hence to old women with your boasted rules,  
 Stale traps, and only sacred now to fools ,  
 As well may sons of physic hope to find  
 One medicine, as one hour, for all mankind !

If Rupert after ten is out of bed,  
 The fool next morning can't hold up his head ,

What reason this which me to bed must call, 79  
 Whose head, thank Heaven, never aches at all ?  
 In different courses different tempers run ,  
 He hates the moon, I sicken at the sun  
 Wound up at twelve at noon, his clock goes right ,  
 Mine better goes, wound up at twelve at night

Then in oblivion's grateful cup I down  
 The galling sneer, the supercilious frown,  
 The strange reserve, the proud, affected state  
 Of upstart knaves grown rich, and fools grown great  
 No more that abject wretch<sup>1</sup> disturbs my rest,  
 Who meanly overlooks a friend distress'd. 90  
 Perverse to poverty, the worldling goes,  
 And scarce sees rags an inch beyond his nose ;  
 But from a crowd can single out his Grace,  
 And cinge and creep to fools who strut in lace

Whether those classic regions are survey'd  
 Where we in earliest youth together stray'd,  
 Where hand in hand we trod the flowery shore,  
 Though now thy happier genius runs before ,  
 When we conspired a thankless wretch<sup>2</sup> to raise,  
 And taught a stump to shoot with pilfer'd praise, 100  
 Who once, for reverend merit famous grown,  
 Gratefully strove to kick his maker down ;  
 Or if more general arguments engage,—  
 The court or camp, the pulpit, bar, or stage ,  
 If half-bred surgeons, whom men doctors call,  
 And lawyers, who were never bred at all,  
 Those mighty letter'd monsters of the earth,  
 Our pity move, or exercise our mirth ,

<sup>1</sup> 'Abject wretch ' Thornton, who abandoned Lloyd in his distress —

<sup>2</sup> 'Thankless wretch ' one Sellon, a popular clergyman, aided at first by Churchill and his set, but who betrayed and blackened them afterwards We meet with him again in 'The Ghost' as Plausible



Or if in tittle-tattle, toothpick way, 109  
 Our rambling thoughts with easy freedom stray,—  
 A gainer still thy friend himself must find,  
 His grief suspended, and improved his mind

Whilst peaceful slumbers bless the homely bed  
 Where virtue, self-approved, reclines her head,  
 Whilst vice beneath imagined honors mourns,  
 And conscience plants the villain's couch with thorns,  
 Impatient of restraint, the active mind,  
 No more by servile prejudice confined,  
 Leaps from her seat, as waken'd from a trance  
 And darts through Nature at a single glance 120  
 Then we our friends, our foes, ourselves, survey,  
 And see by Night what-fools we are by day.

Stripp'd of her gaudy plumes, and vain disguise,  
 See where ambition, mean and loathsome, lies,  
 Reflection with relentless hand pulls down  
 The tyrant's bloody wreath and ravish'd crown  
 In vain he tells of battles bravely won,  
 Of nations conquer'd, and of worlds undone;  
 Triumphs like these but ill with manhood suit,  
 And sink the conqueror beneath the brute. 130  
 But if in searching round the world, we find  
 Some generous youth, the friend of all mankind,  
 Whose anger, like the bolt of Jove, is sped  
 In terrors only at the guilty head,  
 Whose mercies, like heaven's dew, refreshing fall  
 In general love and charity to all,  
 Pleased we behold such worth on any throne,  
 And doubly pleased we find it on our own

Through a false medium things are shown by day;  
 Pomp, wealth, and titles, judgment lead astray. 140  
 How many from appearance borrow state,  
 Whom Night disdains to number with the great!

Must not we laugh to see yon lordling proud 148  
 Snuff up vile incense from a fawning crowd ?  
 Whilst in his beam surrounding clients play,  
 Like insects in the sun's enlivening ray,  
 Whilst, Jehu-like, he dives at furious rate,  
 And seems the only charioteer of state,  
 Talking himself into a little god,  
 And ruling empires with a single nod ; 150  
 Who would not think, to hear him law dispense,  
 That he had interest, and that they had sense ?  
 Injurious thought ' beneath Night's honest shade,  
 When pomp is buried, and false colours fade,  
 Plainly we see at that impartial hour,  
 Them dupes to pride, and him, the tool of power.

God help the man, condemn'd by cruel fate  
 To count the seeming, or the real great !  
 Much sorrow shall he feel, and suffer more  
 Than any slave who labours at the oar ! 160  
 By slavish methods must he learn to please,  
 By smooth-tongued flattery, that cursed court-disease,  
 Supple, to every wayward mood strike sail,  
 And shift with shifting humour's peevish gale.  
 To nature dead, he must adopt vile art,  
 And wear a smile, with anguish in his heart.  
 A sense of honour would destroy his schemes,  
 And conscience ne'er must speak unless in dreams  
 When he hath tamely borne, for many years,  
 Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contemptuous sneers, 170  
 When he at last expects, good easy man !  
 To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,  
 Some cringing lackey, or rapacious whore,  
 To favours of the great the surest door,  
 Some catamite, or pimp, in credit gown,  
 Who tempts another's wife, or sells his own,

Steps 'cross his hopes, the promised boon denies, 177  
And for some minion's minion claims the prize

Foe to restraint, unpractised in deceit,  
Too resolute, from nature's active heat,  
To brook affronts, and tamely pass them by,  
Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie,  
Too plain to please, too honest to be great,  
Give me, kind Heaven, an humble, happier state  
Far from the place where men with pride deceive,  
Where rascals promise, and where fools believe,  
Far from the walk of folly, vice, and strife,  
Calm, independent, let me steal through life,  
Nor one vain wish my steady thoughts beguile  
To fear his Lordship's frown, or court his smile 190  
Unfit for greatness, I her snares defy,  
And look on riches with untainted eye :  
To others let the glittering baubles fall,  
Content shall place us far above them all.

Spectators only on this bustling stage,  
We see what vain designs mankind engage :  
Vice after vice with ardour they pursue,  
And one old folly brings forth twenty new  
Perplex'd with trifles through the vale of life,  
Man strives 'gainst man, without a cause for strife 200  
Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed  
For some vile spot, where fifty cannot feed.  
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,  
For the world's empire kings, ambitious, fight  
What odds ?—to us 'tis all the self-same thing,  
A nut, a world, a squirrel, and a king

Britons, like Roman spirits famed of old,  
Are cast by nature in a patriot mould ;  
No private joy, no private grief, they know,  
Their souls engross'd by public weal or woe ;

Inglorious ease, like ours, they greatly scorn , 211  
 Let care with nobler wreaths their brows adorn  
 Gladly they toil beneath the statesman's pains,  
 Give them but credit for a statesman's brains  
 All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit  
 To rule in politics as well as wit  
 The grave, the gay, the fopling and the dunce,  
 Start up (God bless us !) statesman all at once

His mighty charge of souls the priest forgets,  
 The court-bred lord his promises and debts , 220  
 Soldiers their fame, misers forget their pelf,  
 The rake his mistress, and the fop himself ,  
 Whilst thoughts of higher moment claim their care,  
 And then wise heads the weight of kingdoms bear.

Females themselves the glorious aidour feel,  
 And boast an equal or a greater zeal ,  
 From nymph to nymph the state-infection flies,  
 Swells in her breast, and sparkles in her eyes.  
 O'erwhelm'd by politics he malice, pride,  
 Envy, and twenty other faults beside 230  
 No more their little fluttering hearts confess  
 A passion for applause, or rage for dress ;  
 No more they pant for public raucous-shows,  
 Or lose one thought on monkeys or on beaux  
 Coquettes no more pursue the jilting plan,  
 And lustful prudes forget to rail at man  
 The darling theme Cecilia's self will choose,  
 Nor thinks of scandal whilst she talks of news

The cit, a common-councilman by place,  
 Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face, 240  
 By situation as by nature great,  
 With nice precision parcels out the state ;  
 Proves and disproves, affirms and then denies,  
 Objects himself, and to himself repes ;

Wielding aloft the politician rod, 245  
 Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god,  
 Maintains, e'en to the very teeth of Power,  
 The same thing right and wrong in half an  
 hour.

Now all is well, now he suspects a plot,  
 And plainly proves, whatever is, is not 250  
 Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head,  
 And deals out empires as he deals out thread;  
 His useless scales are in a corner flung,  
 And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue  
 'Peace to such triflers! be our happier plan  
 To pass through life as easy as we can  
 Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,  
 Nor stirs my curiosity, nor spleen  
 Secrets of state no more I wish to know  
 Than secret movements of a puppet-show : 260  
 Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,  
 Unseen the hand which guides the master-  
 wire

What is't to us if taxes rise or fall?  
 Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.  
 Let muckworms, who in duty acres deal,  
 Lament those hardships which we cannot feel  
 His Grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please,  
 But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?  
 By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow  
 Free as the light and air some years ago 270  
 No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains  
 To tax our labours, and excise our brains  
 Burthens like these, vile earthly buildings bear;  
 No tribute's laid on castles in the air

Let, then, the flames of war destructive reign,  
 And England's terrors awe imperious Spain,

Let every venal clan<sup>1</sup> and neutral tribe  
 Learn to receive conditions, not prescribe ,  
 Let each new year call loud for new supplies,  
 And tax on tax with double burthen rise ,  
 Exempt we sit, by no rude cares oppress'd,  
 And, having little, are with little bless'd  
 All real ills in dark oblivion lie,  
 And joys, by fancy form'd, their place supply ,  
 Night's laughing hours unheeded slip away,  
 Nor one dull thought foretells approach of day

Thus have we lived, and whilst the Fates afford  
 Plain plenty to supply the frugal board ,  
 Whilst Mirth with Decency, his lovely bride,  
 And wine's gay god, with Temperance by his side, 290  
 Their welcome visit pay , whilst Health attends  
 The narrow circle of our chosen friends ,  
 Whilst frank Good-humour consecrates the treat,  
 And woman makes society complete,  
 Thus will we live, though in our teeth are hild  
 Those hackney stumptets, Prudence and the World

Prudence, of old a sacred term, implied  
 Virtue, with godlike wisdom for her guide ;  
 But now in general use is known to mean  
 The stalking-horse of vice, and folly's screen. 300  
 The sense perverted, we retain the name ,  
 Hypocrisy and Prudence are the same

A tutor once, more read in men than books,  
 A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,  
 Demurely sly, with high preferment bless'd,  
 His favourite pupil in these words address'd .—  
 Wouldst thou, my son, be wise and virtuous deem'd ;  
 By all mankind a prodigy esteem'd ?

<sup>1</sup> ' Venal Clan ' alluding to Mr Pitt's employing the Highland clans in the American war

Be this thy rule , be what men prudent call , 309  
 Prudence, almighty Prudence, gives thee all.  
 Keep up appearances , there lies the test ,  
 The world will give thee credit for the rest.  
 Outward be fair, however foul within ,  
 Sin if thou wilt, but then in secret sin  
 This maxim 's into common favour grown,  
 Vice is no longer vice, unless 'tis known.  
 Virtue, indeed, may barefaced take the field ,  
 But vice is virtue when 'tis well conceal'd  
 Should raging passion drive thee to a whore,  
 Let Prudence lead thee to a postern door , 320  
 Stay out all night, but take especial care  
 That Prudence bring thee back to early prayer  
 As one with watching and with study faint,  
 Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a saint

With joy the youth this useful lesson heard,  
 And in his memory stored each precious word ,  
 Successfully pursued the plan, and now,  
 Room for my Lord—Virtue, stand by and bow

And is this all—is this the worldling's art,  
 To mask, but not amend a vicious heart ? 330  
 Shall lukewarm caution, and demeanour grave,  
 For wise and good stamp every supple knave ?  
 Shall wretches, whom no real virtue warms,  
 Gild fair their names and states with empty forms ,  
 While Virtue seeks in vain the wish'd-for prize,  
 Because, disdaining ill, she hates disguise ;  
 Because she frankly pours fourth all her store,  
 Seems what she is, and scorns to pass for more ?  
 Well—be it so—let vile dissemblers hold  
 Unenvied power, and boast their dear-bought gold , 340  
 Me neither power shall tempt, nor thirst of pelf,  
 To flatter others, or deny myself ;

Might the whole world be placed within my span, 343  
I would not be that thing, that prudent man.

What ! cries Sir Phant, would you then oppose  
Yourself, alone, against a host of foes ?

Let not concert, and peevish lust to rail,

Above all sense of interest prevail.

Throw off, for shame ! this petulance of wit ;

Be wise, be modest, and for once submit : 350

Too hard the task 'gainst multitudes to fight ;

You must be wrong , the World is in the right

What is this World ?—A term which men have got  
To signify, not one in ten knows what ,

A term, which with no more precision passes

To point out herds of men than herds of asses ,

In common use no more it means, we find,

Than many fools in same opinions join'd

Can numbers, then, change Nature's stated laws ?

Can numbers make the worse the better cause ? 360

Vice must be vice, virtue be virtue still,

Though thousands rail at good, and practise ill.

Wouldst thou defend the Gaul's destructive rage,

Because vast nations on his part engage ?

Though, to support the rebel Cæsar's cause,

Tumultuous legions aim against the laws ,

Though scandal would our patriot's name impeach,

And rails at virtues which she cannot reach,

What honest man but would with joy submit

To bleed with Cato, and retire with Pitt ?<sup>1</sup> 370

Steadfast and true to virtue's sacred laws,

Unmoved by vulgar censure, or applause,

Let the World talk, my friend , that World, we know,

Which calls us guilty, cannot make us so.

<sup>1</sup> 'Pitt ' who retired in 1761, because the cabinet would not go to war with Spain



Unawed by numbers, follow Nature's plan , 375  
 Assert the rights, or quit the name of man  
 Consider well, weigh strictly right and wrong ;  
 Resolve not quick, but once resolved, be strong  
 In spite of Dulness, and in spite of Wit,  
 If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit, 380  
 Rather stand up, assured with conscious pride.  
 Alone, than eir with millions on thy side.

## THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE

A SCOTS PASTORAL INSCRIBED TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

*Nos patriam fugimus* — VIRGIL

WHEN Cupid first instructs his darts to fly  
 From the sly corner of some cook-maid's eye,  
 The stripling raw, just enter'd in his teens,  
 Receives the wound, and wonders what it means ,  
 His heart, like dripping, melts, and new desire  
 Within him stirs, each time she stirs the fire ,  
 Trembling and blushing, he the fair one views,  
 And fain would speak, but can't—without a Muse.

So to the sacred mount he takes his way, '  
 Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay, 10  
 His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,  
 To flocks and rocks, to hills and vills, proclaims,  
 In simplest notes, and all unpolish'd strains,  
 The loves of nymphs, and eke the loves of swains  
 Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,  
 In rustic weeds—a cook-maid now no more—  
 Beneath an aged oak Lardella lies—  
 Green moss her couch, her canopy the skies

From aromatic shrubs the roguish gale 19  
 Steals young perfumes and wafts them through the vale.  
 The youth, turn'd swain, and skill'd in rustic lays,  
 Fast by her side his amorous descant plays  
 Herds low, flocks bleat, pies chatter, ravens scream,  
 And the full chorus dies a-down the stream  
 The streams, with music freighted, as they pass  
 Present the fair Lardella with a glass,  
 And Zephyr, to complete the love-sick plan,  
 Waves his light wings, and serves her for a fan

But when maturer Judgment takes the lead,  
 These childish toys on Reason's altar bleed, 30  
 Form'd after some great man, whose name breeds awe,  
 Whose every sentence Fashion makes a law,  
 Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,  
 And founds his merit on our servile fears,  
 Then we discard the workings of the heart,  
 And nature's banish'd by mechanic art,  
 Then, deeply read, our reading must be shown,  
 Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown  
 Then Ostentation marches to our aid,  
 And letter'd Pride stalks forth in full parade, 40  
 Beneath their care behold the work refine,  
 Pointed each sentence, polish'd every line;  
 Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear  
 The robes of ancients with a modern air,  
 Nonsense with classic ornaments is graced,  
 And passes current with the stamp of taste

Then the rude Theocrite is ransack'd o'er,  
 And courtly Maro call'd from Mincio's shore,  
 Sicilian Muses on our mountains roam,  
 Easy and free as if they were at home, 50  
 Nymphs, naiads, nereids, dryads, satyrs, fauns,  
 Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns,

Flowers which once flourish'd fair in Greece and Rome,  
 More fair revive in England's meads to bloom ; 54  
 Skies without cloud, exotic suns adorn,  
 And roses blush, but blush without a thorn ,  
 Landscapes, unknown to dowdy Nature, rise,  
 And new creations strike our wondering eyes

For bards like these, who neither sing nor say,  
 Grave without thought, and without feeling gay, 60  
 Whose numbers in one even tenor flow,  
 Attuned to pleasure, and attuned to woe ;  
 Who, if plain Common-Sense her visit pays,  
 And mars one couplet in their happy lays,  
 As at some ghost affrighted, start and stare,  
 And ask the meaning of her coming there .  
 For bards like these a wreath shall Mason<sup>1</sup> bring,  
 Lined with the softest down of Folly's wing ,  
 In Love's pagoda shall they ever doze,  
 And Gisbal<sup>2</sup> kindly rock them to repose , 70  
 My Lord —, to letters as to faith most true—  
 At once their patron and example too—  
 Shall quaintly fashion his love-labour'd dreams,  
 Sigh with sad winds, and weep with weeping streams ,<sup>3</sup>  
 Curious in grief (for real grief, we know,  
 Is curious to dress up the tale of woe),  
 From the green umbrage of some Druid's seat  
 Shall his own works, in his own way, repeat  
 Me, whom no Muse of heavenly birth inspires,  
 No judgment tempers when rash genius fires , 80  
 Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,  
 Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time ;

<sup>1</sup> 'Mason' William Mason, author of 'Elfrida,' 'Caractacus,' and an 'Elegy on the Death of the Countess of Coventry,' the intimate friend, executor, and biographer of Gray — <sup>2</sup> 'Gisbal' a stupid and scurrilous attack on Scotland — <sup>3</sup> 'Weeping streams' referring to Lord Lyttelton's Monody on his wife's death, and his Essay on the conversion of Paul

Who cannot follow where tūm fancy leads, 83  
 By prattling streams, o'er flower-empurpled meads,  
 Who often, but without success, have pray'd  
 For apt Alliteration's artful aid ;  
 Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,  
 Coin fine new epithets, which mean no ill  
 Me, thus uncouth, thus every way unfit  
 For pacing poesy, and ambling wit, 90  
 Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place  
 Amongst the lowest of her favour'd race

Thou, Nature, art my goddess—to thy law  
 Myself I dedicate ! Hence, slavish awe !  
 Which bends to fashion, and obeys the rules  
 Imposed at first, and since observed by fools ,  
 Hence those vile tricks which mar fair Nature's hue,  
 And bring the sober nation forth to view,  
 With all that artificial tawdry glare  
 Which virtue scorns, and none but strumpets wear ! 100  
 Sick of those pomps, those vanities, that waste  
 Of toil, which critics now mistake for taste ,  
 Of false refinements sick, and labour'd ease,  
 Which art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to please ,  
 By Nature's charms (inglorious truth !) subdued,  
 However plain her dress, and 'haviour rude,  
 To northern climes my happier course I steer,  
 Climes where the goddess reigns throughout the  
 year ,

Where, undisturb'd by Art's rebellious plan,  
 She rules the loyal laird, and faithful clan. 110

To that rare soil, where virtues clustering grow,  
 What mighty blessings doth not England owe !  
 What waggon-loads of courage, wealth, and sense,  
 Doth each revolving day import from thence ?

To us she gives, disinterested friend ! 115  
 Faith without fraud, and Stuarts<sup>1</sup> without end  
 When we prosperity's rich tiappings wear,  
 Come not her generous sons and take a share ?  
 And if, by some disastrous turn of fate,  
 Change should ensue, and ruin seize the state, 120  
 Shall we not find, safe in that hallow'd ground,  
 Such refuge as the holy martyr<sup>2</sup> found ?

Not less our debt in science, though denied  
 By the weak slaves of prejudice and pride  
 Thence came the Ramsays,<sup>3</sup> names of worthy note,  
 Of whom one paints, as well as t'other wrote,  
 Thence, Home,<sup>4</sup> disbanded from the sons of prayer  
 For loving plays, though no dull Dean<sup>5</sup> was there,  
 Thence issued forth, at great Macpherson's<sup>6</sup> call, 130  
 That old, new, epic pastoral, Fingal,  
 Thence Malloch,<sup>7</sup> friend alike to Church and State,  
 Of Christ and Liberty, by grateful Fate  
 Raised to rewards, which, in a pious reign,  
 All daring infidels should seek in vain,  
 Thence simple bards, by simple prudence taught,  
 To this wise town by simple patrons brought,  
 In simple manner utter simple lays,  
 And take, with simple pensions, simple praise  
 Waft me, some Muse, to Tweed's inspiring stream,  
 Where all the little Loves and Graces dream ; 140

<sup>1</sup> 'Stuarts' the family name of Lord Bute — <sup>2</sup> 'Holy martyr' Charles I  
 — <sup>3</sup> 'Ramsays' Allan Ramsay, author of the 'Gentle Shepherd,' and his son  
 (Allan), a fine painter, intimate with Reynolds and Johnson — <sup>4</sup> 'Home'  
 John Home, the well known author of 'Douglas' See Mackenzie's Life —  
<sup>5</sup> 'Dull Dean' Dr Zachary Pearce, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of West-  
 minster, who rebuked Churchill for writing on players and dressing like a  
 layman — <sup>6</sup> 'Great Macpherson' James Macpherson, translator or author of  
 'Ossian' — <sup>7</sup> 'Malloch' David Mallett, son of an innkeeper in Crief, friend of  
 Thomson's, author of a poor life of Bacon, and of one good ballad, 'William  
 and Margaret,' editor of Bolingbroke's posthumous infidel works, under-  
 secretary to the Prince of Wales, and a pensioner

Where, slowly winding, the dull waters creep, 141  
 And seem themselves to own the power of sleep,  
 Where on the surface lead, like feathers, swims,  
 There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,  
 As once a Syrian bathed in Jordan's flood—  
 Wash off my native stains, correct that blood  
 Which mutinies at call of English pride,  
 And, deaf to prudence, rolls a patriot tide

From solemn thought which overhangs the brow  
 Of patriot care, when things are—God knows how, 150  
 From nice trim points, where Honour, slave to Rule,  
 In compliment to Folly, plays the fool,  
 From those gay scenes, where Mirth exalts his power,  
 And easy Humour wings the laughing hour,  
 From those soft better moments, when desire  
 Beats high, and all the world of man's on fire,  
 When mutual ardours of the melting fair  
 More than repay us for whole years of care,  
 At Friendship's summons will my Wilkes retreat,  
 And see, once seen before, that ancient seat, 160  
 That ancient seat, where majesty display'd  
 Her ensigns, long before the world was made!

Mean narrow maxims, which enslave mankind,  
 Ne'er from its bias warp thy settled mind.  
 Not duped by party, nor opinion's slave,  
 Those faculties which bounteous nature gave,  
 Thy honest spirit into practice brings,  
 Nor courts the smile, nor dreads the frown of kings.  
 Let rude licentious Englishmen comply  
 With tumult's voice, and curse—they know not why, 170  
 Unwilling to condemn, thy soul disdains  
 To wear vile faction's arbitrary chains,  
 And strictly weighs, in apprehension clear,  
 Things as they are, and not as they appear

With thee good humour tempers lively wit, 175  
 Enthroned with Judgment, Candour loves to sit,  
 And nature gave thee, open to distress,  
 A heart to pity, and a hand to bless

Oft have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot  
 Of the poor, mean, despised, insulted Scot, 180  
 Who, might calm reason credit idle tales,  
 By rancour forged where prejudice prevails,  
 Or starves at home or practises, through fear  
 Of starving, arts which damn all conscience here  
 When scribbles, to the charge by interest led,  
 The fierce North Briton<sup>1</sup> foaming at their head,  
 Pour forth invectives, deaf to Candour's call,  
 And, injured by one alien, rail at all;  
 On northern Pisgah when they take their stand,  
 To mark the weakness of that Holy Land, 190  
 With needless truths their libels to adorn,  
 And hang a nation up to public scorn,  
 Thy generous soul condemns the frantic rage,  
 And hates the faithful, but ill-natured page

The Scots are poor, cries sultry English pride,  
 True is the charge, nor by themselves denied  
 Are they not, then, in strictest reason clear,  
 Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here?  
 If, by low supple arts successful grown,  
 They sapp'd our vigour to increase their own; 200  
 If, mean in want, and insolent in power,  
 They only fawn'd more surely to devour,  
 Roused by such wrongs, should Reason take alarm,  
 And e'en the Muse for public safety arm?  
 But if they own ingenuous virtue's sway,  
 And follow where true honour points the way,

<sup>1</sup> 'North Briton' the famous paper conducted by Wilkes.

If they revere the hand by which they're fed, 207  
 And bless the donors for their daily bread,  
 Or, by vast debts of higher import bound,  
 Are always humble, always grateful found  
 If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,  
 Become discreetly all things to all men,  
 That all men may become all things to them,  
 Envy may hate, but Justice can't condemn  
 Into our places, states, and beds they creep ;  
 They've sense to get, what we want sense to keep

Once—be the hour accursed, accused the place !—

I ventured to blaspheme the chosen race  
 Into those traps, which men call'd patriots laid,  
 By specious arts unwarily betray'd, 220  
 Madly I leagued against that sacred earth,  
 Vile parricide ! which gave a parent birth  
 But shall I meanly error's path pursue,  
 When heavenly truth presents her friendly clue ?  
 Once plunged in ill, shall I go farther in ?  
 To make the oath, was rash to keep it, sin.  
 Backward I tread the paths I trod before,  
 And calm reflection hates what passion swore  
 Converted, (blessed are the souls which know  
 Those pleasures which from true conversion flow, 230  
 Whether to reason, who now rules my breast,  
 Or to pure faith, like Lyttelton and West),<sup>1</sup>  
 Past crimes to expiate, be my present aim  
 To raise new trophies to the Scottish name ;  
 To make (what can the proudest Muse do more ?)  
 E'en faction's sons her brighter worth adore ;

<sup>1</sup> ' Lyttelton and West ' George Lord Lyttelton, author of the history of Henry II and Gilbert West, the translator of Pindar, both originally sceptical, but both converted,—the one, the author of a Dissertation on Paul's conversion, the other, of a book on the resurrection of Christ



To make her glories, stamp'd with honest rhymes, 237  
 In fullest tide roll down to latest times

Presumptuous wretch<sup>1</sup> and shall a Muse like  
 thine,

An English Muse, the meanest of the Nine,  
 Attempt a theme like this? Can her weak<sup>2</sup> strain  
 Expect indulgence from the mighty Thane?

Should he from toils of government retire,  
 And for a moment fan the poet's fire,  
 Should he, of sciences the moral friend,  
 Each curious, each important search suspend,  
 Leave unassisted Hill<sup>1</sup> of herbs to tell,  
 And all the wonders of a cockleshell,  
 Having the Lord's good grace before his eyes,  
 Would not the Home<sup>2</sup> step forth and gain the prize?  
 Or if this wreath of honour might adorn 251  
 The humble brows of one in England born,  
 Presumptuous still thy daring must appear,  
 Vain all thy towering hopes whilst I am here

Thus spake a form, by silken smile and tone,  
 Dull and unvaried, for the Laureate<sup>3</sup> known,  
 Folly's chief friend, Decorum's eldest son,  
 In every party found, and yet of none  
 This airy substance, this substantial shade,  
 Abash'd I heard, and with respect obey'd 260

From themes too lofty for a bard so mean,  
 Discretion beckons to an humbler scene,  
 The restless fever of ambition laid,  
 Calm I retire, and seek the sylvan shade  
 Now be the Muse disrobed of all her pride,  
 Be all the glare of verse by truth supplied

<sup>1</sup> 'Hill,' a protégé of Lord Bute's. See a note upon 'The Rosciad'—  
<sup>2</sup> 'Home' John Home, another of Lord Bute's protégés—<sup>3</sup> 'Laureate' William  
 Whitehead, Laureate after C. Cibber, who had somehow provoked Churchill

And if plain nature pours a simple strain, 267  
 Which Bute may praise, and Ossian not disdain,—  
 Ossian, sublimest, simplest bard of all,  
 Whom English infidels Macpherson call,—  
 Then round my head shall Honour's ensigns wave,  
 And pensions mark me for a willing slave

Two boys, whose birth, beyond all question, springs  
 From great and glorious, though forgotten, kings—  
 Shepherds, of Scottish lineage, born and bred  
 On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,  
 By niggard nature doom'd on the same rocks  
 To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,  
 Fresh as the morning, which, enrobed in mist,  
 The mountain's top with usual dulness kiss'd, 280  
 Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose,  
 Soon clad, I ween, where nature needs no clothes,  
 Where, from then youth inured to winter-skies,  
 Dress and her vain refinements they despise

Jockey, whose manly high-boned cheeks to crown,  
 With freckles spotted, flamed the golden down,  
 With meikle art could on the bagpipes play,  
 E'en from the rising to the setting day,  
 Sawney as long without remorse could bawl  
 Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal 290  
 Oft at his strains, all natural though rude,  
 The Highland lass forgot her want of food,  
 And, whilst she scratch'd her lover into rest,  
 Sunk pleased, though hungry, on her Sawney's breast.

Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,  
 Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green  
 The plague of locusts they secure defy,  
 For in three hours a grasshopper must die.  
 No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,  
 But the cameleon, who can feast on air. 300

No birds, except as birds of passage, flew , 301  
 No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo  
 No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,  
 Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here  
 Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,  
 Furnish'd, with bitter draughts, the steady clan  
 No flowers embalm'd the air; but one white rose,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which on the tenth of June by instinct blows ,  
 By instinct blows at morn, and when the shades  
 Of dizzily eve prevail, by instinct fades 310

One, and but one poor solitary cave,  
 Too sparing of her favours, nature gave ,  
 That one alone (hard tax on Scottish pride !)  
 Shelter at once for man, and beast supplied  
 There snares without, entangling briars spread,  
 And thistles, arm'd against the invader's head,  
 Stood in close ranks, all entrance to oppose ,  
 Thistles now held more precious than the rose'  
 All creatures which, on nature's earliest plan,  
 Were formed to loathe and to be loathed by man, 320  
 Which owed their birth to nastiness and spite,  
 Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight ;  
 Creatures which, when admitted in the ark,  
 Their saviour shunn'd, and rankled in the dark,  
 Found place within marking her noisome read  
 With poison's trail, here crawl'd the bloated toad ;  
 There webs were spread of more than common size,  
 And half-starved spiders prey'd on half-starved flies ;  
 In quest of food, efts strove in vain to crawl ;  
 Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall . 330  
 The cave around with hissing serpents rung ;  
 On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung ;

<sup>1</sup> 'White rose' The emblem of the Jacobites, a white rose, was worn by them, in honour of the young Pretender's birthday, on the 10th of June

And Famine, by her children always known, 333  
 As proud as poor, here fix'd her native throne  
 Here, for the sullen sky was overcast,  
 And summer shrunk beneath a wintry blast—  
 A native blast, which, arm'd with hail and rain,  
 Beat unrelenting on the naked swain,  
 The boys for shelter made, 'behind, the sheep,  
 Of which those shepherds every day *take keep*, 340  
 Sickly crept on, and, with complainings rude,  
 On nature seem'd to call, and bleat for food

## JOCKEY

*Sith* to this cave by tempest we're confined,  
 And within *ken* our flocks, under the wind,  
 Safe from the pelting of this perilous storm,  
 Are laid *among* yon thistles, dry and warm,  
 What, Sawney, if by shepherds' art we try  
 To mock the rigour of this cruel sky ?  
 What if we tune some merry roundelay ?  
 Well dost thou sing, nor ill doth Jockey play. 350

## SAWNEY

Ah ! Jockey, ill advisest thou, *I wns*,  
 To think of songs at such a time as this  
 Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,  
 Sooner shall fleeces clothe these ragged flocks,  
 Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the south,  
 And we forget to live from hand to mouth,  
 Than Sawney, out of season, shall impart  
 The songs of gladness with an aching heart

## JOCKEY

Still have I known thee for a silly swain ;  
 Of things past help, what boots it to complain ? 360

Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's spite ,      361  
 No sky is heavy, if the heart be light  
 Patience is sorrow's salve    what can't be cured,  
 So Donald right areads, must be endured

## SAWNEY

Full silly swain, *I wot*, is Jockey now  
 How didst thou bear thy Maggy's falsehood ?    How,  
 When with a foreign loon she stole away,  
 Didst thou forswear thy pipe and shepherd's lay ?  
 Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I  
 Applied those proverbs which you now apply ?      370

## JOCKEY

Oh, she was *bonny* !    All the Highlands round  
 Was there a rival to my Maggy found ?  
 More precious (though that precious is to all)  
 Than the rare medicine which we Brimstone call,  
 Or that choice plant,<sup>1</sup> so grateful to the nose,  
 Which, in I know not what far country, grows,  
 Was Maggy unto me    dear do I rue  
 A lass so fair should ever prove untrue.

## SAWNEY

Whether with pipe or song to charm the ear,  
 Through all the land did Jamie find a peer ?      380  
 Cursed be that year<sup>2</sup> by every honest Scot,  
 And in the shepherd's calendar forgot,  
 That fatal year when Jamie, hapless swain !  
 In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain  
 Jamie, when our young laird discreetly fled,  
 Was seized, and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead

<sup>1</sup> 'Choice plant' Tobacco — <sup>2</sup> 'That year' the year 1745

## JOCKEY

Full sorely may we all lament that day, 387  
 For all were losers in the deadly fray  
 Five brothers had I on the Scottish plains,  
 Well dost thou know were none more hopeful swains,  
 Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,  
 Two in the field, and three on gibbets died  
 Ah, silly swains ! to follow war's alarms,  
 Ah ! what hath shepherds' life to do with arms ?

## SAWNEY

Mention it not—there saw I strangers clad  
 In all the honours of our ravish'd plaid,  
 Saw the Ferrara, too, our nation's pride,  
 Unwilling grace the awkward victor's side  
 There fell our choicest youth, and from that day  
*Mote* never Sawney tune the merry lay, 400  
 Bless'd those which fell ! cursed those which still  
     survive,  
 To mourn Fifteen renew'd in Forty-five !

Thus plain'd the boys, when, from her throne of turf,  
 With boils emboss'd, and overgrown with scurf,  
 Vile humours which, in life's corrupted well  
 Mix'd at the birth, not abstinence could quell,  
 Pale Famine rear'd the head, her eager eyes,  
 Where hunger e'en to madness seem'd to rise,  
 Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,  
 Strain'd to get loose, and from their ribs to start 410  
 Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-sunk cell,  
 Where wretchedness and horror loved to dwell ;  
 With double rows of useless teeth supplied,  
 Her mouth, from ear to ear, extended wide,

Which, when for want of food her entrails pined, 415  
 She oped, and, cursing, swallow'd nought but wind  
 All shivell'd was her skin, and here and there,  
 Making their way by force, her bones lay bare  
 Such filthy sight to hide from human view,  
 O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd plaid she threw 420

Cease, cried the goddess, cease, despairing swains !  
 And from a parent hear what Jove ordains

Pent in this barren corner of the isle,  
 Where partial fortune never deign'd to smile,  
 Like nature's bastards, reaping for our share  
 What was rejected by the lawful heir,  
 Unknown amongst the nations of the earth,  
 Or only known to raise contempt and mirth,  
 Long free, because the race of Roman braves  
 Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves, 430  
 Then into bondage by that nation brought,  
 Whose run we for ages vainly sought,  
 Whom still with unslaked hate we view, and still,  
 The power of mischief lost, retain the will ;  
 Consider'd as the refuse of mankind,  
 A mass till the last moment left behind,  
 Which frugal nature doubted, as it lay,  
 Whether to stamp with life or throw away ;  
 Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,  
 But never enter'd in Creation's book, 440  
 Branded as traitors who, for love of gold,  
 Would sell their God, as once their king they sold,—  
 Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,  
 These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still.  
 But times of happier note are now at hand,  
 And the full promise of a better land.  
 There, like the sons of Israel, having trod,  
 For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,

A barren desert, we shall seize rich plains, 449  
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns  
With some few natives join'd, some plant few,  
Who worship Interest and our track pursue,  
There shall we, though the wretched people grieve,  
Ravage at large, nor ask the owners' leave

For us, the earth shall bring forth her increase,  
For us, the flocks shall wear a golden fleece;  
Fat beeves shall yield us dainties not our own,  
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown.  
For our advantage shall their harvests grow,  
And Scotsmen reap what they disdain'd to sow 460

For us, the sun shall climb the eastern hill;  
For us, the rain shall fall, the dew distil  
When to our wishes Nature cannot rise,  
Art shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies,  
His brawny arm shall diudging Labour strain,  
And for our pleasure suffer daily pain  
Trade shall for us exert her utmost powers,  
Hers all the toil, and all the profit ours  
For us, the oak shall from his native steep  
Descend, and fearless travel through the deep 470

The sail of commerce, for our use unfurl'd,  
Shall waft the treasures of each distant world  
For us, sublimer heights shall science reach,  
For us, their statesman plot, their churchmen preach  
Their noblest limbs of council we'll disjoint,  
And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint  
Devouring War, imprison'd in the North,  
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,  
And when, his chariot-wheels with thunder hung,  
Fell Discord braying with her brazen tongue, 480  
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,  
And Desolation stalking in the rear,



Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train, 483  
 He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,  
 Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,  
 And to meek, gentle, generous Peace give way

Think not, my sons, that this so bless'd estate  
 Stands at a distance on the roll of fate ,  
 Already big with hopes of future sway,  
 E'en from this cave I scent my destined prey 490  
 Think not that this dominion o'er a race,  
 Whose former deeds shall time's last annals grace,  
 In the rough face of peril must be sought,  
 And with the lives of thousands dearly bought  
 No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art  
 Which laughs to scorn the blundering hero's heart,  
 Into the snare shall our kind neighbours fall  
 With open eyes, and fondly give us all

When Rome, to prop her sinking empire, bore  
 Their choicest levies to a foreign shore, 500  
 What if we seized, like a destroying flood,  
 Then widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with blood ,  
 Gave an unbounded loose to manly rage,  
 And, scorning mercy, spared nor sex, nor age ?  
 When, for our interest too mighty grown,  
 Monarchs of warlike bent possessed the throne,  
 What if we strove divisions to foment,  
 And spread the flames of civil discontent,  
 Assisted those who 'gainst their king made head,  
 And gave the traitors refuge when they fled ? 510  
 When restless Glory bade her sons advance,  
 And pitch'd her standard in the fields of France,  
 What if, disdaining oaths,—an empty sound,  
 By which our nation never shall be bound,—  
 Bravely we taught unmuzzled War to roam,  
 Through the weak land, and brought cheap laurels home ?

When the bold traitors, leagued for the defence 517  
 Of law, religion, liberty, and sense,  
 When they against their lawful monarch rose,  
 And dared the Lord's anointed to oppose,  
 What if we still revered the banish'd race,  
 And strove the ional vagiants to replace,  
 With fierce rebellions shook the unsettled state,  
 And greatly dared, though cross'd by partial fate?  
 These facts, which might, where wisdom held the sway,  
 Awake the very stones to bar our way,  
 There shall be nothing, nor one trace remain  
 In the dull region of an English brain,  
 Bless'd with that faith which mountains can remove,  
 First they shall dupes, next saints, last martyrs, prove  
 Already is this game of Fate begun 531  
 Under the sanction of my darling son,<sup>1</sup>  
 That son, of nature royal as his name,  
 Is destined to redeem our race from shame  
 His boundless power, beyond example great,  
 Shall make the rough way smooth, the crooked straight,  
 Shall for our ease the raging floods restrain,  
 And sink the mountain level to the plain  
 Discord, whom in a cavern under ground  
 With massy fetters their late patriot bound; 540  
 Where her own flesh the furious hag might tear,  
 And vent her curses to the vacant air,  
 Where, that she never might be heard of more,  
 He planted Loyalty to guard the door,  
 For better purpose shall our chief release,  
 Disguise her for a time, and call her Peace<sup>2</sup>  
 Lured by that name—fine engine of deceit!—  
 Shall the weak English help themselves to cheat,

<sup>1</sup> 'Darling son' Bute — <sup>2</sup> 'Peace' that of 1763, abused by all the  
 Opposition.

To gain our love, with honours shall they grace 549  
 The old adherents of the Stuart race,  
 Who, pointed out no matter by what name,  
 Tories or Jacobites, are still the same ,  
 To soothe our rage the temporising brood  
 Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude,  
 Against their saviour venom'd falsehoods flame,  
 And brand with calumny then William's name  
 To win our grace, (rare argument of wit !)  
 To our untainted faith shall they commit  
 (Our faith, which, in extremest perils tried,  
 Disdam'd, and still disdams, to change her side) 560  
 That sacred Majesty they all approve,  
 Who most enjoys, and best deserves their love.

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### AN EPISTLE TO WILLIAM HOGARTH.<sup>1</sup>

AMONGST the sons of men how few are known  
 Who dare be just to merit not their own !  
 Superior virtue and superior sense,  
 To knaves and fools, will always give offence ,  
 Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,  
 So nice is jealousy, a rival there  
 Be wicked as thou wilt , do all that's base ;  
 Proclaim thyself the monster of thy race  
 Let vice and folly thy black soul divide ,  
 Be proud with meanness, and be mean with pride. 10  
 Deaf to the voice of Faith and Honour, fall  
 From side to side, yet be of none at all .

<sup>1</sup> For occasion of this poem, see Life

Spurn all those charities, those sacred ties, 13  
 Which Nature, in her bounty, good as wise,  
 To work our safety and ensue her plan,  
 Contrived to bind and rivet man to man  
 Lift against Virtue, Power's oppressive rod,  
 Betray thy country, and deny thy God;  
 And, in one gen'ral comprehensive line,  
 To group, which volumes scarcely could define, 20  
 Whate'er of sin and dulness can be said,  
 Join to a Fox's<sup>1</sup> heart a Dashwood's<sup>2</sup> head,  
 Yet may'st thou pass unnoticed in the throng,  
 And, free from envy, safely sneak along  
 The rigid saint, by whom no mercy's shown  
 To saints whose lives are better than his own,  
 Shall spare thy crimes, and Wit, who never once  
 Forgave a brother, shall forgive a dunce

But should thy soul, form'd in some luckless hour,  
 Vile interest scorn, nor madly grasp at power, 30  
 Should love of fame, in every noble mind  
 A brave disease, with love of virtue join'd,  
 Spur thee to deeds of pith, where courage, tried  
 In Reason's court, is amply justified  
 Or, fond of knowledge, and averse to strife,  
 Shouldst thou prefer the calmer walk of life,  
 Shouldst thou, by pale and sickly study led,  
 Pursue coy Science to the fountain-head,  
 Virtue thy guide, and public good thy end,  
 Should every thought to our improvement tend, 40  
 To curb the passions, to enlarge the mind,  
 Purge the sick Weal, and humanise mankind,  
 Rage in her eye, and malice in her breast,  
 Redoubled Horrors grining on her crest,

<sup>1</sup> 'Fox' Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, supposed not to be over-honest — <sup>2</sup> 'Dashwood' Sir Francis Dashwood, generally thought a bigoted and stupid Tory

Fiercer each snake, and sharper every dart. 45  
 Quick from her cell shall maddening Envy start  
 Then shalt thou find, but find, alas! too late,  
 How vain is worth! how short is glory's date!  
 Then shalt thou find, whilst friends with foes conspire,  
 To give more proof than virtue would desire, 50  
 Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well,  
 No crime's so great as daring to excel

Whilst Satire thus, disdainning mean control,  
 Urged the free dictates of an honest soul,  
 Candour, who, with the charity of Paul,  
 Still thinks the best, whenever she thinks at all,  
 With the sweet milk of human kindness bless'd,  
 The furious ardour of my zeal repress'd

Canst thou, with more than usual warmth she cried,  
 Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride, 60  
 Canst thou, severe by nature as thou art,  
 With all that wondrous rancour in thy heart,  
 Delight to torture truth ten thousand ways,  
 To spin detraction forth from themes of praise,  
 To make Vice sit, for purposes of strife,  
 And draw the hag much larger than the life,  
 To make the good seem bad, the bad seem worse,  
 And represent our nature as our curse?

Doth not humanity condemn that zeal  
 Which tends to aggravate and not to heal? 70  
 Doth not discretion warn thee of disgrace,  
 And danger, grinning, stare thee in the face,  
 Loud as the drum, which, spreading terror round,  
 From emptiness acquires the power of sound?  
 Doth not the voice of Norton<sup>1</sup> strike thy ear,  
 And the pale Mansfield<sup>2</sup> chill thy soul with fear?

<sup>1</sup> 'Norton' Sir Fletcher Norton, Attorney-General from 1763 to 1765, created a peer in 1782 by the title of Lord Grantley — <sup>2</sup> 'Mansfield' the celebrated Murray, Lord Mansfield See Junius

Dost thou, fond man, believe thyself secure 77  
 Because thou'it honest, and because thou'it poor ?  
 Dost thou on law and liberty depend ?  
 Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injured friend  
 Art thou beyond the ruffian gripe of Power,  
 When Wilkes, prejudged, is sentenced to the Tower ?  
 Dost thou by privilege exemption claim,  
 When privilege is little more than name ?  
 Or to prerogative (that glorious ground  
 On which state scoundrels oft have safety found)  
 Dost thou pretend, and there a sanction find,  
 Unpunish'd, thus to libel human-kind ?

When poverty, the poet's constant crime,  
 Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rhyme, 90  
 Had not romantic notions turn'd thy head,  
 Hadst thou not valued honour more than bread ,  
 Had Interest, pliant Interest, been thy guide,  
 And had not Prudence been debauch'd by Pride,  
 In Flattery's stream thou wouldst have dipp'd thy pen,  
 Applied to great and not to honest men ,  
 Nor should conviction have seduced thy heart  
 To take the weaker, though the better part

What but rank folly, for thy curse decreed,  
 Could into Satire's barren path mislead, 100  
 When, open to thy view, before thee lay  
 Soul-soothing Panegyric's flowery way ?  
 There might the Muse have saunter'd at her ease,  
 And, pleasing others, learn'd herself to please ,  
 Lords should have listen'd to the sugar'd treat,  
 And ladies, smirking, own'd it vastly sweet ;  
 Rogues, in thy prudent verse with virtue graced,  
 Fools mark'd by thee as prodigies of taste,  
 Must have forbid, pouring preferments down,  
 Such wit, such truth as thine to quit the gown 110

Thy sacred brethren, too, (for they, no less                    111  
 Than laymen, bring their offerings to success)  
 Had hail'd thee good if great, and paid the vow  
 Sincere as that they pay to God, whilst thou  
 In lawn hadst whisper'd to a sleeping crowd,  
 As dull as Rochester,<sup>1</sup> and half as proud

Peace, Candour—wisely 'hadst thou said, and  
 well,

Could Interest in this breast one moment dwell,  
 Could she, with prospect of success, oppose  
 The firm resolves which from conviction rose                    120  
 I cannot truckle to a fool of state,  
 Nor take a favour from the man I hate  
 Free leave have others<sup>2</sup> by such means to shine,  
 I scorn their practice, they may laugh at mine

But in this charge, forgetful of thyself,  
 Thou hast assumed the maxims of that elf,  
 Whom God in wrath, for man's dishonour framed,  
 Cunning in heaven, amongst us Prudence named,  
 That servile prudence, which I leave to those  
 Who dare not be my friends, can't be my foes                    130

Had I, with cruel and oppressive rhymes,  
 Pursued and turn'd misfortunes into crimes,  
 Had I, when Virtue gasping lay and low,  
 Join'd tyrant Vice, and added woe to woe,<sup>3</sup>  
 Had I made Modesty in blushes speak,  
 And drawn the tear down Beauty's sacred cheek,  
 Had I (damn'd then) in thought debased my lays,  
 To wound that sex which honour bids me praise,  
 Had I, from vengeance, by base views betray'd,  
 In endless night sunk injured Ayliffe's<sup>2</sup> shade,                    140

<sup>1</sup> 'Rochester' Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, mentioned above as a foe to Churchill —<sup>2</sup> 'Ayliffe' a forger of the period, said to have been ill-used by Lord Holland Churchill intended to write a poem, entitled, 'Ayliffe's Ghost,' but did not live to accomplish his intention

Had I (which satirists of mighty name,<sup>1</sup> 141  
 Renown'd in rhyme, revered for moral fame,  
 Have done before, whom Justice shall pursue  
 In future verse) brought forth to public view  
 A noble friend, and made his foibles known,  
 Because his worth was greater than my own,  
 Had I spared those (so Prudence had decreed)  
 Whom, God so help me at my greatest need !  
 I ne'er will spare, those vipers to their king  
 Who smooth their looks, and flatter whilst they 150  
     sting,  
 Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boast  
 Of those who flatter least, but love him most,  
 Had I thus sinn'd, my stubborn soul should bend  
 At Candour's voice, and take, as from a friend,  
 The deep rebuke, myself should be the first  
 To hate myself, and stamp my Muse accused  
     But shall my aim— forbid it, manly pride !  
 Forbid it, reason ! warring on my side—  
 For vengeance lifted high, the stroke forbear,  
 And hang suspended in the desert air, 160  
 Or to my trembling side unnerved sink down,  
 Palsied, forsooth, by Candour's half-made frown ?  
 When Justice bids me on, shall I delay  
 Because insipid Candour bars my way ?  
 When she, of all alike the pining friend,  
 Would disappoint my satire's noblest end,  
 When she to villains would a sanction give,  
 And shelter those who are not fit to live ;  
 When she would screen the guilty from a blush,  
 And bids me spare whom Reason bids me crush, 170  
 All leagues with Candour proudly I resign,  
 She cannot be for Honour's turn, nor mine

<sup>1</sup> 'Mighty name' Pope, referring to his famous attack on Addison.



Yet come, cold Monitor ! half foe, half friend, 173  
 Whom Vice can't fear, whom Virtue can't commend ,  
 Come, Candour, by thy dull indifference known,  
 Thou equal-blooded judge, thou lukewarm drone,  
 Who, fashion'd without feelings, dost expect  
 We call that virtue which we know defect ,  
 Come, and observe the nature of our crimes,  
 The gross and rank complexion of the times ; 180  
 Observe it well, and then review my plan,  
 Praise if you will, or censure if you can

Whilst Vice presumptuous lords it as in sport,  
 And Piety is only known at court ,  
 Whilst wretched Liberty expunging lies,  
 Beneath the fatal burthen of Excise ,  
 Whilst nobles act, without one touch of shame,  
 What men of humble rank would blush to name ,  
 Whilst Honour's placed in highest point of view,  
 Worshipp'd by those who Justice never knew , 190  
 Whilst bubbles of distinction waste in play  
 The hours of rest, and blunder through the day ,  
 With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,  
 Then turn to ruin empires in their sleep ,  
 Whilst fathers,<sup>1</sup> by relentless passion led,  
 Doom worthy injured sons to beg their bread,  
 Merely with ill-got, ill-saved, wealth to grace,  
 An alien, abject, poor, proud, upstart race !  
 Whilst Martin<sup>2</sup> flatters only to betray,  
 And Webb<sup>3</sup> gives up his duty soul for pay, 200  
 Whilst titles serve to hush a villain's fears ;  
 Whilst peers are agents made, and agents peers ,

<sup>1</sup> ' Fathers ' Thomas Potter, Esq , a man of splendid abilities, was disinherited by his father, the Archbishop of Canterbury, on account of his dissolute life — <sup>2</sup> ' Martin ' Samuel Martin, Esq , F R S., M P for Camelford , the hero of 'The Duellist.' — <sup>3</sup> ' Webb ' Philip Carteret Webb, Esq , Solicitor to the Treasury

Whilst base betrayers are themselves betrav'd, 203  
 And makers ruin'd by the thing they made ,  
 Whilst C——,<sup>1</sup> false, to God and man, for gold,  
 Like the old traitor who a Saviour sold,  
 To shame his master, friend, and father gives ,  
 Whilst Bute remains in power, whilst Holland lives ,—  
 Can Satire want a subject, where Disdam,  
 By Virtue fired, may point her sharpest strain, 210  
 Where, clothed with thunder, Truth may roll along,  
 And Candour justify the rage of song ?

Such things ! such men before thee ' such an  
 age '

Where Rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage,  
 And sicken c'en to surfeit , where the pride  
 Of Satire, pouring down in fullest tide,  
 May spread wide vengeance round, yet all the while  
 Justice behold the ruin with a smile ,  
 Whilst I, thy foe misdeem'd, cannot condemn,  
 Nor disapprove that rage I wish to stem, 220  
 Wilt thou, degenerate and corrupted, choose  
 To soil the credit of thy haughty Muse ?  
 With fallacy, most infamous, to stain  
 Her truth, and render all her anger vain ?  
 When I beheld thee, incorrect, but bold,  
 A various comment on the stage unfold ,  
 When players on players before thy satire fell,  
 And poor Reviews conspired thy wiath to swell ,  
 When states and statesmen next became thy care,  
 And only kings were safe if thou wast there, 230  
 Thy every word I weigh'd in judgment's scale,  
 And in thy every word found truth prevail ;  
 Why dost thou now to falsehood meanly fly ?  
 Not even Candour can forgive a lie

<sup>1</sup> ' C—— ' name not known

Bad as men are, why should thy frantic rhymes      235  
 Traffic in slander, and invent new crimes ? —  
 Crimes which, existing only in thy mind,  
 Weak spleen brings forth to blacken all mankind  
 By pleasing hopes we lure the human heart  
 To practise virtue and improve in art ,      240  
 To thwart these ends (which, proud of honest fame,  
 A noble Muse would cherish and inflame)  
 Thy drudge contrives, and in our full career  
 Sickles our hopes with the pale hue of fear ,  
 Tells us that all our labours are in vain ,  
 That what we seek, we never can obtain ,  
 That, dead to virtue, lost to Nature's plan,  
 Envy possesses the whole race of man ,  
 That worth is criminal, and danger lies,  
 Danger extreme, in being good and wise.      250

'Tis a rank falsehood , search the world around,  
 There cannot be so vile a monster found,  
 Not one so vile, on whom suspicions fall  
 Of that gross guilt which you impute to all  
 Approved by those who disobey her laws,  
 Virtue from Vice itself extorts applause .  
 Her very foes bear witness to her state ,  
 They will not love her, but they cannot hate  
 Hate Virtue for herself ! with spite pursue  
 Merit for Merit's sake ! might this be true,      260  
 I would renounce my nature with disdain,  
 And with the beasts that perish graze the plain ;  
 Might this be true,—had we so far fill'd up  
 The measure of our crimes, and from the cup  
 Of guilt so deeply drank, as not to find,  
 Thirsting for sin, one drop, one dreg behind ,  
 Quick ruin must involve this flaming ball,  
 And Providence in justice crush us all.

One man so lost, to nature so untrue 303  
From whom this general charge thy rashness drew ?  
On this foundation shalt thou stand or fall—  
Prove that in one which you have charged on all  
Reason determines, and it must be done ,  
'Mongst men, or past, or present, name me one  
Hogarth,—I take thee, Candour, at thy word,  
Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard , 310  
Thee have I heard with violence declaim,  
Nothing retain'd of Candour but the name ,  
By thee have I been charged in angry strains  
With that mean falsehood which my soul disdains—  
Hogarth, stand forth ,—Nay, hang not thus aloof—  
Now, Candour, now thou shalt receive such proof,  
Such damning proof, that henceforth thou shalt fear  
To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear ,—  
Hogarth, stand forth—I dare thee to be tried  
In that great court where Conscience must preside , 320  
At that most solemn bar hold up thy hand ,  
Think before whom, on what account, you stand ,  
Speak, but consider well ,—from first to last  
Review thy life, weigh every action past ,  
Nay, you shall have no reason to complain—  
Take longer time, and view them o'er again  
Canst thou remember from thy earliest youth,  
And as thy God must judge thee, speak the truth,  
A single instance where, self laid aside,  
And Justice taking place of Fear and Pride, 330  
Thou with an equal eye didst Genius view,  
And give to Merit what was Merit's due ?  
Genius and Merit are a sure offence,  
And thy soul sickens at the name of sense  
Is any one so foolish to succeed ?  
On Envy's altar he is doom'd to bleed

Hogarth, a guilty pleasure in his eyes, 337  
 The place of executioner supplies.  
 See how he gloats, enjoys the sacred feast,  
 And proves himself by cruelty a priest !

Whilst the weak artist, to thy whims a slave,  
 Would buy all those powers which Nature gave ,  
 Would suffer blank concealment to obscure  
 Those rays thy jealousy could not endure ,  
 To feed thy vanity would rust unknown,  
 And to secure thy credit, blast his own,  
 In Hogarth he was sure to find a friend ,  
 He could not fear, and therefore might commend.  
 But when his spirit, roused by honest shame,  
 Shook off that lethargy, and soar'd to fame , 350  
 When, with the pride of man, resolved and strong,  
 He scorn'd those fears which did his honour wrong.  
 And, on himself determined to rely,  
 Brought forth his labours to the public eye,  
 No friend in thee could such a rebel know ,  
 He had desert, and Hogarth was his foe

Souls of a timorous cast, of petty name  
 In Envy's court, not yet quite dead to shame,  
 May some remorse, some qualms of conscience feel,  
 And suffer honour to abate their zeal, 360  
 But the man truly and completely great,  
 Allows no rule of action but his hate ,  
 Through every bar he bravely breaks his way,  
 Passion his principle, and parts his prey  
 Mediums in vice and virtue speak a mind  
 Within the pale of temperance confined ,  
 The daring spirit scorns her narrow schemes,  
 And, good or bad, is always in extremes

Man's practice duly weigh'd, through every age  
 On the same plan hath Envy form'd her rage, 370

'Gainst those whom fortune hath our rivals made, 371  
 In way of science, and in way of trade  
 Stung with mean jealousy she aims her spite,  
 First works, then views their ruin with delight  
 Our Hogarth here a grand improver shines,  
 And nobly on the general plan refines,  
 He like himself o'erleaps the servile bound,  
 Worth is his mark, wherever worth is found  
 Should painters only his vast wrath suffice?  
 Genius in every walk is lawful prize 380  
 'Tis a gross insult to his o'ergrown state,  
 His love to merit is to feel his hate

When Wilkes, our countryman, our common friend,  
 Arose, his king, his country to defend,  
 When tools of power he bared to public view,  
 And from their holes the sneaking cowards drew,  
 When Rancour found it far beyond her reach  
 To soil his honour, and his truth impeach,  
 What could induce thee, at a time and place  
 Where manly foes had blush'd to show their face, 390  
 To make that effort which must damn thy name,  
 And sink thee deep, deep in thy grave with shame?  
 Did virtue move thee? No, 'twas pride, rank pride,  
 And if thou hadst not done it, thou hadst died  
 Malice (who, disappointed of her end,  
 Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,  
 Preys on herself, and, driven to the stake,  
 Gives Virtue that revenge she scorns to take)  
 Had kill'd thee, tottering on life's utmost verge,  
 Had Wilkes and Liberty escaped thy scourge. 400

When that Great Charter, which our fathers bought  
 With their best blood, was into question brought,  
 When, big with ruin, o'er each English head  
 Vile Slavery hung suspended by a thread,

When Liberty, all trembling and aghast, 405  
 Fear'd for the future, knowing what was past,  
 When every breast was chill'd with deep despair,  
 Till Reason pointed out that Pratt<sup>1</sup> was there,—  
 Lurking, most ruffian-like, behind the screen,  
 So placed all things to see, himself unseen, 410  
 Virtue, with due contempt, saw Hogarth stand,  
 The murderous pencil in his palsied hand  
 What was the cause of Liberty to him,  
 Or what was Honour? let them sink or swim,  
 So he may gratify, without control,  
 The mean resentments of his selfish soul,  
 Let Freedom perish, if, to Freedom true,  
 In the same ruin Wilkes may perish too  
 With all the symptoms of assured decay,  
 With age and sickness pinch'd and worn away, 420  
 Pale quivering lips, lank cheeks, and faltering tongue,  
 The spirits out of tune, the nerves unstrung,  
 Thy body shrivell'd up, thy dim eyes sunk  
 Within their sockets deep, thy weak limbs shrunk,  
 The body's weight unable to sustain,  
 The stream of life scarce trembling through the vein,  
 More than half kill'd by honest truths which fell,  
 Through thy own fault, from men who wish'd thee well—  
 Canst thou, even thus, thy thoughts to vengeance give,  
 And, dead to all things else, to malice live? 430  
 Hence, dotard, to thy closet, shut thee in,  
 By deep repentance wash away thy sin,  
 From haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly,  
 And, on the verge of death, learn how to die!  
 Vain exhortation! wash the Ethiop white,  
 Discharge the leopard's spots, turn day to night,

<sup>1</sup> 'Pratt' Charles Pratt, Earl Camden, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, friendly to Wilkes See Junius.

Control the course of Nature, bid the deep  
 Hush at thy pigmy voice her waves to sleep—  
 Perform things passing strange, yet own thy art  
 Too weak to work a change in such a heart,  
 That Envy, which was woven in the frame  
 At first, will to the last remain the same.  
 Reason may droop, may die, but Envy's rage  
 Improves by time, and gathers strength from age  
 Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen,  
 Unread, unpractised in the ways of men,  
 Tell us that Envy, who, with giant stride,  
 Stalks through the vale of life by Virtue's side,  
 Retreats when she hath drawn her latest breath,  
 And calmly hears her praises after death  
 To such observers Hogarth gives the lie,  
 Worth may be hearsed, but Envy cannot die,  
 Within the mansion of his gloomy breast,  
 A mansion suited well to such a guest,  
 Immortal, unimpair'd, she rears her head,  
 And damns alike the living and the dead.

437

450

Oft have I known thee, Hogarth, weak and vain,  
 Thyself the idol of thy awkward strain,  
 Through the dull measure of a summer's day,  
 In phrase most vile, prate long, long hours away,  
 Whilst friends with friends, all gaping sit, and gaze,  
 To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praise  
 But if athwart thee Interruption came,  
 And mention'd with respect some ancient's name,  
 Some ancient's name who, in the days of yore,  
 The crown of Art with greatest honour wore,  
 How have I seen thy coward cheek turn pale,  
 And blank confusion seize thy mangled tale!  
 How hath thy jealousy to madness grown,  
 And deem'd his praise injurious to thy own!

460

470



Then without mercy did thy wiath make way, 471  
 And aits and artists all became thy prey,  
 Then didst thou trample on establish'd rules,  
 And proudly levell'd all the ancient schools,  
 Condemn'd those works, with praise through ages giaced,  
 Which you had never seen, or could not taste,  
 But would mankind have true perfection shown,  
 It must be found in labours of my own  
 I dare to challenge, in one single piece,  
 The united force of Italy and Greece 480  
 Thy eager hand the curtain then undrew,  
 And brought the boasted masterpiece to view.  
 Spare thy remarks—say not a single word—  
 The picture seen, why is the painter heard?  
 Call not up shame and anger in our cheeks,  
 Without a comment Sigismunda<sup>1</sup> speaks

Poor Sigismunda<sup>1</sup> what a fate is thine!  
 Dryden, the great high-priest of all the Nine,  
 Reviv'd thy name, gave what a Muse could give,  
 And in his numbers bade thy memory live, 490  
 Gave thee those soft sensations which might move  
 And warm the coldest anchorite to love,  
 Gave thee that virtue, which could curb desire,  
 Refine and consecrate love's headstrong fire,  
 Gave thee those griefs, which made the Stoic feel,  
 And call'd compassion forth from hearts of steel,  
 Gave thee that firmness, which our sex may shame,  
 And make man bow to woman's juster claim,  
 So that our tears, which from compassion flow,  
 Seem to debase thy dignity of woe 500  
 But, oh, how much unlike! how fallen! how changed!  
 How much from Nature and herself estranged!

<sup>1</sup> 'Sigismunda' a detestable miscreation of Hogarth's pencil, admired by none but himself

How totally deprived of all the powers 503  
 To show her feelings, and awaken ours,  
 Doth Sigismunda now devoted stand,  
 The helpless victim of a dauber's hand !

But why, my Hogarth, such a progress made,  
 So rare a pattern for the sign-post trade,  
 In the full force and whirlwind of thy pride,  
 Why was heroic painting laid aside ? 510

Why is it not resumed ? thy friends at court,  
 Men all in place and power, crave thy support,  
 Be grateful then for once, and through the field  
 Of politics thy epic pencil wield,  
 Maintain the cause, which they, good lack ! avow,  
 And would maintain 'too, but they know not how

Through every pannel let thy virtue tell  
 How Bute prevail'd, how Pitt and Temple fell,  
 How England's sons (whom they conspired to bless,  
 Against our will, with insolent success) 520

Approve their fall, and with addresses run—  
 How got, God knows—to hail the Scottish sun,<sup>1</sup>  
 Point out our fame in war, when vengeance, hurl'd  
 From the strong arm of Justice, shook the world,  
 Thine, and thy country's honour to increase,  
 Point out the honours of succeeding peace;  
 Our moderation, Christian-like, display,  
 Show what we got, and what we gave away,  
 In colours, dull and heavy as the tale,  
 Let a state-chaos through the whole prevail. 530

But, of events regardless, whilst the Muse,  
 Perhaps with too much heat, her theme pursues,  
 Whilst her quick sprits rouse at Freedom's call,  
 And every drop of blood is turn'd to gall;

<sup>1</sup> 'The Scottish sun' The addresses to the King which followed the parliamentary approbation of the preliminary articles of peace in 1763, were obtained by means equally dishonourable and corrupt

Whilst a dear country, and an injured friend, 535  
 Urge my strong anger to the bitterest end .  
 Whilst honest trophies to Revenge are rais'd,  
 Let not one real virtue pass unprais'd ,  
 Justice with equal course bids Satue flow,  
 And loves the virtue of her greatest foe 540

Oh ! that I here could that rare virtue mean,  
 Which scorns the rule of envy, pride, and spleen,  
 Which springs not from the labour'd works of art,  
 But hath its rise from Nature in the heart ,  
 Which in itself with happiness is crown'd,  
 And spreads with joy the blessing all around !  
 But truth forbids, and in these simple lays,  
 Contented with a different kind of praise,  
 Must Hogarth stand, that praise which Genius gives,  
 In which to latest time the artist lives, 550  
 But not the man , which, rightly understood,  
 May make us great, but cannot make us good  
 That praise be Hogarth's , freely let him wear  
 The wreath which Genius wove, and planted there  
 Foe as I am, should Envy tear it down,  
 Myself would labour to replace the crown

In walks of humour, in that cast of style,  
 Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile ,  
 In comedy, his natural road to fame,—  
 Nor let me call it by a meaner name, 560  
 Where a beginning, middle, and an end,  
 Are aptly join'd , where parts on parts depend,  
 Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,  
 So as to form one true and perfect whole ,  
 Where a plain story to the eye is told,  
 Which we conceive the moment we behold,—  
 Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage  
 Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.

How couldst thou, then, to shame perversely run, 569  
 And tread that path which Nature bade thee shun ?  
 Why did ambition overleap her rules,  
 And thy vast parts become the sport of fools ?  
 By different methods different men excel,  
 But where is he who can do all things well ?  
 Humour thy province, for some monstrous crime  
 Pride struck thee with the frenzy of sublime,  
 But, when the work was finish'd, could thy mind  
 So partial be, and to herself so blind,  
 What with contempt all view'd, to view with awe,  
 Nor see those faults which every blockhead saw ? 580  
 Blush, thou vain man ! and if desire of fame,  
 Founded on real art, thy thoughts inflame,  
 To quick destruction Sigismunda give,  
 And let her memory die, that thine may live  
 But should fond Candour, for her mercy sake,  
 With pity view, and pardon this mistake,  
 Or should Oblivion, to thy wish most kind,  
 Wipe off that stain, nor leave one trace behind,  
 Of arts despised, of artists, by thy frown  
 Awed from just hopes, of aising worth kept down, 590  
 Of all thy meanness through this mortal race,  
 Canst thou the living memory erase ?  
 Or shall not vengeance follow to the grave,  
 And give back just that measure which you gave ?  
 With so much merit, and so much success,  
 With so much power to curse, so much to bless,  
 Would he have been man's friend, instead of foe,  
 Hogarth had been a little god below  
 Why, then, like savage giants, famed of old,  
 Of whom, in Scripture story we are told, 600  
 Dost thou in cruelty that strength employ,  
 Which Nature meant to save, not to destroy ?

Why dost thou, all in horrid pomp array'd, 603  
Sit grinning o'er the ruins thou hast made ?  
Most rank ill-nature must applaud thy art,  
But even Candour must condemn thy heart

For me, who, warm and zealous for my friend,  
In spite of railing thousands, will commend ,  
And no less warm and zealous 'gainst my foes,  
Spite of commending thousands, will oppose, 610  
I dare thy worst, with scorn behold thy rage,  
But with an eye of pity view thy age ,  
Thy feeble age, in which, as in a glass,  
We see how men to dissolution pass  
Thou wretched being, whom, on Reason's plan,  
So changed, so lost, I cannot call a man,  
What could persuade thee, at this time of life,  
To launch afresh into the sea of strife ?

Better for thee, scarce crawling on the earth,  
Almost as much a child as at thy birth, 620  
To have resign'd in peace thy parting breath,  
And sunk unnoticed in the arms of Death  
Why would thy gray, gray hairs resentment brave,  
Thus to go down with sorrow to the grave ?  
Now, by my soul ! it makes me blush to know,  
My spirit could descend to such a foe  
Whatever cause the vengeance might provoke,  
It seems rank cowardice to give the stroke

Sure 'tis a curse which angry fates impose,  
To mortify man's arrogance, that those 630  
Who're fashion'd of some better sort of clay,  
Much sooner than the common herd decay  
What bitter pangs must humbled Genius feel,  
In their last hours to view a Swift and Steele !  
How must ill-boding horrors fill her breast,  
When she beholds men mark'd above the rest

For qualities most dear, plunged from that height, 637  
 And sunk, deep sunk, in second childhood's night!  
 Are men, indeed, such things? and are the best  
 More subject to this evil than the rest,  
 To drivel out whole years of idiot breath,  
 And sit the monuments of living death?  
 Oh, galling circumstance to human pride!  
 Abasing thought, but not to be denied!  
 With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,  
 Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought  
 Constant attention wears the active mind,  
 Blots out her powers, and leaves a blank behind  
 But let not youth, to insolence allied,  
 In heat of blood, in full career of pride, 650  
 Possess'd of genius, with unhallow'd rage  
 Mock the infirmities of reverend age  
 The greatest genius to this fate may bow;  
 Reynolds, in time, may be like Hogarth now

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## THE DUELLIST<sup>1</sup>

IN THREE BOOKS.

### BOOK I.

THE clock struck twelve, o'er half the globe  
 Darkness had spread her pitchy robe  
 Morpheus, his feet with velvet shod,  
 Treading as if in fear he trod,

<sup>1</sup> 'The Duellist' the *North Briton* had fiercely assailed Mr Martin, M P for Camelford, who, on the first day of the next session of Parliament, complained of it; Mr Wilkes owned himself the author, and the result was a duel in Hyde Park, in which Wilkes was severely wounded. He always owned that Martin acted honourably in the rencontre, but not so thought Churchill.

Gentle as dews at even-tide, 5  
Distill'd his poppies far and wide

Ambition, who, when waking, dreams  
Of mighty, but fantastic schemes,  
Who, when asleep, ne'er knows that rest  
With which the humbler soul is blest, 10  
Was building castles in the air,  
Goodly to look upon, and fair,  
But on a bad foundation laid,  
Doom'd at return of morn to fade

Pale Study, by the taper's light,  
Wearing away the watch of night,  
Sat reading, but, with o'ercharged head,  
Remember'd nothing that he read

Starving 'midst plenty, with a face  
Which might the court of Famine grace, 20  
Ragged, and filthy to behold,

Gray Avarice nodded o'er his gold  
Jealousy, his quick eye half-closed,  
With watchings worn, reluctant dozed;  
And, mean Distrust not quite forgot,  
Slumber'd as if he slumber'd not

Stretch'd at his length on the bare ground,  
His hardy offspring sleeping round,  
Snored restless Labour, by his side  
Lay Health, a coarse but comely bride 30

Virtue, without the doctor's aid,  
In the soft arms of Sleep was laid,  
Whilst Vice, within the guilty breast,  
Could not be physic'd into rest

Thou bloody man ! whose ruffian knife  
Is drawn against thy neighbour's life,  
And never scruples to descend  
Into the bosom of a friend ;

A firm, fast friend, by vice allied, 39  
And to thy secret service tied,  
In whom ten murders breed no awe,  
If properly secured from law  
Thou man of lust ! whom passion fires  
To foulest deeds, whose hot desires  
O'er honest bars with ease make way,  
Whilst idiot beauty falls a prey,  
And to indulge thy brutal flame  
A Lucrece must be brought to shame ,  
Who dost, a brave, bold sinner, bear  
Rank incest to the open air, 50  
And rapes, full blown upon thy crown,  
Enough to weigh a nation down .  
Thou simular of lust ! vain man,  
Whose restless thoughts still form the plan  
Of guilt, which, wither'd to the root,  
Thy lifeless nerves can't execute,  
Whilst in thy marrowless, dry bones  
Desire without enjoyment groans .  
Thou pejured wretch ! whom falsehood clothes  
E'en like a garment , who with oaths 60  
Dost trifle, as with brokers, meant  
To serve thy every vile intent,  
In the day's broad and searching eye  
Making God witness to a lie,  
Blaspheming heaven and earth for pelf,  
And hanging friends<sup>1</sup> to save thyself  
Thou son of Chance ! whose glorious soul  
On the four aces doom'd to roll,  
Was never yet with Honour caught,  
Nor on poor Virtue lost one thought , 70  
Who dost thy wife, thy children set,  
Thy all, upon a single bet,



Risking, the desperate stake to try,  
 Here and hereafter on a die,  
 Who, thy own private fortune lost,  
 Dost game on at thy country's cost,  
 And, grown expert in sharpening rules,  
 First fool'd thyself, now prey'st on fools  
 Thou noble gamester! whose high place  
 Gives too much credit to disgrace,  
 Who, with the motion of a die,  
 Dost make a mighty island fly—  
 The sums, I mean, of good French gold  
 For which a mighty island sold,  
 Who dost betray intelligence,  
 Abuse the dearest confidence,  
 And, private fortune to create,  
 Most falsely play the game of state,  
 Who dost within the Alley sport  
 Sums which might beggar a whole court,  
 And make us bankrupts all, if Care,  
 With good Earl Talbot,<sup>1</sup> was not there  
 Thou daring infidel! whom pride  
 And sin have drawn from Reason's side,  
 Who, fearing his avengeful God,  
 Dost wish not to believe a God,  
 Whose hope is founded on a plan  
 Which should distract the soul of man,  
 And make him curse his abject birth,  
 Whose hope is, once return'd to earth,  
 There to lie down, for worms a feast,  
 To rot and perish like a beast;  
 Who dost, of punishment afraid,  
 And by thy crimes a coward made,

<sup>1</sup> 'Earl Talbot' Lord Steward of the King's Household from 1761 to 1782, an economical Reformer

To every generous soul a curse 105  
 Than Hell and all her torments worse,  
 When crawling to thy latter end,  
 Call on Destruction as a friend,  
 Choosing to crumble into dust  
 Rather than rise, though rise you must 110  
 Thou hypocrite ! who dost profane,  
 And take the patriot's name in vain ,  
 Then most thy country's foe, when most  
 Of love and loyalty you boast ,  
 Who, for the love of filthy gold,  
 Thy friend, thy king, thy God hast sold,  
 And, mocking the just claim of Hell,  
 Were bidders found, thyself wouldst sell  
 Ye villains ! of whatever name,  
 Whatever rank, to whom the claim 120  
 Of Hell is certain, on whose lids  
 That worm, which never dies, forbids  
 Sweet sleep to fall, come, and behold,  
 Whilst envy makes your blood run cold,  
 Behold, by pitiless Conscience led,  
 So Justice wills, that holy bed  
 Where Peace her full dominion keeps,  
 And Innocence with Holland sleeps.  
     Bid Terror, posting on the wind,  
 Affray the spirits of mankind , 130  
 Bid Earthquakes, heaving for a vent,  
 Rive their concealing continent,  
 And, forcing an untimely birth  
 Through the vast bowels of the earth,  
 Endeavour, in her monstrous womb,  
 At once all Nature to entomb ;  
 Bid all that's horrible and dire,  
 All that man hates and fears, conspire

To make night hideous as they can, 139  
Still is thy sleep, thou virtuous man !  
Pure as the thoughts which in thy breast  
Inhabit, and insure thy rest ,  
Still shall thy Ayliffe, taught, though late,  
Thy friendly justice in his fate,  
Tun'd to a guardian angel, spread  
Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head

Dark was the night, by Fate decreed  
For the contrivance of a deed  
More black than common, which might make  
This land from her foundations shake, 150  
Might tear up Freedom by the root.  
Destroy a Wilkes, and fix a Bute  
Deep Horror held her wide domain ,  
The sky in sullen drops of rain  
Forewept the moan, and through the air,  
Which, opening, laid its bosom bare,  
Loud thunders roll'd, and lightning stream'd ,  
The owl at Freedom's window scream'd,  
The screech-owl, prophet dire, whose breath  
Brings sickness, and whose note is death , 160  
The churchyard teem'd, and from the tomb,  
All sad and silent, through the gloom  
The ghosts of men, in former times,  
Whose public virtues were their crimes,  
Indignant stalk'd ; sorrow and rage  
Blank'd their pale cheeks , in his own age  
The prop of Freedom, Hampden there  
Felt after death the generous care ;  
Sidney by grief from heaven was kept,  
And for his brother patriot wept. 170  
All friends of Liberty, when Fate  
Prepared to shorten Wilkes's date,

Heaved, deeply hurt, the heartfelt groan,  
And knew that wound to be their own 173

Hail, Liberty ! a glorious word,  
In other countries scarcely heard,  
Or heard but as a thing of course,  
Without, or energy, or force  
Here felt, enjoy'd, adored, she springs,  
Far, far beyond the reach of kings, 180  
Fresh blooming from our mother Earth :  
With pride and joy she owns her birth  
Derived from us, and in return  
Bids in our breasts her genius burn ;  
Bids us with all those blessings live  
Which Liberty alone can give,  
Or nobly with that spirit die  
Which makes death more than victory.

Hail, those old patriots ! on whose tongue  
Persuasion in the senate hung, 190  
Whilst they the sacred cause maintain'd  
Hail, those old chiefs ! to honour train'd,  
Who spread, when other methods fail'd,  
War's bloody banner, and prevail'd  
Shall men like these unmention'd sleep  
Promiscuous with the common heap,  
And (Gratitude forbid the crime !)  
Be carried down the stream of time  
In shoals, unnoticed and forgot,  
On Lethe's stream, like flags, to rot ? 200  
No—they shall live, and each fair name,  
Recorded in the book of Fame,  
Founded on Honour's basis, fast  
As the round earth to ages last.  
Some virtues vanish with our breath,  
Virtue like this lives after death

Old Time himself, his scythe thrown by, 207  
Himself lost in eternity,  
An everlasting crown shall twine  
To make a Wilkes and Sidney join.

But should some slave-got villain dare  
Chains for his country to prepare,  
And, by his birth to slavery broke,  
Make her, too, feel the galling yoke,  
May he be evermore accused,  
Amongst bad men be rank'd the worst ;  
May he be still himself, and still  
Go on in vice, and perfect ill ,  
May his broad crimes each day increase,  
Till he can't live, nor die in peace ; 220  
May he be plunged so deep in shame,  
That Satan mayn't endure his name,  
And hear, scarce crawling on the earth,  
His children curse him for their birth ,  
May Liberty, beyond the grave,  
Ordain him to be still a slave,  
Grant him what here he most requires,  
And damn him with his own desires !

But should some villain, in support  
And zeal for a despairing court, 230  
Placing in craft his confidence,  
And making honour a pretence  
To do a deed of deepest shame,  
Whilst filthy lucre is his aim ,  
Should such a wretch, with sword or knife,  
Contrive to practise 'gainst the life  
Of one who, honour'd through the land,  
For Freedom made a glorious stand ,  
Whose chief, perhaps his only crime,  
Is (if plain Truth at such a time 240

May dare her sentiments to tell)  
 That he his country loves too well:  
 May he—but words are all too weak  
 The feelings of my heart to speak—  
 May he—oh for a noble curse,  
 Which might his very marrow pierce!  
 The general contempt engage,  
 And be the Martin of his age!

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## BOOK II.

Deep in the bosom of a wood,  
 Out of the road, a Temple<sup>1</sup> stood ·  
 Ancient, and much the worse for wear,  
 It call'd aloud for quick repair,  
 And, tottering from side to side,  
 Menaced destruction far and wide;  
 Nor able seem'd, unless made stronger,  
 To hold out four or five years longer  
 Four hundred pillars, from the ground  
 Rising in order, most unsound,  
 Some rotten to the heart, aloof  
 Seem'd to support the tottering roof,  
 But, to inspection nearer laid,  
 Instead of giving, wanted aid.

10

The structure, rare and curious, made  
 By men most famous in their trade,  
 A work of years, admired by all,  
 Was suffer'd into dust to fall,  
 Or, just to make it hang together,  
 And keep off the effects of weather,  
 Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time  
 By wretches, whom it were a crime,

20

<sup>1</sup> ' Temple ' the British Constitution

A crime, which Art would treason hold 23  
 To mention with those names of old  
     Builders, who had the pile survey'd,  
 And those not Flitcrofts<sup>1</sup> in their trade.  
 Doubted (the wise hand in a doubt  
 Merely, sometimes, to hand her out)  
 Whether (like churches in a brief,<sup>2</sup>  
 Taught wisely to obtain relief 30  
 Through Chancery, who gives her fees  
 To this and other chaunties)  
 It must not, in all parts unsound,  
 Be ripp'd, and pull'd down to the ground ;  
 Whether (though after ages ne'er  
 Shall raise a building to compare)  
 Art, if they should their art employ,  
 Meant to preserve, might not destroy ,  
 As human bodies, worn away,  
 Batter'd and hasting to decay, 40  
 Bidding the power of Art despair,  
 Cannot those very medicines bear,  
 Which, and which only, can restore,  
 And make them healthy as before  
     To Liberty, whose gracious smile  
 Shed peace and plenty o'er the isle.  
 Our grateful ancestors, her plain  
 But faithful children, raised this fane  
     Full in the front, stretch'd out in length,  
 Where Nature put forth all her strength 50  
 In spring eternal, lay a plain  
 Where our brave fathers used to train  
 Their sons to arms, to teach the art  
 Of war, and steel the infant heart

<sup>1</sup> ' Flitcrofts ' Henry Flitcroft, an architect of some emmence — <sup>2</sup> Brief ' alluding to the practice of obtaining contributions for the repair of churches, &c , by reading briefs in church

Labour, their hardy nurse, when young, 55  
Their joints had knit, their nerves had strung ;  
Abstinence, foe declared to Death;  
Had, from the time they first drew breath,  
The best of doctors, with plain food,  
Kept pure the channel of their blood , 60  
Health in their cheeks bade colour rise,  
And Glory sparkled in their eyes

    The instruments of husbandry,  
As in contempt, were all thrown by,  
And, flattering a manly pride,  
War's keener tools their place supplied  
Their arrows to the head they drew ;  
Swift to the points then javelins flew ,  
They grasp'd the sword, they shook the spear ,  
Their fathers felt a pleasing fear , 70  
And even Courage, standing by,  
Scarcely beheld with steady eye  
Each stripling, lesson'd by his sire,  
Knew when to close, when to retire,  
When near at hand, when from afar  
To fight, and was himself a war

    Their wives, their mothers, all around,  
Careless of order, on the ground  
Breathed forth to Heaven the pious vow,  
And for a son's or husband's brow, 80  
With eager fingers, laurel wove ,  
Laurel, which in the sacred grove,  
Planted by Liberty, they find,  
The blows of conquerors to bind,  
To give them pride and spirit, fit  
To make a world in arms submit

    What raptures did the bosom fire  
Of the young, rugged, peasant sire,



When, from the toil of mimic fight, 89  
 Returning with return of night,  
 He saw his babe resign the breast,  
 And, smiling, stroke those arms in jest,  
 With which hereafter he shall make  
 The proudest heart in Gallia quake !

Gods ! with what joy, what honest pride,  
 Did each fond, wishing rustic bide  
 Behold her manly swain return !  
 How did her love-sick bosom burn,  
 Though on parades he was not bred, 100  
 Nor wore the livery of red,  
 When, Pleasure heightening all her charms,  
 She strain'd her warrior in her arms,  
 And begg'd, whilst love and glory fire,  
 A son, a son just like his sire !

Such were the men in former times,  
 Ere luxury had made our crimes  
 Our bitter punishment, who bore  
 Their terrois to a foreign shore  
 Such were the men, who, free from dread, 110  
 By Edwards and by Henries led,  
 Spread, like a torrent swell'd with rains,  
 O'er haughty Gallia's trembling plains :  
 Such were the men, when lust of power,  
 To work him woe, in evil hour  
 Debauch'd the tyrant from those ways  
 On which a king should found his praise ,  
 When stern Oppression, hand in hand  
 With Pride, stalk'd proudly through the land ,  
 When weeping Justice was misled  
 From her fair course, and Mercy dead 120  
 Such were the men, in virtue strong,  
 Who dared not see their country's wrong,

Who left the mattock and the spade, 123  
And, in the robes of War array'd,  
In their rough arms, departing, took  
Their helpless babes, and with a look  
Stern and determined, swore to see  
Those babes no more, or see them free  
Such were the men whom tyrant Pride  
Could never fasten to his side 130  
By threats or bribes, who, freemen born,  
Chains, though of gold, beheld with scorn ;  
Who, free from every servile awe,  
Could never be divorced from Law,  
From that broad general law, which Sense  
Made for the general defence ,  
Could never yield to partial ties  
Which from dependant stations rise :  
Could never be to slavery led,  
For Property was at their head 140  
Such were the men, in days of yore,  
Who, call'd by Liberty, before  
Her temple on the sacred green,  
In martial pastimes oft were seen—  
Now seen no longer—in their stead,  
To laziness and vermin bred,  
A race who, strangers to the cause  
Of Freedom, live by other laws,  
On other motives fight, a prey  
To interest, and slaves for pay. 150  
Valour—how glorious, on a plan  
Of honour founded !—leads their van ;  
Discretion, free from taint of fear,  
Cool, but resolved, brings up their rear—  
Discretion, Valour's better half ,  
Dependence holds the general's staff.

In plain and home-spun garb array'd, 157  
 Not for vain show, but service made,  
 In a green flourishing<sup>1</sup> old age,  
 Not damn'd yet with an equipage,  
 In rules of Porterage untaught,  
 Simplicity, not worth a groat,  
 For years had kept the Temple-door ;  
 Full on his breast a glass he wore,  
 Through which his bosom open lay  
 To every one who pass'd that way  
 Now turn'd adrift, with humbler face,  
 But prouder heart, his vacant place  
 Corruption fills, and bears the key,  
 No entrance now without a fee 170

With belly round, and full fat face,  
 Which on the house reflected grace,  
 Full of good fare, and honest glee,  
 The steward Hospitality,  
 Old Welcome smiling by his side,  
 A good old servant, often tried,  
 And faithful found, who kept in view  
 His lady's fame and interest too,  
 Who made each heart with joy rebound,  
 Yet never rap her state aground, 180  
 Was turn'd off, or (which word I find  
 Is more in modern use) resign'd<sup>1</sup>

Half-starved, half-starving others, bled  
 In beggary, with carrion fed,  
 Detested, and detesting all,  
 Made up of avarice and gall,

<sup>1</sup> ' Resign'd ' the Dukes of Newcastle and Devonshire, Lord Temple, &c who resigned their offices in 1762 Their successors pretended to economy, but it was a mere pretence

Boasting great thrift, yet wasting more  
 Than ever 'steward did before,  
 Succeeded one, who, to engage  
 The praise of an exhausted age,  
 Assumed a name of high degree,  
 And call'd himself Economy

187

Within the Temple, full in sight,  
 Where, without ceasing, day and night  
 The workmen toiled, where Labour bared  
 His brawny arm, where Art prepared,  
 In regular and even rows,  
 Her types, a printing-press arose ;  
 Each workman knew his task, and each  
 Was honest and expert as Leach <sup>1</sup>

200

Hence Learning struck a deeper root,  
 And Science brought forth riper fruit ,  
 Hence Loyalty received support,  
 Even when banish'd from the court ,  
 Hence Government gain'd strength, and hence  
 Religion sought and found defence ,  
 Hence England's fairest fame arose,  
 And Liberty subdued her foes

On a low, simple, turf-made throne,  
 Raised by Allegiance, scarcely known  
 From her attendants, glad to be  
 Pattern of that equality  
 She wish'd to all, so far as could  
 Safely consist with social good,  
 The goddess sat, around her head  
 A cheerful radiance Glory spread

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<sup>1</sup> 'Leach' Dryden Leach, an expert and tasteful printer in Crane Court, Fleet Street, was unjustly imprisoned on account of Wilkes

Courage, a youth of royal race, 217  
 Lovely stein, possess'd a place  
 On her left hand, and on her right  
 Sat Honour, clothed with robes of light,  
 Before her Magna Charta lay,  
 Which some great lawyer, of his day  
 The Pratt,<sup>1</sup> was officed to explain,  
 And make the basis of her reign.  
 Peace, crown'd with olive, to her breast  
 Two smiling twin-born infants press'd,  
 At her feet, couching, War was laid,  
 And with a bundled lion play'd  
 Justice and Mercy, hand in hand,  
 Joint guardians of the happy land, 220  
 Together held their mighty charge,  
 And Truth walk'd all about at large,  
 Health for the royal troop the feast  
 Prepared, and Virtue was high-priest

Such was the fame our Goddess bore  
 Her Temple such, in days of yore  
 What changes ruthless Time presents!  
 Behold her ruin'd battlements,  
 Her walls decay'd, her nodding spires,  
 Her altars broke, her dying fires, 240  
 Her name despised, her priests destroy'd,  
 Her friends disgraced, her foes employ'd.  
 Herself (by ministerial arts  
 Deprived e'en of the people's hearts,  
 Whilst they, to work her sure woe,  
 Feign her to Monarchy a foe)  
 Exiled by grief, self-doom'd to dwell  
 With some poor hermit in a cell,

<sup>1</sup> 'Pratt' Lord Camden

Or, that retuement tedious grown, 249  
 If she walks faith, she walks unknown,  
 Hooted, and pointed at with scorn,  
 As one in some strange country born

Behold a rude and ruffian race,  
 A band of spoilers, seize her place,  
 With looks which might the heart disseat,  
 And make life sound a quick retreat !  
 To rapine from the cradle bled,  
 A staunch old blood-hound at their head,  
 Who, free from virtue and from awe,  
 Knew none but the bad part of law, 260  
 They roved at large ; each on his breast  
 Mark'd with a greyhound stood confess'd  
 Contolment waited on their nod,  
 High-wielding Persecution's rod,  
 Confusion follow'd at their heels,  
 And a cast statesman held the seals ,<sup>1</sup>  
 Those seals, for which he dear shall pay,  
 When awful Justice takes her day

The printers saw—they saw and fled—  
 Science, declining, hung her head 270  
 Property in despair appear'd,  
 And for herself destruction fear'd,  
 Whilst underfoot the rude slaves trod  
 The works of men, and word of God,  
 Whilst, close behind, on many a book,  
 In which he never deigns to look,  
 Which he did not, nay, could not read,  
 A bold, bad man (by power decreed

<sup>1</sup> 'Seals' The general warrant for the apprehension of Wilkes was signed by the Earls of Egremont and Halifax, joint secretaries of state for the home department

For that bad end, who in the dark  
Scorn'd to do mischief) set his mark  
In the full day, the mark of Hell,  
And on the Gospel stamp'd an L

Liberty fled, her friends withdrew—  
Her friends, a faithful, chosen few,  
Honour in grief threw up, and Shame,  
Clothing herself with Honour's name,  
Usurp'd his station, on the throne  
Which Liberty once call'd her own,  
(Gods' that such mighty ills should spring  
Under so great, so good a king,  
So loved, so loving, through the arts  
Of statesmen, cursed with wicked hearts !)  
For every darker purpose fit,  
Behold in triumph State-craft sit !

## BOOK III.

Ah me ! what mighty perils wait  
The man who meddles with a state,  
Whether to strengthen, or oppose !  
False are his friends, and firm his foes  
How must his soul, once ventured in,  
Plunge blindly on from sin to sin !  
What toils he suffers, what disgrace,  
To get, and then to keep, a place !  
How often, whether wrong or right,  
Must he in jest or earnest fight,  
Risking for those both life and limb  
Who would not risk one groat for him !

Under the Temple lay a Cave,  
Made by some guilty, coward slave,

Whose actions fear'd rebuke    a maze 15  
 Of intricate and winding ways,  
 Not to be found without a clue ; -  
 One passage only, known to few,  
 In paths direct led to a cell,  
 Where Fraud in secret loved to dwell, 20  
 With all her tools and slaves about her,  
 Nor fear'd lest Honesty should rout her

In a dark corner, shunning sight  
 Of man, and shrinking from the light,  
 One dull, dim taper through the cell  
 Glimmering, to make more horrible  
 The face of darkness, she prepares,  
 Working unseen, all kinds of snares,  
 With curious, but destructive art  
 Here, through the eye to catch the heart, 30  
 Gay stars their tinsel beams afford,  
 Neat artifice to trap a lord ;  
 There, fit for all whom Folly bred,  
 Wave plumes of feathers for the head ;  
 Garters the hag contrives to make,  
 Which, as it seems, a babe might break,  
 But which ambitious madmen feel  
 More firm and sure than chains of steel,  
 Which, slipp'd just underneath the knee,  
 Forbid a freeman to be free 40

Purses she knew, (did ever curse  
 Travel more sure than in a purse ?)  
 Which, by some strange and magic bands,  
 Enslave the soul, and tie the hands.

Here Flattery, eldest-born of Guile,  
 Weaves with rare skill the silken smile,  
 The courtly cringe, the supple bow,  
 The private squeeze, the levee vow,



With which—no strange or recent case—  
Fools in, deceive fools out of place 40

Corruption, (who, in former times,  
Through fear or shame conceal'd her crimes,  
And what she did, contrived to do it  
So that the public might not view it)  
Presumptuous grown, unfit was held  
For their dark councils, and expell'd,  
Since in the day her business might  
Be done as safe as in the night

Her eye down-bending to the ground,  
Planning some dark and deadly wound, 60  
Holding a dagger, on which stood,  
All fiesh and reeking, drops of blood,  
Bearing a lantern, which of yore,  
By Treason borrow'd, Guy Fawkes bore,  
By which, since they improved in trade,  
Excisemen have their lanterns made,  
Assassination, her whole mind  
Blood-thirsting, on her arm reclined ;  
Death, grinning, at her elbow stood,  
And held forth instruments of blood,— 70  
Vile instruments, which cowards choose,  
But men of honour dare not use ;  
Around, his Lordship and his Grace,  
Both qualified for such a place,  
With many a Forbes, and many a Dun,<sup>1</sup>  
Each a resolved, and pious son,  
Wait her high bidding, each prepared,  
As she around her orders shared,  
Proof 'gainst remorse, to run, to fly,  
And bid the destined victim die, 80

<sup>1</sup> ' Forbes and Dun ' two Scotchmen, one of whom challenged Wilkes, and the other tried to assassinate him Dun was insane

Posting on Villany's black wing, 81  
 Whether he patriot is, or king  
     Oppression, willing to appear,  
 An object of our love, not fear,  
 Or, at the most, a reverend awe  
 To breed, usurp'd the garb of Law  
 A book she held, on which her eyes  
 Were deeply fix'd, whence seem'd to rise  
 Joy in her breast, a book, of might  
 Most wonderful, which black to white 90  
 Could turn, and without help of laws,  
 Could make the worse the better cause.  
 She read, by flattering hopes deceived,  
 She wish'd, and what she wish'd, believed,  
 To make that book for ever stand  
 The rule of wrong through all the land,  
 On the back, fair and worthy note,  
 At large was Magna Charta wrote,  
 But turn your eye within, and read,  
 A bitter lesson, Norton's Creed. 100  
 Ready, e'en with a look, to run,  
 Fast as the coursers of the sun,  
 To worry Virtue, at her hand  
 Two half-starved greyhounds took then stand  
 A curious model, cut in wood,  
 Of a most ancient castle stood  
 Full in her view; the gates were barr'd,  
 And soldiers on the watch kept guard,  
 In the front, openly, in black  
 Was wrote, The Tower but on the back, 110  
 Mark'd with a secretary's seal,  
 In bloody letters, The Bastile <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'The Bastile' Wilkes was six days in the Tower

Around a table, fully bent 113  
 On mischief of most black intent,  
 Deeply determined that their reign  
 Might longer last, to work the bane  
 Of one firm patriot, whose heart, tied  
 To Honour, all their power defied,  
 And brought those actions into light  
 They wish'd to have conceal'd in night, 120  
 Begot, born, bled to infamy,  
 A privy-council sat of three .

Great were their names, of high repute  
 And favour through the land of Bute  
 The first <sup>1</sup> (entitled to the place  
 Of Honour both by gown and grace,  
 Who never let occasion slip  
 To take right-hand of fellowship,  
 And was so proud, that should he meet  
 The twelve apostles in the street, 130  
 He'd turn his nose up at them all,  
 And shove his Saviour from the wall !  
 Who was so mean (Meanness and Pride  
 Still go together side by side)  
 That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,  
 And hold a stirrup for the Devil ,  
 If in a journey to his mind,  
 He'd let him mount and ride behind ;  
 Who basely fawn'd through all his life,  
 For patrons first, then for a wife 140  
 Wrote Dedications which must make  
 The heart of every Christian quake ,  
 Made one man equal to, or more  
 Than God, then left him, as before

<sup>1</sup> ' First ' the great William Warburton, who rose partly through his marriage with the niece of the rich Ralph Allen

His God he left, and, drawn by pride,  
 Shifted about to t' other side) 145  
 Was by his sire a parson made,  
 Merely to give the boy a tradé ;  
 But he himself was thereto drawn  
 By some faint omens of the lawn, 150  
 And on the truly Christian plan  
 To make himself a gentleman,—  
 A title in which Form array'd him,  
 Though Fate ne'er thought on 't when she made him  
     The oaths he took, 'tis very true,  
 But took them as all wise men do,  
 With an intent, if things should turn,  
 Rather to temporise, than burn ;  
 Gospel and loyalty were made  
 To serve the purposes of trade ; 160  
 Religious are but paper ties,  
 Which bind the fool, but which the wise,  
 Such idle notions far above,  
 Draw on and off, just like a glove ,  
 All gods, all kings (let his great aim  
 Be answer'd) were to him the same  
     A curate first, he read and read,  
 And laid in, whilst he should have fed  
 The souls of his neglected flock,  
 Of reading such a mighty stock, 170  
 That he o'ercharged the weary brain  
 With more than she could well contain ,  
 More than she was with spirits fraught  
 To turn and methodise to thought,  
 And which, like ill-digested food,  
 To humours turn'd, and not to blood.  
 Brought up to London, from the plough  
 And pulpit, how to make a bow

He tried to learn , he grew polite, 179  
 And was the poet's parasite  
 With wits conversing, (and wits then  
 Were to be found 'mongst noblemen)  
 He caught, or would have caught, the flame  
 And would be nothing, or the same  
 He drank with drunkards, lived with sinners  
 Heided with infidels for dinneis ,  
 With such an emphasis and grace  
 Blasphemed, that Potter<sup>1</sup> kept not pace  
 He, in the highest reign of noon,  
 Bawled bawdy songs to a psalm tune , 190  
 Lived with men infamous and vile,  
 Truck'd his salvation for a smile ,  
 To catch then humour caught their plan,  
 And laugh'd at God to laugh with man ,  
 Praised them, when living, in each breath,  
 And damn'd their memories after death  
 To prove his faith, which all admit  
 Is at least equal to his wit,  
 And make himself a man of note,  
 He in defence of Scripture wrote . 200  
 So long he wrote, and long about it,  
 That e'en believers 'gan to doubt it  
 He wrote, too, of the inward light,  
 Though no one knew how he came by 't,  
 And of that influencing grace  
 Which in his life ne'er found a place .  
 He wrote, too, of the Holy Ghost,  
 Of whom no more than doth a post  
 He knew , nor, should an angel show him,  
 Would he, or know, or choose to know him. 210

<sup>1</sup> ' Potter ' mentioned above He was suspected by Warburton of being  
 the author of the infamous notes to Wilkes's infamous ' Essay on Woman '

Next (for he knew 'twixt every science 211  
 There was a natural alliance)  
 He wrote, to advance his Maker's praise,  
 Comments<sup>1</sup> on rhymes, and notes on plays,  
 And with an all-sufficient air  
 Placed himself in the critic's chair,  
 Usurp'd o'er Reason full dominion,  
 And govern'd merely by Opinion  
 At length dethroned, and kept in awe  
 By one plain simple man of law,<sup>2</sup> 220  
 He arm'd dead friends, to vengeance true,  
 To abuse the man they never knew  
     Examine strictly all mankind,  
 Most characters are mix'd, we find,  
 And Vice and Virtue take their turn  
 In the same breast to beat and burn  
 Our priest was an exception here,  
 Nor did one spark of grace appear,  
 Not one dull, dim spark in his soul,  
 Vice, glorious Vice, possess'd the whole, 230  
 And, in her service truly warm,  
 He was in sin most uniform  
     Injurious Satire ! own at least  
 One snivelling virtue in the priest,  
 One snivelling virtue, which is placed,  
 They say, in or about the waist,  
 Call'd Chastity, the prudish dame  
 Knows it at large by Virtue's name.  
 To this his wife (and in these days  
 Wives seldom without reason praise) 240

<sup>1</sup> 'Comments' referring to the notes to 'The Dunciad,' and on Shakspeare  
 — <sup>2</sup> 'Man of law' Mr Thomas Edwards, a barrister, wrote a clever book  
 against Warburton's criticism Warburton alluded to him contemptuously  
 afterwards, in a note to a new edition of 'The Dunciad'

Bears evidence—then calls her child, 241  
And swears that Tom<sup>1</sup> was vastly wild

Ripen'd by a long<sup>o</sup> course of years,  
He great and perfect now appears  
In shape scarce of the human kind,  
A man, without a manly mind,  
No husband, though he's truly wed,  
Though on his knees a child is bled,  
No father, injured, without end

A foe, and though obliged, no friend; 250  
A heart, which virtue ne'er disgraced,  
A head, where learning runs to waste,  
A gentleman well-bred, if breeding  
Rests in the article of reading,

A man of this world, for the next  
Was ne'er included in his text,  
A judge of genius, though confess'd  
With not one spark of genius bless'd,  
Amongst the first of critics placed,  
Though free from every taint of taste, 260  
A Christian without faith or works,  
As he would be a Turk 'mongst Turks,  
A great divine, as lords agree,

Without the least divinity,  
To crown all, in declining age,  
Inflamed with church and party rage,  
Behold him, full and perfect quite,  
A false saint, and true hypocrite

Next sat a lawyer,<sup>2</sup> often tried  
In perilous extremes, when Pride 270  
And Power, all wild and trembling, stood,  
Nor dared to tempt the raging flood;

<sup>1</sup> 'Tom' this son was Warburton's only child, and died before his father  
— 'A lawyer' Sir Fletcher Norton, who as well as Warburton is caricatured

This bold, bad man arose to view, 273  
 And gave his hand to help them through  
 Steel'd 'gainst compassion, as they pass'd  
 He saw poor Freedom breathe her last,  
 He saw her struggle, heard her groan.  
 He saw her helpless and alone,  
 Whelm'd in that storm, which, fear'd and praised  
 By slaves less bold, himself had raised. 280

Bred to the law, he from the first  
 Of all bad lawyers was the worst  
 Perfection (for bad men maintain  
 In ill we may perfection gain)  
 In others is a work of time,  
 And they creep on from crime to crime;  
 He, for a prodigy design'd,  
 To spread amazement o'er mankind,  
 Started full ripen'd all at once  
 A perfect knave, and perfect dunce 290

Who will, for him, may boast of sense,  
 His better guard is impudence,  
 His front, with tenfold plates of brass  
 Secured, Shame never yet could pass,  
 Nor on the surface of his skin  
 Blush for that guilt which dwelt within  
 How often, in contempt of laws,  
 To sound the bottom of a cause,  
 To search out every rotten part,  
 And worm into its very heart, 300  
 Hath he ta'en briefs on false pretence,  
 And undertaken the defence  
 Of trusting fools, whom in the end  
 He meant to ruin, not defend!  
 How often, e'en in open court,  
 Hath the wretch made his shame his sport,



Fellows who credit what priests tell, 341  
 And tremble at the thoughts of Hell;  
 His spirit dares contend with Grace,  
 And meets Damnation face to face

Such was our lawyer, by his side,  
 In all bad qualities allied,  
 In all bad counsels, sat a third,  
 By birth a lord<sup>1</sup> Oh, sacred word!  
 Oh, word most sacred! whence men get  
 A privilege to run in debt; 350  
 Whence they at large exemption claim  
 From Sature, and her servant Shame,  
 Whence they, deprived of all her force,  
 Forbid bold Truth to hold her course.

Consult his person, dress, and air,  
 He seems, which strangers well might swear,  
 The master, or, by courtesy,  
 The captain of a colliery  
 Look at his visage, and agree  
 Half-hang'd he seems, just from the tree 360  
 Escaped, a rope may sometimes break,  
 Or men be cut down by mistake

He hath not virtue (in the school  
 Of Vice bred up) to live by rule,  
 Nor hath he sense (which none can doubt  
 Who know the man) to live without  
 His life is a continued scene  
 Of all that's infamous and mean,  
 He knows not change, unless, grown nice  
 And delicate, from vice to vice, 370  
 Nature design'd him, in a rage,  
 To be the Wharton<sup>2</sup> of his age,

<sup>1</sup> 'A lord' Sandwich — <sup>2</sup> 'Wharton' Philip Duke of Wharton, whose character is found in Pope's 'Moral Essays,' was noted for the greatness of his talents, and for his dissolute life

But, having given all the sin, 373  
Forgot to put the virtues in  
To run a hoise, to make a match,  
To revel deep, to roar a catch,  
To knock a tottering watchman down,  
To sweat a woman of the town ,  
By fits to keep the peace, or break it,  
In turn to give a pox, or take it , 380  
He is, in faith, most excellent,  
And, in the world's most full intent,  
A true choice spirit, we admit ,  
With wits a fool, with fools a wit  
Hear him but talk, and you would swear  
Obscenity herself was there,  
And that Profaneness had made choice,  
By way of trump, to use his voice ,  
That, in all mean and low things great,  
He had been bled at Billingsgate , 390  
And that, ascending to the earth  
Before the season of his birth,  
Blasphemy, making way and room,  
Had mark'd him in his mother's womb  
Too honest (for the worst of men  
In forms are honest, now and then)  
Not to have, in the usual way,  
His bills sent in , too great to pay :  
Too proud to speak to, if he meets  
The honest tradesman whom he cheats 400  
Too infamous to have a friend ,  
Too bad for bad men to commend,  
Or good to name ; beneath whose weight  
Earth groans ; who hath been spared by Fate  
Only to show, on Mercy's plan,  
How far and long God bears with man.

Such were the three, who, mocking sleep, 407  
 At midnight sat, in counsel deep,  
 Plotting destruction 'gainst a head  
 Whose wisdom could not be misled,  
 Plotting destruction 'gainst a heart  
 Which ne'er from honour would depart  
 'Is he not rank'd amongst our foes?  
 Hath not his spirit dared oppose  
 Our dearest measures, made our name  
 Stand forward on the roll of Shame?  
 Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,  
 By scorning menaces and bribes,  
 And proving that his darling cause  
 Is, of their liberties and laws 420  
 To stand the champion? In a word,  
 Nor need one argument be heard  
 Beyond this to awake our zeal,  
 To quicken our resolves, and steel  
 Our steady souls to bloody bent,  
 (Sure ruin to each dear intent,  
 Each flattering hope) he, without fear,  
 Hath dared to make the truth appear'  
 They said, and, by resentment taught,  
 Each on revenge employ'd his thought, 430  
 Each, bent on mischief, rack'd his brain  
 To her full stretch, but rack'd in vain,  
 Scheme after scheme they brought to view,  
 All were examined, none would do  
 When Fraud, with pleasure in her face,  
 Forth issued from her hiding-place,  
 And at the table where they meet,  
 First having bless'd them, took her seat  
 'No trifling cause, my darling boys,  
 Your present thoughts and cares employs; 440

No common snare, no random blow, 441  
Can work the bane of such a foe  
By nature cautious as he's brave,  
To Honour only he's a slave,  
In that weak part without defence,  
We must to honour make pretence,  
That lure shall to his ruin draw  
The wretch, who stands secure in law.  
Nor think that I have idly plann'd  
This full-ripe scheme, behold at hand, 450  
With three months' training on his head,  
An instrument, whom I have bred,  
Born of these bowels, far from sight  
Of Virtue's false but glaring light,  
My youngest-born, my dearest joy,  
Most like myself, my darling boy!  
He, never touch'd with vile remorse,  
Resolved and crafty in his course,  
Shall work our ends, complete our schemes,  
Most mine, when most he Honour's seems, 460  
Nor can be found, at home, abroad,  
So firm and full a slave of Fraud'

She said, and from each envious son  
A discontented murmur run  
Around the table, all in place  
Thought his full praise their own disgrace,  
Wondering what stranger she had got,  
Who had one vice that they had not;  
When straight the portals open flew,  
And, clad in armour, to their view 470  
Martin, the Duellist, came forth  
All knew, and all confess'd his worth;  
All justified, with smiles array'd,  
The happy choice their dam had made

GOTHAM<sup>1</sup>

## IN THREE BOOKS.

## BOOK I

FAR off (no matter whether east or west,  
 A real country, or one made in jest,  
 Nor yet by modern Mandevilles<sup>2</sup> disgraced,  
 Nor by map-jobbers wretchedly misplaced)  
 There lies an island, neither great nor small,  
 Which, for distinction sake, I Gotham call

The man who finds an unknown country out,  
 By giving it a name, acquies, no doubt,  
 A Gospel title, though the people there  
 The pious Christian thinks not worth his care                    10  
 Bar this pretence, and into air is hurl'd  
 The claim of Europe to the Western world

Cast by a tempest on the savage coast,  
 Some roving buccaneer set up a post,  
 A beam, in proper form transversely laid,  
 Of his Redeemer's cross the figure made—  
 Of that Redeemer, with whose laws his life,  
 From first to last, had been one scene of strife,  
 His royal master's name thereon engraved;  
 Without more process the whole race enslaved,                    20  
 Cut off that charter they from Nature drew,  
 And made them slaves to men they never knew.

Search ancient histories, consult records,  
 Under this title the most Christian lords  
 Hold (thanks to conscience) more than half the ball,  
 O'erthrow this title, they have none at all,

<sup>1</sup> 'Gotham' is designed as a satire on England and its kings, and as a picture of what a king of England should be. The first book is a wild and fanciful bravura — <sup>2</sup> 'Mandeville' the famous lying traveller.

For never yet might any monarch dare, 27  
 Who lived to Truth, and breathed a Christian an,  
 Pretend that Christ, (who came, we all agree,  
 To bless his people, and to set them free)  
 To make a convert, ever one law gave  
 By which converters made him first a slave.

Spite of the glosses of a canting priest,  
 Who talks of charity, but means a feast ;  
 Who recommends it (whilst he seems to feel  
 The holy glowings of a real zeal)  
 To all his hearers as a deed of worth,  
 To give them heaven whom they have robb'd of earth ,  
 Never shall one, one truly honest man,  
 Who, bless'd with Liberty, reveres her plan, 40  
 Allow one moment that a savage sinner  
 Could from his wretched race, for childish hue,  
 By a wild giant, their all, then freedom pass,  
 And sell his country for a bit of glass

Or grant this barbarous right, let Spain and France,  
 In slavery bred, as purchasers advance ,  
 Let them, whilst Conscience is at distance hild,  
 With some gay bauble buy a golden world  
 An Englishman, in charter'd freedom born,  
 Shall spurn the slavish merchandise, shall scorn 50  
 To take from others, through base private views,  
 What he himself would rather die, than lose

Happy the savage of those early times,  
 Ere Europe's sons were known, and Europe's crimes !  
 Gold, cursed gold ! slept in the womb of earth,  
 Unfelt its mischiefs, as unknown its worth ,  
 In full content he found the truest wealth,  
 In toil he found diversion, food, and health ;  
 Stranger to ease and luxury of courts,  
 His sports were labours, and his labours sports ; 60

His youth was hardy, and his old age green , 61  
 Life's morn was vigorous, and her eve serene ,  
 No rules he held, but what were made for use,  
 No arts he learn'd, nor ills which arts produce ,  
 False lights he follow'd, but believed them true ,  
 He knew not much, but lived to what he knew

Happy, thrice happy now the savage race,  
 Since Europe took their gold, and gave them grace !  
 Pastors she sends to help them in their need,  
 Some who can't write , with others who can't read , 70  
 And on sure grounds the gospel pile to rear,  
 Sends missionary felons every year ,  
 Our vices, with more zeal than holy prayers,  
 She teaches them, and in return takes theirs  
 Her rank oppressions give them cause to rise,  
 Her want of prudence, means and arms supplies,  
 Whilst her brave rage, not satisfied with life,  
 Rising in blood, adopts the scalping-knife  
 Knowledge she gives, enough to make them know  
 How abject is their state, how deep their woe , 80  
 The worth of freedom strongly she explains,  
 Whilst she bows down, and loads their necks with chains  
 Faith, too, she plants, for her own ends impress'd,  
 To make them bear the worst, and hope the best ,  
 And whilst she teaches, on vile Interest's plan,  
 As laws of God, the wild decrees of man,  
 Like Pharisees, of whom the Scriptures tell,  
 She makes them ten times more the sons of Hell

But whither do these grave reflections tend ?  
 Are they design'd for any, or no end ? 90  
 Briefly but this—to prove, that by no act  
 Which Nature made, that by no equal pact  
 'Twixt man and man, which might, if Justice heard,  
 Stand good , that by no benefits conferr'd,

Or purchase made, Europe in chains can hold 95  
 The sons of India, and her mines of gold  
 Chance led her there in an accursed hour ,  
 She saw, and made the country hers by power ,  
 Nor, drawn by virtue's love from love of fame,  
 Shall my rash folly controvert the claim, 100  
 Or wish in thought that title overthrown  
 Which coincides with and involves my own

Europe discover'd India first , I found  
 My right to Gotham on the self-same ground ;  
 I first discover'd it, nor shall that plea  
 To her be granted, and denied to me ,  
 I plead possession, and, till one more bold  
 Shall drive me out, will that possession hold  
 With Europe's rights my kindred rights I twine ;  
 Hers be the Western world, be Gotham mine 110

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ,  
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,  
 The voice of gladness ; and on every tongue,  
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,  
 The praises of so great and good a king  
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

As on a day, a high and holy day,  
 Let every instrument of music play,  
 Ancient and modern , those which drew their birth  
 (Punctilios laid aside) from Pagan earth, 120  
 As well as those by Christian made and Jew ;  
 Those known to many, and those known to few ,  
 Those which in whim and frolic lightly float,  
 And those which swell the slow and solemn note ;  
 Those which (whilst Reason stands in wonder by)  
 Make some complexions laugh, and others cry ;  
 Those which, by some strange faculty of sound,  
 Can build walls up, and raze them to the ground ;



Those which can tear up forests by the roots, 129  
 And make brutes dance like men, and men like brutes ,  
 Those which, whilst Ridicule leads up the dance,  
 Make clowns of Monmouth <sup>1</sup> ape the fops of Fiance ,  
 Those which, where Lady Dulness with Lord Mayo's  
 Presides, disdaining light and trifling airs,  
 Hallow the feast with psalmody , and those  
 Which, planted in our churches to dispose  
 And lift the mind to Heaven, are disgraced  
 With what a foppish organist calls Taste .  
 All, from the fiddle (on which every fool,  
 The pert son of dull sire, discharged from school, 140  
 Serves an apprenticeship in college ease,  
 And rises through the gamut to degrees)  
 To those which (though less common, not less sweet)  
 From famed Saint Giles's, and more famed Vine Street,  
 (Where Heaven, the utmost wish of man to grant,  
 Gave me an old house, and an older aunt)  
 Thornton,<sup>2</sup> whilst Humour pointed out the road  
 To her arch cub, hath hitch'd into an ode ,—  
 All instruments (attend, ye listening spheres !  
 Attend, ye sons of men ! and hear with ears), 150  
 All instruments (nor shall they seek one hand  
 Impress'd from modern Music's coxcomb band),  
 All instruments, self-acted, at my name  
 Shall pour forth harmony, and loud proclaim,  
 Loud but yet sweet, to the according globe,  
 My praises ; whilst gay Nature, in a robe,  
 A coxcomb doctor's robe, to the full sound  
 Keeps time, like Boyce,<sup>3</sup> and the world dances round.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ;  
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice, 160

<sup>1</sup> ' Monmouth ' in Wales, once visited, and ever afterwards hated by the poet — <sup>2</sup> ' Bonnell Thornton ' author of a humorous burlesque, ' Ode on St Cecilia's Day ' See Boswell — <sup>3</sup> ' William Boyce ' a celebrated musician

The voice of gladness , and on every tongue, 161  
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,  
The praises of so great and good a king  
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

Infancy, straining backward from the breast,  
Tetchy and wayward, what he loveth best  
Refusing in his fits, whilst all the while  
The mother eyes the wrangler with a smile,  
And the fond father sits on t' other side,  
Laughs at his moods, and views his spleen with pride,  
Shall murmur forth my name, whilst at his hand 171  
Nurse stands interpreter, through Gotham's land

Childhood, who like an April morn appears,  
Sunshine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,  
Pleased and displeased by starts, in passion warm,  
In reason weak , who, wrought into a storm,  
Like to the fiefeful billows of the deep,  
Soon spends his rage, and cries himself asleep ,  
Who, with a feverish appetite oppress'd,  
For trifles sighs, but hates them when possess'd , 180  
His trembling lash suspended in the air,  
Half-bent, and stroking back his long lank hair,  
Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,  
And let his top go down to plate of me

Youth, who, fierce, fickle, insolent, and vain,  
Impatient urges on to Manhood's reign,  
Impatient urges on, yet with a cast  
Of dear regard looks back on Childhood past,  
In the mid-chase, when the hot blood runs high,  
And the quick spirits mount into his eye , 190  
When pleasure, which he deems his greatest wealth,  
Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with health ;  
When the chafed steed tugs proudly at the rein,  
And, ere he starts, hath run o'er half the plain ,

When, wing'd with fear, the stag flies full in view, 195  
 And in full cry the eager hounds pursue,  
 Shall shout my praise to hills which shout again,  
 And e'en the huntsman stop to cry, Amen

Manhood, of form erect, who would not bow  
 Though worlds should crack around him , 'on his brow  
 Wisdom serene, to passion giving law, 201  
 Bespeaking love, and yet commanding awe ,  
 Dignity into grace by mildness wrought ,  
 Courage attemper'd and refined by thought ,  
 Virtue supreme enthroned , within his breast  
 The image of his Maker deep impress'd ,  
 Lord of this earth, which trembles at his nod,  
 With reason bless'd, and only less than God ,  
 Manhood, though weeping Beauty kneels for aid,  
 Though Honour calls, in Danger's form array'd, 210  
 Though clothed with sackloth, Justice in the gates,  
 By wicked elders chain'd, Redemption waits,  
 Manhood shall steal an hour, a little hour,  
 (Is't not a little one ?) to hail my power

Old Age, a second child, by Nature cursed  
 With more and greater evils than the first ,  
 Weak, sickly, full of pains, in every breath  
 Railing at life, and yet afraid of death ,  
 Putting things off, with sage and solemn air,  
 From day to day, without one day to spare , 220  
 Without enjoyment, covetous of pelf,  
 Tiresome to friends, and tiresome to himself ,  
 His faculties impair'd, his temper sour'd,  
 His memory of recent things devour'd  
 E'en with the acting, on his shatter'd brain  
 Though the false registers of youth remain ;  
 From morn to evening babbling forth vain praise  
 Of those rare men, who lived in those rare days,

When he, the hero of his tale, was young , 229  
 Dull repetitions faltering on his tongue ,  
 Praising gray hairs, sure mark of Wisdom's sway,  
 E'en whilst he curses Time, which made him gray ,  
 Scoffing at youth, e'en whilst he would afford  
 All but his gold to have his youth restored,  
 Shall for a moment, from himself set free,  
 Lean on his crutch, and pipe forth praise to me  
 Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice ;  
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,  
 The voice of gladness, and on every tongue,  
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung, 240  
 The praises of so great and good a king  
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

Things without life shall in this chorus join,  
 And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine  
 The snowdrop, who, in habit white and plain,  
 Comes on, the herald of fair Flora's train ,  
 The coxcomb crocus, flower of simple note,  
 Who by her side struts in a herald's coat ;  
 The tulip, idly glancing to the view,  
 Who, though no clown, his birth from Holland drew ,  
 Who, once full dress'd, fears from his place to stir, 251  
 The fop of flowers, the Moiré of a parterre ,  
 The woodbine, who her elm in marriage meets,  
 And brings her dowry in surrounding sweets ,  
 The lily, silver mistress of the vale ,  
 The rose of Sharon, which perfumes the gale ,  
 The jessamine, with which the queen of flowers,  
 To charm her god, adorns his favourite bowers,  
 Which brides, by the plain hand of Neatness dress'd,  
 Unenvied rival, wear upon their breast, 260  
 Sweet as the incense of the morn, and chaste  
 As the pure zone which circles Dian's waist ;

All flowers, of various names, and various forms, 263  
 Which the sun into strength and beauty warms,  
 From the dwarf daisy, which, like infants, clings,  
 And fears to leave the earth from whence it springs,  
 To the proud giant of the garden race,  
 Who, madly rushing to the sun's embrace,  
 O'ertops her fellows with aspiring aim,  
 Demands his wedded love, and bears his name ; 270  
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,  
 And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ,  
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,  
 The voice of gladness , and on every tongue,  
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,  
 The praises of so great and good a king  
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

Forming a gloom, through which, to spleen-struck minds,  
 Religion, horror-stamp'd, a passage finds, 280  
 The ivy crawling o'er the hallow'd cell  
 Where some old hermit's wont his beads to tell  
 By day, by night , the myrtle ever green,  
 Beneath whose shade Love holds his rites unseen ,  
 The willow, weeping o'er the fatal wave  
 Where many a lover finds a watery grave ,  
 The cypress, sacred held, when lovers mourn  
 Their true love snatch'd away , the laurel worn  
 By poets in old time, but destined now,  
 In grief, to wither on a Whitehead's brow ; 290  
 The fig, which, large as what in India grows,  
 Itself a grove, gave our first parents clothes ,  
 The vine, which, like a blushing new-made bride,  
 Clustering, empurples all the mountain's side ,  
 The yew, which, in the place of sculptured stone,  
 Marks out the resting-place of men unknown ,

The hedge-row elm, the pine, of mountain race,      297  
 The fir, the Scotch fir, never out of place,  
 The cedar, whose top mates the highest cloud,  
 Whilst his old father Lebanon grows proud  
 Of such a child, and his vast body laid  
 Out many a mile, enjoys the filial shade;  
 The oak, when living, monarch of the wood,  
 The English oak, which, dead, commands the flood,  
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join  
 And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;  
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,  
 The voice of gladness, and on every tongue,  
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,      310  
 The praises of so great and good a king  
 Shall Church'll reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The showers, which make the young hills, like young lambs,  
 Bound and rebound, the old hills, like old rams,  
 Unwieldy, jump for joy; the streams which glide,  
 Whilst Plenty marches smiling by their side,  
 And from their bosom rising Commerce springs,  
 The winds, which rise with healing on their wings,  
 Before whose cleansing breath Contagion flies,  
 The sun, who, travelling in eastern skies,      320  
 Fresh, full of strength, just risen from his bed,  
 Though in Jove's pastures they were born and bred,  
 With voice and whip can scarce make his steeds stir,  
 Step by step, up the perpendicular,  
 Who, at the hour of eve, panting for rest,  
 Rolls on amain, and gallops down the west  
 As fast as Jehu, oil'd for Ahab's sin,  
 Drove for a crown, or postboys for an inn;  
 The moon, who holds o'er night her silver reign,  
 Regent of tides, and mistress of the brain,      330

Who to her sons, those sons who own her power, 331  
 And do her homage at the midnight hour,  
 Gives madness as a blessing, but dispenses  
 Wisdom to fools, and damns them with their senses,  
 The stars, who, by I know not what strange right,  
 Preside o'er mortals in their own despite;  
 Who, without reason, govern those who most  
 (How truly, judge from thence !) of reason boast,  
 And, by some mighty magic yet unknown,  
 Our actions guide, yet cannot guide their own, 340  
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,  
 And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice,  
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,  
 The voice of gladness, and on every tongue,  
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,  
 The praises of so great and good a king  
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

The moment, minute, hour, day, week, month, year,  
 Morning and eve, as they in turn appear, 350  
 Moments and minutes, which, without a crime,  
 Can't be omitted in accounts of time,  
 Or, if omitted, (proof we might afford)  
 Worthy by parliaments to be restored,  
 The hours, which, dress'd by turns in black and white,  
 Ordain'd as handmaids, wait on Day and Night ;  
 The day, those hours, I mean, when light presides,  
 And Business in a cart with Prudence rides,  
 The night, those hours, I mean, with darkness hung,  
 When Sense speaks free, and Folly holds her tongue,  
 The morn, when Nature, rousing from her strife 361  
 With death-like sleep, awakes to second life,  
 The eve, when, as unequal to the task,  
 She mercy from her foe descends to ask,

The week, in which six days are kindly given      365  
 To think of earth, and one to think of heaven ,  
 The months, twelve sisters, all of different<sup>1</sup> hue,  
 Though there appears in all a likeness too ,  
 Not such a likeness as, through Hayman's<sup>1</sup> works,  
 Dull mannerist<sup>1</sup> in Christians, Jews, and Turks,      370  
 Cloys with a sameness in each female face,  
 But a strange something, born of Art and Grace,  
 Which speaks them all, to vary and adorn,  
 At different times of the same parents born ,  
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,  
 And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites<sup>1</sup> rejoice ,  
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,  
 The voice of gladness , and on every tongue,  
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,      380  
 The praises of so great and good a king  
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

Frore January, leader of the year,  
 Minced-pies in van, and calves' heads in the rear ,  
 Dull February, in whose leaden reign  
 My mother bore a bard without a brain ;  
 March, various, fiece, and wild, with wind-crack'd cheeks,  
 By wilder Welshmen led, and crown'd with leeks ;  
 April, with fools, and May, with bastards bless'd ,  
 June, with White Roses on her rebel breast ;      390  
 July, to whom, the Dog-star in her train,  
 Saint James<sup>2</sup> gives oysters, and Saint Swithun rain ,  
 August,<sup>3</sup> who, banish'd from her Smithfield stand,  
 To Chelsea flies, with Doggett in her hand ,

<sup>1</sup> ' Hayman ' Francis Hayman, the painter, was monotonous in his style —

<sup>2</sup> ' Saint James ' The 25th of July, St James's day, or the first day of oysters

— <sup>3</sup> ' August ' alluding to a rowing match, held on 1st August, in honour of George the First's accession , instituted by one Doggett, an actor, &c



September, when by custom (right divine) 395  
 Geese are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's shrine,  
 Whilst the priest, not so full of grace as wit,  
 Falls to, unbless'd, nor gives the saint a bit,  
 October, who the cause of Freedom join'd,  
 And gave a second George<sup>1</sup> to bless mankind, 400  
 November, who, at once to grace our earth,  
 Saint Andrew boasts, and our Augusta's<sup>2</sup> birth,  
 December, last of months, but best, who gave  
 A Christ to man, a Saviour to the slave,  
 Whilst, falsely grateful, man, at the full feast,  
 To do God honour makes himself a beast,  
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,  
 And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice,  
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice, 410  
 The voice of gladness, and on every tongue,  
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,  
 The praises of so great and good a king  
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The seasons as they roll; Spring, by her side  
 Lechery and Lent, lay-folly and church-pride,  
 By a rank monk to copulation led,  
 A tub of santed salt-fish on her head,  
 Summer, in light transparent gauze array'd,  
 Like maids of honour at a masquerade, 420  
 In bawdry gauze, for which our daughters leave  
 The fig, more modest, first brought up by Eve,  
 Panting for breath, inflamed with lustful fires,  
 Yet wanting strength to perfect her desires,  
 Leaning on Sloth, who, fainting with the heat,  
 Stops at each step, and slumbers on his feet;

<sup>1</sup> 'George' George the Second was born on the 30th of October 1683 —

<sup>2</sup> 'Augusta.' wife of Frederic, Prince of Wales, a great friend of Lord Bute's

Autumn, when Nature, who with sorrow feels 427  
 Her dread foe Winter treading on her heels,  
 Makes up in value what she wants in length,  
 Exerts her powers, and puts forth all her strength,  
 Bids corn and fruits in full perfection rise,  
 Corn fairly tax'd, and fruits without excise ;  
 Winter, benumb'd with cold, no longer known  
 By robes of fur, since furs became our own ,  
 A hag, who, loathing all, by all is loathed,  
 With weekly, daily, hourly, libels clothed,  
 Vile Faction at her heels, who, mighty grown,  
 Would rule the ruler, and foreclose the throne,  
 Would turn all state affairs into a trade,  
 Make laws one day, the next to be unmade, 440  
 Beggar at home, a people fear'd abroad,  
 And, force defeated, make them slaves by fraud ,  
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,  
 And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ,  
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,  
 The voice of gladness , and on every tongue,  
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,  
 The praises of so great and good a king  
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ? 450

The year, grand circle ! in whose ample round  
 The seasons regular and fix'd are bound,  
 (Who, in his course repeated o'er and o'er,  
 Sees the same things which he had seen before ,  
 The same stars keep their watch, and the same sun  
 Runs in the track where he from first hath run ,  
 The same moon rules the night , tides ebb and flow ,  
 Man is a puppet, and this world a show ;  
 Their old dull follies, old dull fools pursue,  
 And vice in nothing, but in mode, is new ; 460

He —— a lord (now fain befall that pride, 461  
 He lived a villain, but a lord he died)

Dashwood is pious, Berkeley<sup>1</sup> fix'd as Fate,  
 Sandwich (thank Heaven !) first minister of state ,  
 And, though by fools despised, by saints unblest'd,  
 By friends neglected, and by foes oppress'd,  
 Scorning the servile arts of each court elf,  
 Founded on honour, Wilkes is still himself)  
 The year, encircled with the various train  
 Which waits, and fills the glories of his reign, 470  
 Shall, taking up this theme, in chorus join,  
 And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ,  
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,  
 The voice of gladness ; and on every tongue,  
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,  
 The praises of so great and good a king  
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

Thus far in sport—nor let our critics hence,  
 Who sell out monthly trash, and call it sense, 480  
 Too lightly of our present labours deem,  
 Or judge at random of so high a theme .  
 High is our theme, and worthy are the men  
 To feel the sharpest stroke of Satire's pen ;  
 But when kind Time a proper season brings,  
 In serious mood to treat of serious things,  
 Then shall they find, disdaining idle play,  
 That I can be as grave and dull as they

Thus far in sport—nor let half patriots, those  
 Who shrink from every blast of Power which blows, 490  
 Who, with tame cowardice familiar grown,  
 Would hear my thoughts, but fear to speak their own ;

<sup>1</sup> ' Colonel Nonborne Berkeley ' second to Lord Talbot in his duel with

Who (lest bold truths, to do sage Prudence spite,      493  
 Should burst the portals of their lips by night,  
 Tremble to trust themselves one hour in sleep)  
 Condemn our course, and hold our caution cheap,  
 When brave Occasion bids, for some great end,  
 When Honour calls the poet as a friend,  
 Then shall they find that, e'en on Danger's brink,  
 He dares to speak what they scarce dare to think      500

## BOOK II.

How much mistaken are the men who think  
 That all who will, without restraint may drink,  
 May largely drink, e'en till their bowels burst,  
 Pleading no right but merely that of thirst,  
 At the pure waters of the living well,  
 Beside whose streams the Muses love to dwell '  
 Verse is with them a knack, an idle toy,  
 A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy  
 May play untaught, whilst, without art or force,  
 Make it but jingle, music comes of course      10

Little do such men know the toil, the pains,  
 The daily, nightly racking of the brains,  
 To range the thoughts, the matter to digest,  
 To cull fit phrases, and reject the rest,  
 To know the times when Humour on the cheek  
 Of Mirth may hold her sports; when Wit should speak,  
 And when be silent, when to use the powers  
 Of ornament, and how to place the flowers,  
 So that they neither give a tawdry glare,  
 'Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air,'      20  
 To form, (which few can do, and scarcely one,  
 One critic in an age, can find when done)

To form a plan, to strike a grand outline, 23  
 To fill it up, and make the picture shine  
 A full and perfect piece, to make coy Rhyme  
 Renounce her follies, and with Sense keep time,  
 To make proud Sense against her nature bend,  
 And wear the chains of Rhyme, yet call her friend

Some fops there are, amongst the scribbling tribe,  
 Who make it all their business to describe, 30  
 No matter whether in or out of place,  
 Studious of finery, and fond of lace,  
 Alike they trim, as coxcomb Fancy brings,  
 The rags of beggars, and the robes of kings  
 Let dull Propriety in state preside  
 O'er her dull children, Nature is their guide;  
 Wild Nature, who at random breaks the fence  
 Of those tame drudges, Judgment, Taste, and Sense,  
 Nor would forgive herself the mighty crime  
 Of keeping terms with Person, Place, and Time 40

Let liquid gold emblaze the sun at noon,  
 With borrow'd beams let silver pale the moon,  
 Let surges hoarse lash the resounding shore,  
 Let streams meander, and let torrents roar,  
 Let them breed up the melancholy breeze,  
 To sigh with sighing, sob with sobbing trees;  
 Let vales embroidery wear; let flowers be tinged  
 With various tints, let clouds be laced or fringed,  
 They have their wish; like idle monarch boys,  
 Neglecting things of weight, they sigh for toys, 50  
 Give them the crown, the sceptre, and the robe,  
 Who will may take the power, and rule the globe

Others there are, who, in one solemn pace,  
 With as much zeal as Quakers rail at lace,  
 Railing at needful ornament, depend  
 On Sense to bring them to their journey's end

They would not (Heaven forbid !) their course delay, 57  
 Nor for a moment step out of the way,  
 To make the barren road those graces wear  
 Which Nature would, if pleased, have planted there

Vain men ! who, blindly thwarting Nature's plan,  
 Ne'er find a passage to the heart of man ,  
 Who, bred 'mongst fogs in academic land,  
 Scorn every thing they do not understand ;  
 Who, destitute of humour, wit, and taste,  
 Let all their little knowledge run to waste,  
 And frustrate each good purpose, whilst they wear  
 The robes of Learning with a sloven's air  
 Though solid reasoning arms each stèiling line,  
 Though Truth declares aloud, ' This work is mine,'  
 Vice, whilst from page to page dull morals creep, 70  
 Throws by the book, and Virtue falls asleep

Sense, mere dull, formal Sense, in this gay town,  
 Must have some vehicle to pass her down ;  
 Nor can she for an hour insure her reign,  
 Unless she brings fair Pleasure in her train.  
 Let her from day to day, from year to year,  
 In all her grave solemnities appear,  
 And with the voice of trumpets, through the streets,  
 Deal lectures out to every one she meets ; 80  
 Half who pass by are deaf, and t' other half  
 Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh

Quit then, ye graver sons of letter'd Pride !  
 Taking for once Experience as a guide,  
 Quit this grand error, this dull college mode ;  
 Be your pursuits the same, but change the road ;  
 Write, or at least appear to write, with ease,  
 ' And if you mean to profit, learn to please.'

In vain for such mistakes they pardon claim,  
 Because they wield the pen in Virtue's name 90

Thrice sacred is that name, thrice bless'd the man 91  
 Who thinks, speaks, writes, and lives on such a plan !  
 This, in himself, himself of course must bless,  
 But cannot with the world promote success.  
 He may be strong, but, with effect to speak,  
 Should recollect his readers may be weak ;  
 Plain, rigid truths, which saints with comfort bear,  
 Will make the sinner tremble and despair  
 True Virtue acts from love, and the great end  
 At which she nobly aims is to amercd 100  
 How then do those mistake who arm her laws  
 With rigour not their own, and hurt the cause  
 They mean to help, whilst with a zealot rage  
 They make that goddess, whom they'd have engage  
 Our dearest love, in hideous terror rise !  
 Such may be honest, but they can't be wise.

In her own full and perfect blaze of light,  
 Virtue breaks forth too strong for human sight ,  
 The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker sense,  
 Shuts herself up in darkness for defence 110  
 But to make strong conviction deeper sunk,  
 To make the callous feel, the thoughtless think,  
 Like God, made man, she lays her glory by,  
 And beams mild comfort on the ravish'd eye  
 In earnest most, when most she seems in jest,  
 She worms into, and winds around, the breast,  
 To conquer Vice, of Vice appears the friend,  
 And seems unlike herself to gain her end  
 The sons of Sin, to while away the time  
 Which lingers on their hands, of each black crime 120  
 To hush the painful memory, and keep  
 The tyrant Conscience in delusive sleep,  
 Read on at random, nor suspect the date  
 Until they find it rooted in their heart

'Gainst vice they give their vote, nor know at first 125  
 That, cursing that, themselves too they have cursed ,  
 They see not, till they fall into the snares,  
 Deluded into virtue unawares  
 Thus the shrewd doctor, in the spleen-struck mind,  
 When pregnant horror sits, and broods o'er wind, 130  
 Discarding drugs, and striving how to please,  
 Lues on insensibly, by slow degrees,  
 The patient to those manly sports which bind  
 The slacken'd sinews, and relieve the mind ,  
 The patient feels a change as wrought by stealth,  
 And wonders on demand to find it health

Some few, whom Fate ordain'd to deal in rhymes  
 In other lands, and here, in other times,  
 Whom, waiting at their birth, the midwife Muse  
 Sprinkled all over with Castalian dews, 140  
 To whom true Genius gave his magic pen,  
 Whom Art by just degrees led up to men ;  
 Some few, extremes well shunn'd, have steer'd between  
 These dangerous rocks, and held the golden mean ,  
 Sense in their works maintains her proper state,  
 But never sleeps, or labours with her weight ;  
 Grace makes the whole look elegant and gay,  
 But never dares from Sense to run astray .  
 So nice the master's touch, so great his care,  
 The colours boldly glow, not idly glare , 150  
 Mutually giving and receiving aid,  
 They set each other off, like light and shade,  
 And, as by stealth, with so much softness blend,  
 'Tis hard to say where they begin or end  
 Both give us charms, and neither gives offence ,  
 Sense perfects Grace, and Grace enlivens Sense.

Peace to the men who these high honours claim,  
 Health to their souls, and to their memories fame !



Be it my task, and no mean task, to teach 159  
 A reverence for that worth I cannot reach  
 Let me at distance, with a steady eye,  
 Observe and mark their passage to the sky,  
 From envy free, applaud such rising worth,  
 And praise their heaven, though pinion'd down to earth !

Had I the power, I could not have the time,  
 Whilst sprits flow, and life is in her prime,  
 Without a sin 'gainst Pleasure, to design  
 A plan, to methodise each thought, each line  
 Highly to finish, and make every grace,  
 In itself charming, take new charms from place 170  
 Nothing of books, and little known of men,  
 When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen,  
 Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,  
 Rough as they run, discharge them on the town.  
 Hence rude, unfinish'd brats, before their time,  
 Are born into this idle world of Rhyme,  
 And the poor slattern Muse is brought to bed  
 'With all her imperfections on her head.'

Some, as no life appears, no pulses play  
 Through the dull dubious mass, no breath makes way, 180  
 Doubt, greatly doubt, till for a glass they call,  
 Whether the child can be baptized at all ;  
 Others, on other grounds, objections frame,  
 And, granting that the child may have a name,  
 Doubt, as the sex might well a midwife pose,  
 Whether they should baptize it Verse or Prose

E'en what my masters please, bards, mild, meek men,  
 In love to critics, stumble now and then  
 Something I do myself, and something too,  
 If they can do it, leave for them to do 190  
 In the small compass of my careless page  
 Critics may find employment for an age .

Without my blunders, they were all undone ; 193  
 I twenty feed, where Mason can feed one.

When Satire stoops, unmindful of her state,  
 To praise the man I love, curse him I hate ;  
 When Sense, in tides of passion borne along,  
 Sinking to prose, degrades the name of song,  
 The censor smiles, and, whilst my credit bleeds,  
 With as high relish on the carrion feeds 200  
 As the proud earl fed at a turtle feast,  
 Who, turn'd by gluttony to worse than beast,  
 Ate till his bowels gush'd upon the floor,  
 Yet still ate on, and dying call'd for more

When loose Digression, like a colt unbroke,  
 Spurning Connexion and her formal yoke,  
 Bounds through the forest, wanders far astray  
 From the known path, and loves to lose her way,  
 'Tis a full feast to all the mongrel pack  
 To run the rambler down, and bring her back 210

When gay Description, Fancy's fairy child,  
 Wild without art, and yet with pleasure wild,  
 Waking with Nature at the morning hour  
 To the lark's call, walks o'er the opening flower  
 Which largely drank all night of heaven's fresh dew,  
 And, like a mountain nymph of Dian's crew,  
 So lightly walks, she not one mark imprints,  
 Nor brushes off the dews, nor soils the tints ,  
 When thus Description sports, even at the time  
 That drums should beat, and cannons roar in rhyme, 220  
 Critics can live on such a fault as that  
 From one month to the other, and grow fat

Ye mighty Monthly Judges ! in a dearth  
 Of letter'd blockheads, conscious of the worth  
 Of my materials, which against your will  
 Oft you've confess'd, and shall confess it still ;

Materials rich, though rude, inflamed with thought, 227  
 Though more by Fancy than by Judgment wrought,  
 Take, use them as your own, a work begin  
 Which suits your genius well, and weave them in,  
 Framed for the critic loom, with critic art,  
 Till, thread on thread depending, part on part,  
 Colour with colour mingling, light with shade,  
 To your dull taste a formal work is made,  
 And, having wrought them into one grand piece,  
 Swear it surpasses Rome, and rivals Greece

Nor think this much, for at one single word,  
 Soon as the mighty critic fiat's heard,  
 Science attends their call; their power is own'd,  
 Order takes place, and Genius is dethroned 240  
 Letters dance into books, defiance hurl'd  
 At means, as atoms danced into a world

Me higher business calls, a greater plan,  
 Worthy man's whole employ, the good of man,  
 The good of man committed to my charge  
 If idle Fancy rambles forth at large,  
 Careless of such a trust, these harmless lays  
 May Friendship envy, and may Folly praise  
 The crown of Gotham may some Scot assume,  
 And vagrant Stuarts reign in Churchill's room! 250

O my poor People! O thou wretched Earth!  
 To whose dear love, though not engaged by birth,  
 My heart is fix'd, my service deeply sworn,  
 How, (by thy father can that thought be borne?—  
 For monarchs, would they all but think like me,  
 Are only fathers in the best degree)  
 How must thy glories fade, in every land  
 Thy name be laugh'd to scorn, thy mighty hand  
 Be shorten'd, and thy zeal, by foes confess'd,  
 Bless'd in thyself, to make thy neighbours bless'd, 260

Be robb'd of vigour , how must Freedom's pile, 261  
 The boast of ages, which adorns the isle  
 And makes it great and glorious, fear'd abroad.  
 Happy at home secure from force and fraud ,  
 How must that pile, by ancient Wisdom raised  
 On a firm rock, by friends admired and praised,  
 Envied by foes, and wonder'd at by all,  
 In one short moment into ruins fall,  
 Should any slip of Stuart's tyrant race.  
 Or bastard or legitimate, disgrace 270  
 Thy royal seat of empire ! But what care,  
 What sorrow must be mine, what deep despair  
 And self-reproaches, should that hated line  
 Admittance gain through any fault of mine !  
 Cursed be the cause whence Gotham's evils sprung,  
 Though that cursed cause be found in Gotham's king  
 Let War, with all his needy ruffian band,  
 In pomp of horror stalk through Gotham's land  
 Knee-deep in blood , let all her stately towers  
 Sink in the dust ; that court which now is ours 280  
 Become a den, where beasts may, if they can,  
 A lodging find, nor fear rebuke from man ,  
 Where yellow harvests rise, be brambles found ;  
 Where vines now creep, let thistles curse the ground ,  
 Dry in her thousand valleys be the rills ;  
 Barren the cattle on her thousand hills ,  
 Where Power is placed, let tigers prowl for prey ;  
 Where Justice lodges, let wild asses bray ,  
 Let cormorants in churches make their nest,  
 And on the sails of Commerce bitterns rest ; 290  
 Be all, though princes in the earth before,  
 Her merchants bankrupts, and her marts no more ;  
 Much rather would I, might the will of Fate  
 Give me to choose, see Gotham's ruin'd state

By ills on ills thus to the earth weigh'd down, 295  
Than live to see a Stuart wear a crown

Let Heaven in vengeance aim all Nature's host,  
Those servants who their Maker know, who boast  
Obedience as their glory, and fulfil,  
Unquestion'd, their great Master's sacred will, 300  
Let raging winds root up the boiling deep,  
And, with Destruction big, o'er Gotham sweep,  
Let rains rush down, till Faith, with doubtful eye,  
Looks for the sign of mercy in the sky ;  
Let Pestilence in all her horrors rise ;  
Where'er I turn, let Famine blast my eyes ,  
Let the earth yawn; and, ere they 've time to think  
In the deep gulf let all my subjects sink  
Before my eyes, whilst on the verge I reel ,  
Feeling, but as a monarch ought to feel, 310  
Not for myself, but them, I'll kiss the rod,  
And, having own'd the justice of my God,  
Myself with firmness to the ruin give,  
And die with those for whom I wish to live.

This, (but may Heaven's more merciful decrees  
Ne'er tempt his servant with such ills as these !)  
This, or my soul deceives me, I could bear ;  
But that the Stuart race my crown should wear,  
That crown, where, highly cherish'd, Freedom shone  
Bright as the glories of the midday sun ; 320  
Born and bred slaves, that they, with proud misrule,  
Should make brave freeborn men, like boys at school,  
To the whip crouch and tremble—Oh, that thought !  
The labouring brain is e'en to madness brought  
By the dread vision ; at the mere surmise  
The thronging spirits, as in tumult, rise ;  
My heart, as for a passage, loudly beats,  
And, turn me where I will, distraction meets.

O my brave fellows ! great in arts and arms, 329  
 The wonder of the earth, whom glory warms  
 To high achievements , can your spirits bend,  
 Through base control (ye never can descend  
 So low by choice) to wear a tyrant's chain,  
 Or let, in Freedom's seat, a Stuart reign ?  
 If Fame, who hath for ages, far and wide,  
 Spread in all realms the cowardice, the pride,  
 The tyranny and falsehood of those lords,  
 Contents you not, search England's fair records ,  
 England, where first the breath of life I drew,  
 Where, next to Gotham, my best love is due ; 340  
 There once they ruled, though crush'd by William's hand,  
 They rule no more, to curse that happy land.

The first,<sup>1</sup> who, from his native soil removed,  
 Held England's sceptre, a tame tyrant proved  
 Virtue he lack'd, cursed with those thoughts which spring  
 In souls of vulgar stamp, to be a king ,  
 Spirit he had not, though he laugh'd at laws,  
 To play the bold-faced tyrant with applause ,  
 On practices most mean he raised his pride,  
 And Craft oft gave what Wisdom oft denied 350

Ne'er could he feel how truly man is blest  
 In blessing those around him ; in his breast,  
 Crowded with follies, Honour found no room ;  
 Mark'd for a coward in his mother's womb,  
 He was too proud without affronts to live,  
 Too timorous to punish or forgive

To gain a crown which had, in course of time,  
 By fair descent, been his without a crime,  
 He bore a mother's exile ; to secure  
 A greater crown, he basely could endure 360

<sup>1</sup> ' First ' James the First

The spilling of her blood by foreign knife, 361  
 Nor dared revenge her death who gave him life  
 Nay, by fond Fear, and fond Ambition led,  
 Struck hands with those by whom her blood was shed <sup>1</sup>

Call'd up to power, scarce warm on England's throne,  
 He fill'd her court with beggars from his own  
 Turn where you would, the eye with Scots was caught,  
 Or English knaves, who would be Scotsmen thought  
 To vain expense unbounded loose he gave,  
 The dupe of minions, and of slaves the slave , 370

On false pretences mighty sums he raised,  
 And damn'd those senates rich, whom poor he praised ,  
 From empire thrown, and doom'd to beg her bread,  
 On foreign bounty whilst a daughter fed,  
 He lavish'd sums, for her received, on men  
 Whose names would fix dishonour on my pen

Lies were his playthings, parliaments his sport ,  
 Book-worms and catamites engross'd the court .  
 Vain of the scholar, like all Scotsmen since,  
 The pedant scholar, he forgot the prince , 380  
 And having with some trifles stored his brain,  
 Ne'er learn'd, nor wish'd to learn, the art to reign  
 Enough he knew, to make him vain and proud,  
 Mock'd by the wise, the wonder of the crowd ,  
 False friend, false son, false father,<sup>2</sup> and false king,  
 False wit, false statesman, and false everything,  
 When he should act, he idly chose to prate,  
 And pamphlets wrote, when he should save the state

Religious, if religion holds in whim ;  
 To talk with all, he let all talk with him ; 390

<sup>1</sup> ' Blood was shed ' Secretary Cecil, who had been a bitter foe of Queen Mary, and became a favourite of James —<sup>2</sup> ' False father ' alluding to the death of the very promising Prince Henry, popularly supposed to have been hated and removed by his father.

Not on God's honour, but his own intent, 391

Not for religion's sake, but argument ,  
 More vain if some sly, artful High-Dutch slave,  
 Or, from the Jesuit school, some precious knave  
 Conviction feign'd, than if, to peace restored  
 By his full soldiery, worlds hail'd him lord

Power was his wish, unbounded as his will,  
 The power, without control, of doing ill ,  
 But what he wish'd, what he made bishops preach,  
 And statesmen warrant, hung within his reach 400  
 He dared not seize , Fear gave, to gall his pride,  
 That freedom to the realm his will denied

Of treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts,  
 In every treaty of his own mean arts  
 He fell the dupe , peace was his coward care,  
 E'en at a time when Justice call'd for war  
 His pen he'd draw to prove his lack of wit,  
 But rather than unsheath the sword, submit  
 Truth fairly must record , and, pleased to live  
 In league with Mercy, Justice may forgive 410  
 Kingdoms betray'd, and worlds resign'd to Spain,  
 But never can forgive a Raleigh slain.

At length, (with white let Freedom mark that year)  
 Not fear'd by those whom most he wish'd to fear,  
 Not loved by those whom most he wish'd to love,  
 He went to answer for his faults above ,  
 To answer to that God, from whom alone  
 He claim'd to hold, and to abuse the throne ;  
 Leaving behind, a curse to all his line,  
 The bloody legacy of Right Divine<sup>1</sup> 420

With many virtues which a radiance fling  
 Round private men , with few which grace a king,

<sup>1</sup> 'Right Divine' see, as a *per contra* to this fierce invective against poor  
 'King Jamie,' Scott's 'Fortunes of Nigel.'



And speak the monarch ; at that time of life 423  
 When Passion holds with Reason doubtful strife,  
 Succeeded Charles, by a mean sire undone,  
 Who envied virtue even in a son

His youth was fioward, turbulent, and wild ,  
 He took the Man up ere he left the Child ,  
 His soul was eager for imperial sway,  
 Ere he had learn'd the lesson to obey 430  
 Surrounded by a fawning, flattering throng,  
 Judgment each day grew weak, and humour strong ,  
 Wisdom was treated as a noisome weed,  
 And all his follies left to run to seed

What ills from such beginnings needs must spring !  
 What ills to such a land from such a king !  
 What could she hope ! what had she not to fear !  
 Base Buckingham<sup>1</sup> possess'd his youthful ear ,  
 Strafford and Laud, when mounted on the throne,  
 Engross'd his love, and made him all their own , 440  
 Strafford and Laud, who boldly dared avow  
 The traitorous doctrine taught by Tories now ,  
 Each strove to undo him in his turn and hour,  
 The first with pleasure, and the last with power  
 Thinking (vain thought, disgraceful to the throne !)  
 That all mankind were made for kings alone ,  
 That subjects were but slaves , and what was whim,  
 Or worse, in common men, was law in him ,  
 Drunk with Pierogative, which Fate decreed  
 To guard good kings, and tyrants to mislead , 450  
 Which in a fair proportion to deny  
 Allegiance dares not ; which to hold too high,  
 No good can wish, no coward king can dare,  
 And, held too high, no English subject bear ,

<sup>1</sup> 'Buckingham ' George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

Besieged by men of deep and subtle arts, 455  
 Men void of principle, and damn'd with parts,  
 Who saw his weakness, made their king their tool,  
 Then most a slave, when most he seem'd to rule ,  
 Taking all public steps for private ends,  
 Deceived by favourites, whom he called friends, 460  
 He had not strength enough of soul to find  
 That monarchs, meant as blessings to mankind,  
 Sink their great state, and stamp their fame undone,  
 When what was meant for all, they give to one.  
 Listening uxorious whilst a woman's prate <sup>1</sup>  
 Modell'd the church, and parcell'd out the state,  
 Whilst (in the state not more than women read)  
 High-churchmen preach'd, and turn'd his pious head ,  
 Tutor'd to see with ministerial eyes ,  
 Forbid to hear a loyal nation's cries ; 470  
 Made to believe (what can't a favourite do ?)  
 He heard a nation, hearing one, or two ,  
 Taught by state-quacks himself secure to think,  
 And out of danger e'en on danger's brink ,  
 Whilst power was daily crumbling from his hand,  
 Whilst murmurs ran through an insulted land,  
 As if to sanction tyrants Heaven was bound,  
 He proudly sought the ruin which he found  
 Twelve years, twelve tedious and inglorious years,<sup>2</sup>  
 Did England, crush'd by power, and awed by fears, 480  
 Whilst proud Oppression struck at Freedom's root,  
 Lament her senates lost, her Hampden mute.  
 Illegal taxes and oppressive loans,  
 In spite of all her pride, call'd forth her groans ;  
 Patience was heard her griefs aloud to tell,  
 And Loyalty was tempted to rebel.

<sup>1</sup> 'Woman's prate' Henrietta, the intriguing Queen of Charles the First  
 —<sup>2</sup> 'Inglorious years' no parliament was summoned from 1628 to 1640

Each day new acts of outrage shook the state, 487  
 New courts were raised to give new doctrines weight,  
 State inquisitions kept the realm<sup>7</sup> in awe,  
 And cursed Star-Chambers made or ruled the law;  
 Juries were pack'd, and judges were unsound,  
 Though the whole kingdom not one Pratt was found

From the first moments of his giddy youth  
 He hated senates, for they told him truth  
 At length, against his will compell'd to treat,  
 Those whom he could not fight, he strove to cheat,  
 With base dissembling every grievance heard,  
 And, often giving, often broke his word  
 Oh, where shall hapless Truth for refuge fly,  
 If kings, who should protect her, dare to lie? 500

Those who, the general good their real aim,  
 Sought in their country's good their monarch's fame,  
 Those who were anxious for his safety, those  
 Who were induced by duty to oppose,  
 Their truth suspected, and their worth unknown,  
 He held as foes and traitors to his throne;  
 Nor found his fatal error till the hour  
 Of saving him was gone and past, till power  
 Had shifted hands, to blast his hapless reign,  
 Making their faith and his repentance vain 510

Hence (be that curse confined to Gotham's foes<sup>1</sup>)  
 War, dread to mention, Civil War arose,  
 All acts of outrage, and all acts of shame,  
 Stalk'd forth at large, disguised with Honour's name;  
 Rebellion, raising high her bloody hand,  
 Spread universal havoc through the land;  
 With zeal for party, and with passion drunk,  
 In public rage all private love was sunk,  
 Friend against friend, brother 'gainst brother stood,  
 And the son's weapon drank the father's blood; 520

Nature, aghast, and fearful lest her reign  
Should last no longer, bled in every vein 521

Unhappy Stuart ! harshly though that name  
Giates on my ear, I should have died with shame  
To see my king before his subjects stand,  
And at their bar hold up his royal hand ,  
At their commands to hear the monarch plead,  
By their decrees to see that monarch bleed.  
What though thy faults were many and were great ?  
What though they shook the basis of the state ? 530

In royalty secure thy person stood,  
And sacred was the fountain of thy blood.  
Vile ministers, who dared abuse their trust,  
Who dared seduce a king to be unjust,  
Vengeance, with Justice leagued, with Power made strong,  
Had nobly crush'd—' The king could do no wrong '

Yet grieve not, Charles ! nor thy hard fortunes blame ,  
They took thy life, but they secured thy fame  
Their greatest crimes made thine like specks appear,  
From which the sun in glory is not clear 540  
Hadst thou in peace and years resign'd thy breath  
At Nature's call , hadst thou laid down in death  
As in a sleep, thy name, by Justice borne  
On the four winds, had been in pieces torn  
Pity, the virtue of a generous soul,  
Sometimes the vice, hath made thy memory whole  
Misfortunes gave what Virtue could not give,  
And bade, the tyrant slain, the martyr live

Ye Princes of the earth ! ye mighty few !  
Who, worlds subduing, can't yourselves subdue ; 550  
Who, goodness scorn'd, wish only to be great ;  
Whose breath is blasting, and whose voice is fate ,  
Who own no law, no reason, but your will,  
And scorn restraint, though 'tis from doing ill ;

Who of all passions groan beneath the worst, 555  
 Then only b'less'd when they make others cursed ,  
 Think not, for wrongs like these, uncourged to live ,  
 Long may ye sin, and long may Heaven forgive ,  
 But when ye least expect, in sorrow's day,  
 Vengeance shall fall more heavy for delay ; 560  
 Nor think that vengeance heap'd on you alone  
 Shall (poor amends !) for injured worlds atone ,  
 No, like some base distemper, which remains,  
 Transmitted from the tainted father's veins,  
 In the son's blood, such broad and general crimes  
 Shall call down vengeance e'en to latest times,  
 Call vengeance down on all who bear your name,  
 And make their portion bitterness and shame.

From land to land for years compell'd to roam,  
 Whilst Usurpation lorded it at home, 570  
 Of majesty unmindful, forced to fly,  
 Not daring, like a king, to reign or die,  
 Recall'd to repossess his lawful throne,  
 More at his people's seeking than his own,  
 Another Charles succeeded. In the school  
 Of Travel he had learn'd to play the fool ;  
 And, like pert pupils with dull tutors sent  
 To shame their country on the Continent,  
 From love of England by long absence wean'd,  
 From every court he every folly glean'd, 580  
 And was—so close do evil habits cling—  
 'Till crown'd, a beggar ; and when crown'd, no king

Those grand and general powers, which Heaven design'd,  
 An instance of his mercy to mankind,  
 Were lost, in storms of dissipation hurl'd,  
 Nor would he give one hour to bless a world ,  
 Lighter than levity which strides the blast,  
 And, of the present fond, forgets the past,

Amboyna<sup>1</sup> stands—Gods ! that a king could hold 621  
 In such high estimate vile paltry gold,  
 And of his duty be so careless fond,  
 That when the blood of subjects from the ground  
 For vengeance call'd, he should reject their cry,  
 And, bribed from honour, lay his thunders by,  
 Give Holland peace, whilst English victims groan'd,  
 And butcher'd subjects wander'd unatoned !  
 Oh, dear, deep injury to England's fame,  
 To them, to us, to all ! to him deep shame ! 630  
 Of all the passions which from frailty spring,  
 Avarice is that which least becomes a king

To crown the whole, scorning the public good,  
 Which through his reign he little understood,  
 Or little heeded, with too narrow aim  
 He reassumed a bigot brother's claim,  
 And having made time-serving senates bow,  
 Suddenly died—that brother best knew how

No matter how—he slept amongst the dead,  
 And James his brother reigned in his stead 640  
 But such a reign—so glaring an offence  
 In every step 'gainst freedom, law, and sense,  
 'Gainst all the rights of Nature's general plan,  
 'Gainst all which constitutes an Englishman,  
 That the relation would mere fiction seem,  
 The mock creation of a poet's dream ,  
 And the poor bards would, in this sceptic age,  
 Appear as false as *their* historian's page

Ambitious Folly seized the seat of Wit,  
 Christians were forced by bigots to submit , 650  
 Pride without sense, without religion Zeal,  
 Made daring inroads on the Commonweal ,

<sup>1</sup> ' Amboyna ' where the Dutch inflicted dreadful and unavenged cruelties on the English This happened, however, in 1622, under James the First, not Charles the Second

Stein Persecution raised her iron rod, 653  
 And call'd the pride of kings, the power of God ,  
 Conscience and Fame were sacrificed to Rome,  
 And England wept at Freedom's sacred tomb

Her laws despised, her constitution wrenched  
 From its due natural frame, her rights retrenched  
 Beyond a coward's sufferance, conscience forced,  
 And healing Justice from the Crown divorced, 669  
 Each moment pregnant with vile acts of power,  
 Her patriot Bishops sentenced to the Tower,  
 Her Oxford (who yet loves the Stuart name)  
 Banded with arbitrary marks of shame,  
 She wept—but wept not long to arms she flew,  
 At Honour's call the avenging sword she drew,  
 Turn'd all her terrors on the tyrant's head,  
 And sent him in despair to beg his bread ,  
 Whilst she, (may every State in such distress  
 Dare with such zeal, and meet with such success!) 670  
 Whilst she, (may Gotham, should my abject mind  
 Choose to enslave rather than free mankind,  
 Pursue her steps, tear the proud tyrant down,  
 Nor let me wear if I abuse the crown!)  
 Whilst she, (through every age, in every land,  
 Written in gold, let Revolution stand!)  
 Whilst she, secured in liberty and law,  
 Found what she sought, a saviour in Nassau

### BOOK III.

Can the fond mother from herself depart ?<sup>1</sup>  
 Can she forget the darling of her heart,  
 The little darling whom she bore and bred,  
 Nursed on her knees, and at her bosom fed ,

<sup>1</sup> Isa xlix 15

To whom she seem'd her every thought to give, 5  
 And in whose life alone she seem'd to live ?  
 Yes, from herself the mother may depart,  
 She may forget the darling of her heart,  
 The little darling whom she bore and bred,  
 Nursed on her knees, and at her bosom fed, 10  
 To whom she seem'd her every thought to give,  
 And in whose life alone she seem'd to live ,  
 But I cannot forget, whilst life remains,  
 And pours her current through these swelling veins,  
 Whilst Memory offers up at Reason's shrine ,  
 But I cannot forget that Gotham's mine

Can the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,  
 From her disnatured breast tear her young child,  
 Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,  
 And dash the smiling babe against a stone ? 20  
 Yes, the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,  
 From her disnatured breast may tear her child,  
 Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,  
 And dash the smiling babe against a stone ,  
 But I, (forbid it, Heaven !) but I can ne'er  
 The love of Gotham from this bosom tear ,  
 Can ne'er so far true royalty pervert  
 From its fair course, to do my people hurt

With how much ease, with how much confidence—  
 As if, superior to each grosser sense, 30  
 Reason had only, in full power array'd,  
 To manifest her will, and be obey'd—  
 Men make resolves, and pass into decrees  
 The motions of the mind ! with how much ease,  
 In such resolves, doth passion make a flaw,  
 And bring to nothing what was raised to law !

In empire young, scarce warm on Gotham's throne,  
 The dangers and the sweets of power unknown,



Pleased, though I scarce know why, like some young child,  
 Whose little senses each new toy turns wild, 40  
 How do I hold sweet dalliance with my crown,  
 And wanton with dominion, how lay down,  
 Without the sanction of a precedent,  
 Rules of most large and absolute extent ;  
 Rules, which from sense of public virtue spring,  
 And all at once commence a Patriot King !

But, for the day of trial is at hand,  
 And the whole fortunes of a mighty land  
 Are staked on me, and all their weal or woe  
 Must from my good or evil conduct flow, 50  
 Will I, or can I, on a fair review,  
 As I assume that name, deserve it too ?  
 Have I well weigh'd the great, the noble part  
 I'm now to play ? have I explored my heart,  
 That labyrinth of fraud, that deep dark cell,  
 Where, unsuspected e'en by me, may dwell  
 Ten thousand follies ? have I found out there  
 What I am fit to do, and what to bear ?  
 Have I traced every passion to its rise,  
 Nor spared one lurking seed of treacherous vice ? 60  
 Have I familiar with my nature grown ?  
 And am I fairly to myself made known ?  
 A Patriot King !—why, 'tis a name which bears  
 The more immediate stamp of Heaven, which wears  
 The nearest, best resemblance we can show  
 Of God above, through all his works below

To still the voice of Discord in the land ;  
 To make weak Faction's discontented band,  
 Detected, weak, and crumbling to decay,  
 With hunger pinch'd, on their own vitals prey, 70  
 Like brethren, in the self-same interests warn'd,  
 Like different bodies, with one soul inform'd,

To make a nation, nobly raised above 73  
 All meaner thought, grow up in common love ;  
 To give the laws due vigour, and-to hold  
 That secret balance, temperate, yet bold,  
 With such an equal hand, that those who fear  
 May yet approve, and own my justice clear ,  
 To be a common father, to secure  
 The weak from violence, from pride the poor , 80  
 Vice and her sons to banish in disgrace,  
 To make Corruption dread to show her face ,  
 To bid afflicted Virtue take new state,  
 And be at last acquainted with the great ,  
 Of all religions to select the best,  
 Nor let her priests be made a standing jest ,  
 Rewards for worth with liberal hand to carve,  
 To love the arts, nor let the artists starve ,  
 To make full Plenty through the realm increase,  
 Give fame in war, and happiness in peace , 90  
 To see my people virtuous, great, and free,  
 And know that all those blessings flow from me ,  
 Oh ! 'tis a joy too exquisite, a thought  
 Which flatters Nature more than flattery ought ,  
 'Tis a great, glorious task, for man too hard ,  
 But no less great, less glorious the reward,  
 The best reward which here to man is given,  
 'Tis more than earth, and little short of heaven ,  
 A task (if such comparison may be) .  
 The same in Nature, differing in degree, 100  
 Like that which God, on whom for aid I call,  
 Performs with ease, and yet performs to all  
 How much do they mistake, how little know  
 Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which flow  
 From royalty, who fancy that a crown,  
 Because it glistens, must be lined with down !

With outside show, and vain appearance caught, 107  
 They look no further, and, by Folly taught,  
 Prize high the toys of thrones, but never find  
 One of the many cares which lurk behind  
 The gem they worship which a crown adorns,  
 Nor once suspect that crown is lined with thorns  
 Oh, might Reflection Folly's place supply,  
 Would we one moment use her piercing eye,  
 Then should we find what woe from grandeur springs,  
 And learn to pity, not to envy kings !

The villagei, born humbly and bled hard,  
 Content his wealth, and Poverty his guard,  
 In action simply just, in conscience clear,  
 By guilt untainted, undisturb'd by fear, 120  
 His means but scanty, and his wants but few,  
 Labour his business, and his pleasure too,  
 Enjoys more comforts in a single hour  
 Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to power

Call'd up by health, he rises with the day,  
 And goes to work, as if he went to play,  
 Whistling off toils, one half of which might make  
 The stoutest Atlas of a palace quake ,  
 'Gainst heat and cold, which make us cowards faint,  
 Harden'd by constant use, without complaint 130  
 He bears what we should think it death to bear ,  
 Short are his meals, and homely is his fare ,  
 His thirst he slakes at some pure neighbouring brook,  
 Nor asks for sauce where appetite stands cook  
 When the dews fall, and when the sun retires  
 Behind the mountains, when the village fires,  
 Which, waken'd all at once, speak supper nigh,  
 At distance catch, and fix his longing eye,  
 Homeward he hies, and with his manly brood  
 Of raw-boned cubs enjoys that clean, coarse food, 140

Which, season'd with good-humour, his fond bride 141  
 'Gainst his return is happy to provide ,  
 Then, free from care, and free from thought, he creeps  
 Into his straw, and till the morning sleeps

Not so the king—with anxious cares oppress'd  
 His bosom labours, and admits not rest  
 A glorious wretch, he sweats beneath the weight  
 Of majesty, and gives up ease for state.  
 E'en when his smiles, which, by the fools of pride,  
 Are treasured and preserved from side to side, 150  
 Fly round the court, e'en when, compell'd by form,  
 He seems most calm, his soul is in a storm  
 Care, like a spectre, seen by him alone,  
 With all her nest of vipers, round his throne  
 By day crawls full in view , when Night bids sleep,  
 Sweet nurse of Nature! o'er the senses creep ,  
 When Misery herself no more complains,  
 And slaves, if possible, forget their chains ;  
 Though his sense weakens, though his eyes grow dim,  
 That rest which comes to all, comes not to him. 160  
 E'en at that hour, Care, tyrant Care, forbids  
 The dew of sleep to fall upon his lids ,  
 From night to night she watches at his bed ;  
 Now, as one moped, sits brooding o'er his head ,  
 Anon she starts, and, borne on raven's wings,  
 Croaks forth aloud—'Sleep was not made for kings!'

Thrice hath the moon, who governs this vast ball,  
 Who rules most absolute o'er me and all ;  
 To whom, by full conviction taught to bow,  
 At new, at full, I pay the duteous vow ; 170  
 Thrice hath the moon her wonted course pursued,  
 Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd,  
 Since, (bless'd be that season, for before  
 I was a mere, mere mortal, and no more,

One of the herd, a lump of common clay, 175  
 Inform'd with life, to die and pass away)  
 Since I became a king, and Gotham's throne,  
 With full and ample power, became my own ,  
 Thrice hath the moon her wonted course pursued,  
 Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd, 180  
 Since sleep, kind sleep ! who like a friend supplies  
 New vigour for new toil, hath closed these eyes  
 Nor, if my toils are answer'd with success,  
 And I am made an instrument to bless  
 The people whom I love, shall I repine ;  
 Theirs be the benefit, the labour mine

Mindful of that high rank in which I stand,  
 Of millions lord, sole ruler in the land,  
 Let me,—and Reason shall her aid afford,—  
 Rule my own spirit, of myself be lord. 190  
 With an ill grace that monarch wears his crown,  
 Who, stern and hard of nature, wears a frown  
 'Gainst faults in other men, yet all the while  
 Meets his own vices with a partial smile  
 How can a king (yet on record we find  
 Such kings have been, such curses of mankind)  
 Enforce that law 'gainst some poor subject elf  
 Which conscience tells him he hath broke himself ?  
 Can he some petty rogue to justice call  
 For robbing one, when he himself robs all ? 200  
 Must not, unless extinguish'd, Conscience fly  
 Into his cheek, and blast his fading eye,  
 To scourge the oppressor, when the State, distress'd  
 And sunk to ruin, is by him oppress'd ?  
 Against himself doth he not sentence give ;  
 If one must die, t' other's not fit to live

Weak is that throne, and in itself unsound,  
 Which takes not solid virtue for its ground

All envy power in others, and complain 209  
 Of that which they would perish to obtain.  
 Nor can those spouts, turbulent and bold,  
 Not to be awed by threats, nor bought with gold,  
 Be hush'd to peace, but when fair legal sway  
 Makes it their real interest to obey ,  
 When kings, and none but fools can then rebel,  
 Not less in virtue, than in power, excel

Be that my object, that my constant care,  
 And may my soul's best wishes centre there ,  
 Be it my task to seek, nor seek in vain,  
 Not only how to live, but how to reign , 220  
 And to those virtues which from Reason spring,  
 And grace the man, join those which grace the king

First, (for strict duty bids my care extend  
 And reach to all who on that care depend,  
 Bids me with servants keep a steady hand,  
 And watch o'er all my proxies in the land)  
 First, (and that method Reason shall support)  
 Before I look into, and purge my court,  
 Before I cleanse the stable of the State,  
 Let me fix things which to myself relate 230  
 That done, and all accounts well settled here,  
 In resolution firm, in honour clear,  
 Tremble, ye slaves ! who dare abuse your trust,  
 Who dare be villains, when your king is just

Are there, amongst those officers of state,  
 To whom our sacred power we delegate,  
 Who hold our place and office in the realm,  
 Who, in our name commission'd, guide the helm ,  
 Are there, who, trusting to our love of ease,  
 Oppress our subjects, wrest our just decrees, 240  
 And make the laws, warp'd from their fair intent,  
 To speak a language which they never meant ,

Are there such men, and can the fools depend      243  
On holding out in safety to their end ?

Can they so much, from thoughts of danger free,  
Deceive themselves, so much misdeem of me,  
To think that I will prove a statesman's tool,  
And live a stranger where I ought to rule ?  
What ! to myself and to my state unjust,  
Shall I from ministers take things on trust,      250  
And, sinking low the credit of my throne,  
Depend upon dependants of my own ?

Shall I,—most certain source of future cares,—  
Not use my judgment, but depend on theirs ?  
Shall I, true puppet-like, be mock'd with state,  
Have nothing but the name of being great ,  
Attend at councils which I must not weigh ,  
Do what they bid, and what they dictate, say ,  
Enobed, and hoisted up into my chair,  
Only to be a loyal cipher there ?      260

Perish the thought—'tis treason to my throne—  
And who but thinks it, could his thoughts be known  
Insults me more than he, who, leagued with Hell,  
Shall rise in arms, and 'gainst my crown rebel

The wicked statesman, whose false heart pursues  
A train of guilt , who acts with double views,  
And wears a double face , whose base designs  
Strike at his monarch's throne ; who undermines  
E'en whilst he seems his wishes to support ,  
Who seizes all departments , packs a court ,      270  
Maintains an agent on the judgment-seat,  
To screen his crimes, and make his frauds complete ,  
New-models armies, and around the throne  
Will suffer none but creatures of his own,  
Conscious of such his baseness, well may try, •  
Against the light to shut his master's eye,

To keep him coop'd, and far removed from those 277  
 Who, brave and honest, dare his crimes disclose,  
 Nor ever let him in one place appear,  
 Where truth, unwelcome truth, may wound his ear.

Attempts like these, well weigh'd, themselves proclaim,  
 And, whilst they publish, balk their author's aim  
 Kings must be blind into such snares to run,  
 Or, worse, with open eyes must be undone  
 The minister of honesty and worth  
 Demands the day to bring his actions forth,  
 Calls on the sun to shine with fiercer rays,  
 And braves that trial which must end in praise  
 None fly the day, and seek the shades of night,  
 But those whose actions cannot bear the light, 290  
 None wish their king in ignorance to hold  
 But those who feel that knowledge must unfold  
 Their hidden guilt; and, that dark mist dispell'd  
 By which their places and their lives are held,  
 Confusion wait them, and, by Justice led,  
 In vengeance fall on every traitor's head.

Aware of this, and caution'd 'gainst the pit  
 Where kings have oft been lost, shall I submit,  
 And rust in chains like these? shall I give way,  
 And whilst my helpless subjects fall a prey 300  
 To power abused, in ignorance sit down;  
 Nor dare assert the honour of my crown?  
 When stern Rebellion, (if that odious name  
 Justly belongs to those whose only aim,  
 Is to preserve their country, who oppose,  
 In honour leagued, none but their country's foes,  
 Who only seek their own, and found their cause  
 In due regard for violated laws)  
 When stern Rebellion, who no longer feels  
 Nor fears rebuke, a nation at her heels, 310



A nation up in arms, though strong not proud, 311  
 Knocks at the palace gate, and, calling loud  
 For due redress, presents, from Truth's fair pen,  
 A list of wrongs, not to be borne by men  
 How must that king be humbled, how disgrace  
 All that is royal in his name and place,  
 Who, thus call'd forth to answer, can advance  
 No other plea but that of ignorance !  
 A vile defence, which, was his all at stake,  
 The meanest subject well might blush to make , 320  
 A filthy source, from whence shame ever springs ,  
 A stain to all, but most a stain to kings.  
 The soul with great and manly feelings warm'd,  
 Panting for knowledge, rests not till inform'd ,  
 And shall not I, fired with the glorious zeal,  
 Feel those brave passions which my subjects feel ?  
 Or can a just excuse from ignorance flow  
 To me, whose first great duty is—to know ?  
 Hence, Ignorance !—thy settled, dull, blank eye  
 Would hunt me, though I knew no reason why. 330  
 Hence, Ignorance !—thy slavish shackles bind  
 The free-born soul, and lethargise the mind.  
 Of thee, begot by Pride, who look'd with scorn  
 On every meaner match, of thee was born  
 That grave inflexibility of soul,  
 Which Reason can't convince, nor Fear control ,  
 Which neither arguments nor prayers can reach,  
 And nothing less than utter ruin teach.  
 Hence, Ignorance !—hence to that depth of night  
 Where thou wast born, where not one gleam of light 340  
 May wound thine eye—hence to some dreary cell  
 Where monks with superstition love to dwell ;  
 Or in some college soothe thy lazy pride,  
 And with the heads of colleges reside ;

Fit mate for Royalty thou canst not be, 345  
 And if no mate for kings, no mate for me  
 Come, Study ! like a torrent swell'd with rains,  
 Which, rushing down the mountains, o'er the plains  
 Spreads horror wide, and yet, in horror kind,  
 Leaves seeds of future fruitfulness behind, 350  
 Come, Study !—painful though thy course, and slow,  
 Thy real worth by thy effects we know—  
 Parent of Knowledge, come !—Not thee I call,  
 Who, grave and dull, in college or in hall  
 Dost sit, all solemn sad, and moping weigh  
 Things which, when found, thy labours can't repay—  
 Nor, in one hand, Æt emblem of thy trade,  
 A rod , in t' other, gaudily array'd,  
 A hornbook gilt and letter'd, call I thee,  
 Who dost in form preside o'er A, B, C . 360  
 Nor (siren though thou art, and thy strange charms,  
 As 'twere by magic, lure men to thine arms)  
 Do I call thee, who, through a winding maze,  
 A labyrinth of puzzling, pleasing ways,  
 Dost lead us at the last to those rich plains,  
 Where, in full glory, real Science reigns ,  
 Fair though thou art, and lovely to mine eye,  
 Though full rewards in thy possession lie  
 To crown man's wish, and do thy favourites grace ,  
 Though (was I station'd in an humbler place) 370  
 I could be ever happy in thy sight,  
 Toil with thee all the day, and through the night,  
 Toil on from watch to watch, bidding my eye,  
 Fast rivetted on Science, sleep defy ;  
 Yet (such the hardships which from empire flow)  
 Must I thy sweet society forego,  
 And to some happy rival's arms resign  
 Those charms which can, alas ! no more be mine !

No more from hour to hour, from day to day, 279  
 Shall I pursue thy steps, and urge my way,  
 Where eager love of science calls, no more  
 Attempt those paths which man ne'er trod before ;  
 No more, the mountain scaled, the desert cross'd,  
 Losing myself, nor knowing I was lost,  
 Travel through woods, through wilds, from morn to night,  
 From night to morn, yet travel with delight,  
 And having found thee, lay me down content,  
 Own all my toil well paid, my time well spent  
 Farewell, ye Muses too !—for such mean things  
 Must not presume to dwell with mighty kings— 330  
 Farewell, ye Muses ! though it cuts my heart  
 E'en to the quick, we must for ever part

When the fresh morn bade lusty Nature wake ,  
 When the buds, sweetly twittering through the brake,  
 Tune their soft pipes , when, from the neighbouring bloor  
 Sipping the dew, each zephyr stole perfume ,  
 When all things with new vigour were inspired,  
 And seem'd to say they never could be tired ,  
 How often have we stray'd, whilst sportive rhyme  
 Deceived the way and clipp'd the wings of Time, 400  
 O'er hill, o'er dale , how often laugh'd to see,  
 Yourselves made visible to none but me,  
 The clown, his works suspended, gape and stare,  
 And seem to think that I conversed with air !

When the sun beating on the parched soil,  
 Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil ,  
 When a faint languor crept through every breast,  
 And things most used to labour wish'd for rest,  
 How often, underneath a reverend oak,  
 Where safe, and fearless of the impious stroke, 410  
 Some sacred Dryad lived ; or in some grove,  
 Where, with capricious fingers, Fancy wove

Her fany bower, whilst Nature all the while 418  
 Look'd on, and view'd her mockeries with a smile,  
 Have we held converse sweet ! How often laid,  
 Fast by the Thames, in Ham's inspiring shade,  
 Amongst those poets which make up your train,  
 And, after death, pour foith the sacred strain,  
 Have I, at your command, in verse grown gray,  
 But not impair'd, heard Dryden tune that lay 420  
 Which might have diawn an angel from his sphere,  
 And kept him from his office listening here !

When dreary Night, with Morpheus in her train,  
 Led on by Silence, to resume her reign,  
 With darkness covering, as with a robe,  
 The scene of levity, blank'd half the globe,  
 How oft, enchanted with your heavenly strains,  
 Which stole me from myself, which in soft chains  
 Of music bound my soul ; how oft have I,  
 Sounds more than human floating through the sky, 430  
 Attentive sat, whilst Night, against her will,  
 Transported with the harmony, stood still !  
 How oft in raptures, which man scarce could bear,  
 Have I, when gone, still thought the Muses there ;  
 Still heard their music, and, as mute as death,  
 Sat all attention, diew in every breath,  
 Lest, breathing all too rudely, I should wound,  
 And mar that magic excellence of sound,  
 Then, Sense returning with return of day,  
 Have chid the Night, which fled so fast away ! 440

Such my pursuits, and such my joys of yore,  
 Such were my mates, but now my mates no more  
 Placed out of Envy's walk, (for Envy, sure,  
 Would never haunt the cottage of the poor,  
 Would never stoop to wound my homespun lays)  
 With some few friends, and some small share of praise,

Beneath oppression, undisturb'd by strife, 447  
 In peace I trod the humble vale of life.  
 Farewell, these scenes of ease, this tranquil state,  
 Welcome the troubles which on empire wait !  
 Light toys from this day forth I disavow ,  
 They pleased me once, but cannot suit me now  
 To common men all common things are free,  
 What honours them, might fix disgrace on me  
 Call'd to a throne, and o'er a mighty land  
 Ordain'd to rule, my head, my heart, my hand,  
 Are all engross'd , each private view withstood,  
 And task'd to labour for the public good  
 Be this my study , to this one great end  
 May every thought, may every action tend ! 460

Let me the page of History turn o'er,  
 The instructive page, and heedfully explore  
 What faithful pens of former times have wrote  
 Of former kings , what they did worthy note,  
 What worthy blame , and from the sacred tomb  
 Where righteous monarchs sleep, where laurels bloom,  
 Unhurt by Time, let me a garland twine,  
 Which, robbing not their fame, may add to mine.

Nor let me with a vain and idle eye  
 Glance o'er those scenes, and in a hurry fly, 470  
 Quick as the post, which travels day and night ,  
 Nor let me dwell there, lured by false delight ,  
 And, into barren theory betray'd,  
 Forget that monarchs are for action made.  
 When amorous Spring, repairing all his charms,  
 Calls Nature forth from hoary Winter's arms,  
 Where, like a virgin to some lecher sold,  
 Three wretched months she lay benumb'd, and cold ,  
 When the weak flower, which, shrinking from the breath  
 Of the rude North, and timorous of death, 480

To its kind mother earth for shelter fled, 481  
 And on her bosom hid its tender head,  
 Peeps forth afresh, and, cheer'd by milder skies,  
 Bids in full splendour all her beauties rise,  
 The hive is up in arms—expert to teach,  
 Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each  
 Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch,  
 Strength in her limbs, and on her wings dispatch,  
 The bee goes forth, from herb to herb she flies, 489  
 From flower to flower, and loads her labouring thighs  
 With treasured sweets, robbing those flowers, which, left,  
 Find not themselves made poorer by the theft,  
 Their scents as lively, and their looks as fair,  
 As if the pillager had not been there  
 Ne'er doth she sit on Pleasure's silken wing,  
 Ne'er doth she, loitering, let the bloom of Spring  
 Unruffled pass, and on the downy breast  
 Of some fair flower indulge untimely rest,  
 Ne'er doth she, drinking deep of those rich dew  
 Which chemist Night prepared, that faith abuse 500  
 Due to the hive, and, selfish in her toils,  
 To her own private use convert the spoils  
 Love of the stock first call'd her forth to roam,  
 And to the stock she brings her booty home.  
 Be this my pattern—as becomes a king,  
 Let me fly all abroad on Reason's wing,  
 Let mine eye, like the lightning, through the earth  
 Run to and fro, nor let one deed of worth,  
 In any place and time, nor let one man,  
 Whose actions may enrich dominion's plan, 510  
 Escape my note, be all, from the first day  
 Of Nature to this hour, be all my prey.  
 From those whom Time, at the desire of Fame,  
 Hath spared, let Virtue catch an equal flame,

From those who, not in mercy, but in rage, 515  
 Time hath reprieved, to damn from age to age,  
 Let me take warning, lesson'd to distil,  
 And, imitating Heaven, draw good from ill.  
 Nor let these great researches, in my breast  
 A monument of useless labour rest ; 520

No—let them spread—the effects let Gotham share,  
 And reap the harvest of their monarch's care  
 Be other times, and other countries known,  
 Only to give fresh blessings to my own  
 Let me, (and may that God to whom I fly,  
 On whom for needful succour I rely ,  
 In this great hour, that glorious God of truth,  
 Through whom I reign, in mercy to my youth,  
 Assist my weakness, and direct me right ,  
 From every speck which hangs upon the sight 530

Purge my mind's eye, nor let one cloud remain  
 To spread the shades of Error o'er my brain !)  
 Let me, impartial, with unweari'd thought,  
 Try men and things , let me, as monarchs ought,  
 Examine well on what my power depends ;  
 What are the general principles and ends  
 Of government , how empire first began ;  
 And wherefore man was raised to reign o'er man

Let me consider, as from one great source  
 We see a thousand rivers take their course, 540  
 Dispersed, and into different channels led,  
 Yet by their parent still supplied and fed,  
 That Government, (though branch'd out far and wide,  
 In various modes to various lands apply'd)  
 Howe'er it differs in its outward frame,  
 In the main groundwork's every where the same ,  
 The same her view, though different her plan,  
 Her grand and general view—the good of man

Let me find out, by Reason's sacred beams, 549  
What system in itself most perfect seems,  
Most worthy man, most likely to conduce  
To all the purposes of general use ,  
Let me find, too, where, by far Reason tried,  
It fails, when to particulars applied ,  
Why in that mode all nations do not join,  
And, chiefly, why it cannot suit with mine

Let me the gradual rise of empires trace,  
Till they seem founded on Perfection's base ,  
Then (for when human things have made their way  
To excellence, they hasten to decay) 560  
Let me, whilst Observation lends her clue  
Step after step to their decline pursue,  
Enabled by a chain of facts to tell  
Not only how they rose, but why they fell

Let me not only the distempers know  
Which in all states from common causes grow,  
But likewise those, which, by the will of Fate,  
On each peculiar mode of empire wait ;  
Which in its very constitution lurk,  
Too sure at last to do its destined work 570  
Let me, forewarn'd, each sign, each symptom learn,  
That I my people's danger may discern,  
Ere 'tis too late wish'd health to reassure,  
And, if it can be found, find out a cure

Let me, (though great, grave brethren of the gown  
Preach all Faith up, and preach all Reason down,  
Making those jar whom Reason meant to join,  
And vesting in themselves a right divine),  
Let me, through Reason's glass, with searching eye,  
Into the depth of that religion pry 580  
Which law hath sanction'd ; let me find out there  
What's form, what's essence , what, like vagrant air,



We well may change , and what, without a crime, 583  
 Cannot be changed to the last hour of time ,  
 Nor let me suffer that outrageous zeal  
 Which, without knowledge, furious bigots feel,  
 Fair in pretence, though at the heart unsound,  
 These separate points at random to confound

The times have been when priests have dared to tread,  
 Proud and insulting, on their monarch's head ; 590  
 When, whilst they made religion a pretence,  
 Out of the world they banish'd common-sense ;  
 When some soft king, too open to deceit,  
 Easy and unsuspecting join'd the cheat,  
 Duped by mock piety, and gave his name  
 To serve the vilest purposes of shame  
 Fear not, my people ! where no cause of fear  
 Can justly rise—your king secures you here ,  
 Your king, who scorns the haughty prelate's nod,  
 Nor deems the voice of priests the voice of God 600

Let me, (though lawyers may perhaps forbid  
 Their monarch to behold what they wish hid,  
 And for the purposes of knavish gain,  
 Would have their trade a mystery remain)  
 Let me, disdaining all such slavish awe,  
 Dive to the very bottom of the law ,  
 Let me (the weak, dead letter left behind)  
 Search out the principles, the spirit find,  
 Till, from the parts, made master of the whole,  
 I see the Constitution's very soul 610

Let me, (though statesmen will no doubt resist,  
 And to my eyes present a fearful list  
 Of men, whose wills are opposite to mine,  
 Of men, great men, determined to resign)  
 Let me, (with firmness, which becomes a king,  
 Conscious from what a source my actions spring,

Determined not by woulds to be withstood,  
 When my grand object is my country's good)  
 Unravel all low ministerial scenes,  
 Destroy their jobs, lay bare their ways and means,  
 And track them step by step, let me well know  
 How places, pensions, and preferments go,  
 Why Guilt's provided for when Worth is not,  
 And why one man of merit is forgot,  
 Let me in peace, in war, supreme preside,  
 And dare to know my way without a guide

617

Let me, (though Dignity, by nature proud,  
 Retires from view, and swells behind a cloud,—  
 As if the sun shone with less powerful ray,  
 Less grace, less glory, shining every day,—  
 Though when she comes forth into public sight,  
 Unbending as a ghost, she stalks upright,  
 With such an air as we have often seen,  
 And often laugh'd at, in a tragic queen,  
 Nor, at her presence, though base myriads crook  
 The supple knee, vouchsafes a single look)  
 Let me, (all vain parade, all empty pride,  
 All terrors of dominion laid aside,  
 All ornament, and needless helps of art,  
 All those big looks, which speak a little heart)  
 Know (which few kings, alas! have ever known)  
 How Affability becomes a throne,  
 Destroys all fear, bids Love with Reverence live,  
 And gives those graces Pride can never give  
 Let the stern tyrant keep a distant state,  
 And, hating all men, fear return of hate,  
 Conscious of guilt, retreat behind his throne,  
 Secure from all upbraidings but his own.  
 Let all my subjects have access to me,  
 Be my ears open, as my heart is free,

630

640

650

In full fair tide let information flow , 651  
 That evil is half cured, whose cause we know  
 And thou, where'er thou art, thou wretched thing,  
 Who art afraid to look up to a king,  
 Lay by thy fears , make but thy grievance plain,  
 And, if I not redress thee, may my reign  
 Close up that very moment To prevent  
 The course of Justice from her vain intent,  
 In vain my nearest, dearest friend shall plead,  
 In vain my mother kneel , my soul may bleed, 660  
 But must not change When Justice draws the dait,  
 Though it is doom'd to pierce a favourite's heart,  
 'Tis mine to give it force, to give it aim—  
 I know it duty, and I feel it fame

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### THE AUTHOR.<sup>1</sup>

ACCURSED the man, whom Fate ordains, in spite,  
 And cruel parents teach, to read and write !  
 What need of letters ? wherefore should we spell ?  
 Why write our names ? A mark will do as well  
 Much are the precious hours of youth misspent,  
 In climbing Learning's rugged, steep ascent ,  
 When to the top the bold adventurer's got,  
 He reigns, vain monarch, o'er a barren spot  
 Whilst in the vale of Ignorance below,  
 Folly and Vice to rank luxuriance grow ; 10  
 Honours and wealth pour in on every side,  
 And proud Preference rolls her golden tide.

<sup>1</sup> 'The Author' published in 1763 For this poem and 'The Duellist,' Churchill received £420

O'er crabbed authois life's gay prime to waste, 13  
 To cramp wld genius in the chains of taste,  
 To bear the slavish dudgery of schools,  
 And tamely stoop to every pedant's rules ,  
 For seven long years debarr'd of liberal ease,  
 To plod in college trammels to degrees ,  
 Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,  
 Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown , 20  
 To praise each senior blockhead's threadbare tale,  
 And laugh till reason blush, and spirits fail ,  
 Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,  
 And cap the fool, whose merit is his place,  
 Vice-Chancellors, whose knowledge is but small,  
 And Chancellors, who nothing know at all  
 Ill-brook'd the generous spirit in those days  
 When learning was the certain road to praise,  
 When nobles, with a love of science bless'd,  
 Approved in others what themselves possess'd 30

But now, when Dulness rears aloft her throne,  
 When lordly vassals her wide empire own ,  
 When Wit, seduced by Envy, starts aside,  
 And basely leagues with Ignorance and Pride ;  
 What, now, should tempt us, by false hopes misled,  
 Learning's unfashionable paths to tread ;  
 To bear those labours which our fathers bore,  
 That crown withheld, which they in triumph wore ?

When with much pains this boasted learning's got,  
 'Tis an affront to those who have it not : 40  
 In some it causes hate, in others fear,  
 Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer  
 With prudent haste the worldly-minded fool  
 Forgets the little which he learn'd at school .  
 The elder brother, to vast fortunes born,  
 Looks on all science with an eye of scorn ;

Dependent brethren the same features wear, 47  
 And younger sons are stupid as the heir  
 In senates, at the bar, in church and state,  
 Genius is vile, and leaning out of date  
 Is this—oh, death to think!—is this the land  
 Where Merit and Reward went hand in hand?  
 Where heroes, parent-like, the poet view'd,  
 By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd?  
 Where poets, true to honour, tuned their lays,  
 And by their patrons sanctified their praise?  
 Is this the land, where, on our Spenser's tongue,  
 Enamour'd of his voice, Description hung?  
 Where Jonson rigid Gravity beguiled,  
 Whilst Reason through her critic fences smiled? 60  
 Where Nature listening stood whilst Shakspeare play'd,  
 And wonder'd at the work herself had made?  
 Is this the land, where, mindful of her charge  
 And office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large?  
 Where, finding in our laws a sure defence,  
 She mock'd at all restraints, but those of sense?  
 Where, Health and Honour trooping by her side,  
 She spread her sacred empire far and wide,  
 Pointed the way, Affliction to beguile,  
 And bade the face of Sorrow wear a smile; 70  
 Bade those, who dare obey the generous call,  
 Enjoy her blessings, which God meant for all?  
 Is this the land, where, in some tyrant's reign,  
 When a weak, wicked, ministerial train,  
 The tools of power, the slaves of interest, plann'd  
 Their country's ruin, and with bribes unmann'd  
 Those wretches, who, ordain'd in Freedom's cause,  
 Gave up our liberties, and sold our laws,  
 When Power was taught by Meanness where to go,  
 Nor dared to love the virtue of a foe; 80

When, like a leprous plague, from the foul head 81  
 To the foul heart her sores Corruption spread,  
 Her iron arm when stein Oppression rear'd,  
 And Virtue, from her broad base shaken, fear'd  
 The scourge of Vice, when, impotent and vain,  
 Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slavery's chain?  
 Is this the land, where, in those worst of times,  
 The hardy poet raised his honest rhymes  
 To dread rebuke, and bade Controlment speak  
 In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek, 90  
 Rade Power turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,  
 And made them fear the Muse, who fear'd not law?  
 How do I laugh, when men of narrow souls,  
 Whom Folly guides, and Prejudice controls,  
 Who, one dull drowsy track of business trod,  
 Worship their Mammon, and neglect their God,  
 Who, breathing by one musty set of rules,  
 Dote from their birth, and are by system fools,  
 Who, form'd to dulness from their very youth,  
 Lies of the day prefer to gospel truth; 100  
 Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,  
 And lay out all their stock of faith in news,  
 How do I laugh, when creatures, form'd like these,  
 Whom Reason scorns, and I should blush to please,  
 Rail at all liberal arts, deem verse a crime,  
 And hold not truth, as truth, if told in rhyme!  
 How do I laugh, when Publius,<sup>1</sup> hoary grown  
 In zeal for Scotland's welfare, and his own,  
 By slow degrees, and course of office, drawn  
 In mood and figure at the helm to yawn, 110  
 Too mean (the worst of curses Heaven can send)  
 To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,

<sup>1</sup> 'Publius' Smollett

Ening by form, which blockheads sacred hold, 113  
 Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,  
 Rebukes my spirit, bids the daring Muse  
 Subjects more equal to her weakness choose ;  
 Bids her frequent the haunts of humble swains,  
 Nor dare to traffic in ambitious strains ,  
 Bids her, indulging the poetic whim  
 In quaint-wrought ode, or sonnet peitly trim, 120  
 Along the church-way path complain with Gray,  
 Or dance with Mason on the first of May !  
 ' All sacred is the name and power of kings ,  
 All states and statesmen are those mighty things  
 Which, howsoe'er they out of course may roll,  
 Were never made for poets to control '

Peace, peace, thou dotard ! nor thus vilely deem  
 Of sacred numbers, and their power blaspheme  
 I tell thee, wretch, search all creation round,  
 In earth, in heaven, no subject can be found 130  
 (Our God alone except) above whose height  
 The poet cannot rise, and hold his state  
 The blessed saints above in numbers speak  
 The praise of God, though there all praise is weak ,  
 In numbers here below the bard shall teach  
 Virtue to soar beyond the villain's reach ;  
 Shall tear his labouring lungs, strain his hoarse throat,  
 And raise his voice beyond the trumpet's note,  
 Should an afflicted country, awed by men  
 Of slavish principles, demand his pen 140  
 This is a great, a glorious point of view,  
 Fit for an English poet to pursue ,  
 Undaunted to pursue, though, in return,  
 His writings by the common hangman burn  
 How do I laugh, when men, by fortune placed  
 Above their betters, and by rank disgraced,

Who found their pride on titles which they stain, 147  
 And, mean themselves, are of their fathers vain,  
 Who would' a bill of privilege prefer,  
 And treat a poet like a creditor,  
 The generous aidour of the Muse condemn,  
 And curse the storm they know must break on them!  
 'What! shall a reptile bard, a wretch unknown,  
 Without one badge of merit but his own,  
 Great nobles lash, and lords, like common men,  
 Smart from the vengeance of a scribbler's pen?'

What's in this name of lord, that I should fear  
 To bring their vices to the public ear?  
 Flows not the honest blood of humble swains  
 Quick as the tide which swells a monarch's veins? 160  
 Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,  
 Cannot make virtues in succession flow  
 Wouldst thou, proud man! be safely placed above  
 The censure of the Muse? Deserve her love  
 Act as thy birth demands, as nobles ought,  
 Look back, and, by thy worthy father taught,  
 Who earn'd those honours thou wert born to wear,  
 Follow his steps, and be his virtue's heir.  
 But if, regardless of the road to fame,  
 You start aside, and tread the paths of shame, 170  
 If such thy life, that should thy sire arise,  
 The sight of such a son would blast his eyes,  
 Would make him curse the hour which gave thee birth,  
 Would drive him shuddering from the face of earth,  
 Once more, with shame and sorrow, 'mongst the dead  
 In endless night to hide his reverend head,  
 If such thy life, though kings had made thee more  
 Than ever king a scoundrel made before;  
 Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper spring,  
 Though God in vengeance had made thee a king, 180



Taking on Virtue's wing her daiming flight, 181  
 The Muse should drag thee, trembling, to the light,  
 Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare  
 To the keen question of the searching an

Gods! with what pride I see the titled slave,  
 Who smarts beneath the stroke which Satire gave,  
 Aiming at ease, and with dishonest art  
 Striving to hide the feelings of his heart!  
 How do I laugh, when, with affected air,  
 (Scarce able through, despite to keep his chair, 190  
 Whilst on his trembling lip pale Anger speaks,  
 And the chafed blood flies mounting to his cheeks)  
 He talks of Conscience, which good men secures  
 From all those evil moments Guilt endures,  
 And seems to laugh at those who pay regard  
 To the wild ravings of a frantic bard  
 'Satire, whilst envy and ill-humour sway  
 The mind of man, must always make her way,  
 Nor to a bosom, with discretion fraught,  
 Is all her malice worth a single thought 200  
 The wise have not the will, nor fools the power,  
 To stop her headstrong course, within the hour,  
 Left to herself, she dies, opposing strife  
 Gives her fresh vigour, and prolongs her life  
 All things her prey, and every man her aim,  
 I can no patent for exemption claim,  
 Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart  
 Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart;  
 Though pointed at myself, be Satire free,  
 To her 'tis pleasure, and no pain to me' 210

Dissembling wretch! hence to the Stoic school,  
 And there amongst thy brethren play the fool,  
 There, unrebuked, these wild, vain doctrines preach.  
 Lives there a man whom Satire cannot reach?

Lives there a man who calmly can stand by, 215  
 And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye ?  
 When Satire flies abroad on Falsehood's wing,  
 Short is her life, and impotent her sting ,  
 But when to Truth allied, the wound she gives  
 Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives 220  
 When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,  
 And e'en by friends thy memory be forgot,  
 Still shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,  
 Live in her page, and stink to after-times  
 Hast thou no feeling yet ? Come, throw off pride,  
 And own those passions which thou shalt not hide  
 Sandwich, who, from the moment of his birth,  
 Made human nature a reproach on earth,  
 Who never dared, nor wish'd, behind to stay,  
 When Folly, Vice, and Meanness led the way, 230  
 Would blush, should he be told, by Truth and Wit,  
 Those actions which he blush'd not to commit  
 Men the most infamous are fond of fame,  
 And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame  
 But whither runs my zeal, whose rapid force,  
 Turning the brain, bears Reason from her course ,  
 Carries me back to times, when poets, bless'd  
 With courage, graced the science they profess'd ,  
 When they, in honour rooted, firmly stood,  
 The bad to punish, and reward the good , 240  
 When, to a flame by public virtue wrought,  
 The foes of freedom they to justice brought,  
 And dared expose those slaves who dared support  
 A tyrant plan, and call'd themselves a Court ?  
 Ah ! what are poets now ? As slavish those  
 Who deal in verse, as those who deal in prose  
 Is there an Author, search the kingdom round,  
 In whom true worth and real spirit's found ?

The slaves of booksellers, or (doom'd by Fate      249  
 To baser chains) vile pensioners of state ,  
 Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud  
 Which Honour scorns, for slavery roar aloud ,  
 Others, half-palsied only, mutes become,  
 And what makes Smollett write, makes Johnson dumb

Why turns yon villain pale ? Why bends his eye  
 Inward, abash'd, when Murphy passes by ?  
 Dost thou sage Murphy for a blockhead take,  
 Who wages war with Vice for Virtue's sake ?  
 No, no, like other worldlings, you will find  
 He shifts his sails and catches every wind      260  
 His soul the shock of Interest can't endure  
 Give him a pension then, and sin secure

With laurell'd wreaths the flatterer's brows adorn :  
 Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn ,  
 Bid cowards thrive, put Honesty to flight,  
 Murphy shall prove, or try to prove it right  
 Try, thou state-juggler, every palt'ry art ,  
 Ransack the inmost closet of my heart ,  
 Swear thou'rt my friend , by that base oath make way  
 Into my breast, and flatter to betray.      270

Or, if those tricks are vain , if wholesome doubt  
 Detects the fraud, and points the villain out,  
 Bibe those who daily at my board are fed,  
 And make them take my life who eat my bread  
 On Authors for defence, for praise depend ,  
 Pay him but well, and Murphy is thy friend  
 He, he shall ready stand with venal rhymes,  
 To varnish guilt, and consecrate thy crimes,  
 To make Corruption in false colours shine,  
 And damn his own good name, to rescue thine      280

But, if thy niggard hands their gifts withhold,  
 And Vice no longer rains down showers of gold,

Condemn'd, (like many more, and worthier men, 347  
 To whom I pledge the service of my pen)<sup>1</sup>  
 Condemn'd (whilst proud and pauper'd sons of lawn,  
 Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)  
 In pomp of reverend beggary to appear,  
 To pray, and starve on forty pounds a-year  
 My friends, who never felt the galling load,  
 Lament that I forsook the packhorse road,  
 Whilst Virtue to my conduct witness bears,  
 In throwing off that gown which Francis<sup>2</sup> wears

What creature's that, so very pert and prim,  
 So very full of foppery, and whim,  
 So gentle, yet so brisk, so wondrous sweet,  
 So fit to prattle at a lady's feet, 360

Who looks as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,  
 And by his garb appears a man of God?  
 Trust not to looks, nor credit outward show,  
 The villain lurks beneath the cassock'd beau,  
 That's an informer, what avails the name?  
 Suffice it that the wretch from Sodom came  
 His tongue is deadly—from his presence run,  
 Unless thy rage would wish to be undone  
 No ties can hold him, no affection bind,  
 And fear alone restrains his coward mind, 370  
 Free him from that, no monster is so fell,  
 Nor is so sure a blood-hound found in Hell  
 His silken smiles, his hypocritic air,  
 His meek demeanour, plausible and fair,  
 Are only worn to pave Fraud's easier way,  
 And make gull'd Virtue fall a surer prey  
 Attend his church—his plan of doctrine view—  
 The preacher is a Christian, dull, but true,

<sup>1</sup> 'Service of my pen' he designed, and partly executed, a poem entitled  
 'The Curate'—<sup>2</sup> Francis—the Rev Philip Francis, the translator of Horace,  
 and father of Sir Philip Francis

But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er, 379  
 That plan of doctrine's never thought of more,  
 Christ is laid by neglected on the shelf,  
 And the vile priest is gospel to himself

By Cleland<sup>1</sup> tutor'd, and with Blacow<sup>2</sup> bled,  
 (Blacow, whom, by a brave resentment led,  
 Oxford, if Oxford had not sunk in fame,  
 Eie this, had damn'd to everlasting shame)  
 Their steps he follows, and then crimes partakes,  
 To virtue lost, to vice alone he wakes,  
 Most lusciously declaims 'gainst luscious themes,  
 And whilst he rails at blasphemy, blasphemes 380

Are these the arts which policy supplies?  
 Are these the steps by which grave churchmen rise?  
 Forbid it, Heaven, or, should it turn out so,  
 Let me and mine continue mean and low  
 Such be their arts whom interest controls,  
 Kidgell<sup>3</sup> and I have free and modest souls  
 We scorn preferment which is gain'd by sin,  
 And will, though poor without, have peace within

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## THE CONFERENCE<sup>4</sup>

GRACE said in form, which sceptics must agree,  
 When they are told that grace was said by me,  
 The servants gone to break the scurvy jest  
 On the proud landlord, and his threadbare guest;

<sup>1</sup> 'Cleland' John Cleland, an infamous writhing of the time — <sup>2</sup> 'Blacow' an Oxfordian, who informed against some riotous students, who were shouting out drunken Jacobitism — <sup>3</sup> 'Kidgell' Rector of Horne, the subject of the above sketch, and here ironically praised, had obtained surreptitiously a copy of Wilkes's 'Essay on Woman,' and betrayed it to the secretaries of state — <sup>4</sup> 'The Conference' this poem was published by our author in November 1763, soon after his elopement with Miss Carr.

'The King' gone round, my lady too withdrawn ;      5  
 My lord, in usual taste, began to yawn,  
 And, lolling backward in his elbow-chair,  
 With an insipid kind of stupid stare,  
 Picking his teeth, twirling his seals about—  
 Churchill, you have a poem coming out .      10  
 You've my best wishes , but I really fear  
 Your Muse, in general, is too severe ;

Her spirit seems her interest to oppose,  
 And where she makes one friend, makes twenty foes

*C* Your lordship's fears are just , I feel their force,  
 But only feel it as a thing of course  
 The man whose hardy spirit shall engage  
 To lash the vices of a guilty age,  
 At his first setting forward ought to know  
 That every rogue he meets must be his foe ;      20  
 That the rude breath of satire will provoke  
 Many who feel, and more who fear the stroke.  
 But shall the partial rage of selfish men  
 From stubborn Justice wrench the righteous pen ?  
 Or shall I not my settled course pursue,  
 Because my foes are foes to Virtue too ?

*L.* What is this boasted Virtue, taught in schools,  
 And idly drawn from antiquated rules ?  
 What is her use ? Point out one wholesome end  
 Will she hurt foes, or can she make a friend ?      30  
 When from long fasts fierce appetites arise,  
 Can this same Virtue stifle Nature's cries ?  
 Can she the pittance of a meal afford,  
 Or bid thee welcome to one great man's board ?  
 When northern winds the rough December arm  
 With frost and snow, can Virtue keep thee warm ?  
 Canst thou dismiss the hard unfeeling dun  
 Barely by saying, thou art Virtue's son ?

Or by base blundering statesmen sent to jail,  
 Will Mansfield take this Vntue for thy bail ? 39  
 Believe it not, the name is in disgrace ,  
 Virtue and Temple now are out of place

Quit then this meteor, whose delusive ray  
 From wealth and honour leads thee far astray  
 True virtue means—let Reason use her eyes—  
 Nothing with fools, and interest with the wise  
 Wouldst thou be great, her patronage disclaim,  
 Nor madly triumph in so mean a name  
 Let nobler wreaths thy happy brows adorn,  
 And leave to Vntue poverty and scorn 50  
 Let Prudence be thy guide , who doth not know  
 How seldom Prudence can with Virtue go ?  
 To be successful try thy utmost force,  
 And Virtue follows as a thing of course

Huco—who knows not Huco ?—stains the bed  
 Of that kind master who first gave him bread ;  
 Scatters the seeds of discord through the land,  
 Breaks every public, every private band ;  
 Beholds with joy a trusting friend undone ;  
 Betrays a brother, and would cheat a son . 60  
 What mortal in his senses can endure  
 The name of Hirco ? for the wretch is poor !  
 Let him hang, drown, starve, on a dunghill rot,  
 By all detested live, and die forgot ;  
 Let him—a poor return—in every breath  
 Feel all Death's pains, yet be whole years in death,  
 Is now the general cry we all pursue  
 Let Fortune change, and Prudence changes too ;  
 Supple and pliant, a new system feels,  
 Throws up her cap, and spurns at his heels . 70  
 Long live great Hirco, cries, by interest taught,  
 And let his foes, though I prove one, be nought.

*C* Peace to such men, if such men can have peace , 73  
 Let their possessions, let their state increase ,  
 Let their base services in courts strike root,  
 And in the season bring forth golden fruit  
 I envy not , let those who have the will,  
 And, with so little spirit, so much skill,  
 With such vile instruments their fortunes carve ,  
 Rogues may grow fat, an honest man dares starve <sup>1</sup> 80

*L* These stale conceits thrown off, let us advance  
 For once to real life, and quit romance  
 Starve ! pretty talking ! but I fain would view  
 That man, that honest man, would do it too  
 Hence to yon mountain which outbraves the sky,  
 And dart from pole to pole thy strengthen'd eye,  
 Through all that space you shall not view one man,  
 Not one, who dares to act on such a plan  
 Cowards in calms will say, what in a storm  
 The brave will tremble at, and not perform 90  
 Thine be the proof, and, spite of all you've said,  
 You'd give your honour for a crust of bread

*C* What proof might do, what hunger might effect,  
 What famish'd Nature, looking with neglect  
 On all she once held dear, what fear, at strife  
 With fainting virtue for the means of life,  
 Might make this coward flesh, in love with breath,  
 Shuddering at pain, and shrinking back from death,  
 In treason to my soul, descend to bear,  
 Trusting to fate, I neither know nor care 100

Once,—at this hour those wounds afresh I feel,  
 Which, nor prosperity, nor time, can heal ,  
 Those wounds which Fate severely hath decreed,  
 Mention'd or thought of, must for ever bleed ,

<sup>1</sup> 'Dares starve' this will suggest Burns's noble line, 'We daur be poor,  
 for a that'



Those wounds which humbled all that pride of man, 105  
 Which brings such mighty aid to Virtue's plan—  
 Once, awed by Fortune's most oppressive frown,  
 By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,  
 My credit at last gasp, my state undone,  
 Trembling to meet the shock I could not shun, 110  
 Virtue gave ground, and blank despair prevail'd ,  
 Sinking beneath the storm, my spirits fail'd  
 Like Peter's faith, till one, a friend indeed—  
 May all distress find such in time of need !—  
 One kind good man, in act, in word, in thought,  
 By Virtue guided, and by Wisdom taught,  
 Image of Him whom Christians should adore,  
 Stretch'd forth his hand, and brought me safe to shore <sup>1</sup>

Since, by good fortune into notice raised,  
 And for some little merit largely praised, 120  
 Indulged in swerving from prudential rules,  
 Hated by rogues, and not beloved by fools ,  
 Placed above want, shall abject thirst of wealth,  
 So fiercely war 'gainst my soul's dearest health,  
 That, as a boon, I should base shackles crave,  
 And, born to freedom, make myself a slave ?  
 That I should in the train of those appear,  
 Whom Honour cannot love, nor Manhood fear ?

That I no longer skulk from street to street,  
 Afraid lest duns assail, and bailiffs meet , 130  
 That I from place to place this carcase bear ,  
 Walk forth at large, and wander free as air ,  
 That I no longer dread the awkward friend.  
 Whose very obligations must offend ,  
 Nor, all too forward, with impatience burn  
 At suffering favours which I can't return ,

<sup>1</sup> 'Shore ' Churchill, sunk in deep debt, was delivered from the impending honours of a jail, by Dr Pearson Lloyd, second master of Westminster school

That, from dependence and from pride secure, 137  
 I am not placed so high to scorn the poor,  
 Nor yet so low that I my lord should fear,  
 Or hesitate to give him sneer for sneer,  
 That, whilst sage Providence my pursuits confirms,  
 I can enjoy the world on equal terms,  
 That, kind to others, to myself most true,  
 Feeling no want, I comfort those who do,  
 And, with the will, have power to aid distress  
 These, and what other blessings I possess,  
 From the indulgence of the public use,  
 All private patronage my soul defies  
 By candour more inclined to save, than damn,  
 A generous Public made me what I am 150  
 All that I have, they gave, just Memory bears  
 The grateful stamp, and what I am is theirs  
*L.* To feign a red-hot zeal for Freedom's cause,  
 To mouth aloud for liberties and laws,  
 For public good to bellow all abroad,  
 Serves well the purposes of private fraud  
 Prudence, by public good intends her own;  
 If you mean otherwise, you stand alone  
 What do we mean by country and by court?  
 What is it to oppose? what to support? 160  
 Mere words of course, and what is more absurd  
 Than to pay homage to an empty word?  
 Majors and minors differ but in name,  
 Patriots and ministers are much the same;  
 The only difference, after all their rout,  
 Is, that the one is in, the other out  
 Explore the dark recesses of the mind,  
 In the soul's honest volume read mankind,  
 And own, in wise and simple, great and small,  
 The same grand leading principle in all 170

Whate'er we talk of wisdom to the wise, 171  
 Of goodness to the good, of public ties  
 Which to our country link, of private bands  
 Which claim most dear attention at our hands ;  
 For parent and for child, for wife and friend,  
 Our first great mover, and our last great end  
 Is one, and, by whatever name we call  
 The ruling tyrant, Self is all in all  
 This, which unwilling Faction shall admit,  
 Guided in different ways a Bute and Pitt , 180  
 Made tyrants break, made kings observe the law ,  
 And gave the world a Stuart and Nassau

Hath Nature (strange and wild conceit of pride !)  
 Distinguish'd thee from all her sons beside ?  
 Doth virtue in thy bosom brighter glow,  
 Or from a spring more pure doth action flow ?  
 Is not thy soul bound with those very chains  
 Which shackle us ? or is that Self, which reigns  
 O'er kings and beggars, which in all we see  
 Most strong and sovereign, only weak in thee ? 190  
 Fond man, believe it not ; experience tells  
 'Tis not thy virtue, but thy pride rebels  
 Think, (and for once lay by thy lawless pen)  
 Think, and confess thyself like other men ,  
 Think but one hour, and, to thy conscience led  
 By Reason's hand, bow down and hang thy head  
 Think on thy private life, recall thy youth,  
 View thyself now, and own, with strictest truth,  
 That Self hath drawn thee from fair Virtue's way  
 Farther than Folly would have dared to stray , 200  
 And that the talents liberal Nature gave,  
 To make thee free, have made thee more a slave.

Quit then, in prudence quit, that idle train  
 Of toys, which have so long abused thy brain,

And captive led thy powers, with boundless will 205  
 Let Self maintain her state and empire still,  
 But let her, with more worthy objects caught,  
 Strain all the faculties and force of thought  
 To things of higher daring, let her range  
 Through better pastures, and learn how to change, 210  
 Let her, no longer to weak Faction tied,  
 Wisely revolt, and join our stronger side

C. Ah! what, my lord, hath private life to do  
 With things of public nature? Why to view  
 Would you thus cruelly those scenes unfold  
 Which, without pain and horror to behold,  
 Must speak me something more or less than man,  
 Which friends may pardon, but I never can?  
 Look back! a thought which borders on despair,  
 Which human nature must, yet cannot bear 220  
 'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,  
 Where praise and censure are at random hurl'd,  
 Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,  
 Or shake one settled purpose of my soul;  
 Free and at large might their wild curses roam,  
 If all, if all, alas! were well at home.  
 No—'tis the tale which angry Conscience tells,  
 When she with more than tragic horror swells  
 Each circumstance of guilt, when, stern but true,  
 She brings bad actions forth into review, 230  
 And like the dread handwriting on the wall,  
 Bids late Remorse awake at Reason's call,  
 Arm'd at all points, bids scorpion Vengeance pass,  
 And to the mind holds up Reflection's glass,—  
 The mind which, starting, heaves the heartfelt groan,  
 And hates that form she knows to be her own  
 Enough of this,—let private sorrows rest,—  
 As to the public, I dare stand the test;

Dare proudly boast, I feel no wish above 239  
 The good of England, and my country's love,  
 Stranger to party-rage, by Reason's voice,  
 Uneering guide! directed in my choice,  
 Not all the tyrant powers of earth combined,  
 No, nor of hell, shall make me change my mind  
 What! heid with men my honest soul disdains,  
 Men who, with servile zeal, are forging chains  
 For Freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand  
 To spread destruction o'er my native land?  
 What! shall I not, e'en to my latest breath,  
 In the full face of danger and of death, 250  
 Exert that little strength which Nature gave,  
 And boldly stem, or perish in the wave?

*L* When I look backward for some fifty years,  
 And see protesting patriots turn'd to peers,  
 Hear men, most loose, for decency declaim,  
 And talk of character, without a name,  
 See infidels assert the cause of God,  
 And meek divines wield Persecution's rod,  
 See men transform'd to brutes, and brutes to men,  
 See Whitehead take a place, Ralph<sup>1</sup> change his pen,  
 I mock the zeal, and deem the men in sport, 261  
 Who rail at ministers, and curse a court  
 Thee, haughty as thou art, and proud in rhyme,  
 Shall some preferment, offer'd at a time  
 When Virtue sleeps, some sacrifice to Pride,  
 Or some fair victim, move to change thy side  
 Thee shall these eyes behold, to health restored,  
 Using, as Prudence bids, bold Saturn's sword,  
 Galling thy present friends, and praising those  
 Whom now thy frenzy holds thy greatest foes 270

<sup>1</sup> 'Ralph' Mr James Ralph a hack author See 'The Dunciad,' and Franklin's 'Autobiography' He was hired by Pelham to abuse Sir R. Walpole, whom he had supported before

*C* May I (can worse disgrace on manhood fall ?) 271  
 Be born a Whitehead,<sup>1</sup> and baptized a Paul,  
 May I (though to his service deeply tied  
 By sacred oaths, and now by will allied),  
 With false, feign'd zeal an injured God defend,  
 And use his name for some base private end,  
 May I (that thought bids double horrors roll  
 O'er my sick spirits, and unmans my soul)  
 Ruin the virtue which I held most dear,  
 And still must hold, may I, through abject fear, 280  
 Betray my friend, may to succeeding times,  
 Engraved on plates of adamant, my crimes  
 Stand blazing forth, whilst, mark'd with envious blot,  
 Each little act of virtue is forgot,  
 Of all those evils which, to stamp men cursed,  
 Hell keeps in store for vengeance, may the worst  
 Light on my head, and in my day of woe,  
 To make the cup of bitterness o'erflow,  
 May I be scorn'd by every man of worth,  
 Wander, like Cain, a vagabond on earth; 290  
 Bearing about a hell in my own mind,  
 Or be to Scotland for my life confined;  
 If I am one among the many known  
 Whom Shelburne<sup>2</sup> fled, and Calcraft<sup>3</sup> blush'd to own.

*L* Do you reflect what men you make your foes ?

*C* I do, and that's the reason I oppose.  
 Friends I have made, whom Envy must commend,  
 But not one foe whom I would wish a friend.  
 What if ten thousand Butes and Hollands bawl ?  
 One Wilkes had made a large amends for all. 300  
 'Tis not the title, whether handed down  
 From age to age, or flowing from the crown

<sup>1</sup> 'Whitehead' author of 'Manners, a Satire.' — <sup>2</sup> 'Shelburne' William Petty, Earl of Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne — <sup>3</sup> 'Calcraft' John Calcraft, Esq., M.P., army agent and contractor.

In copious streams, on recent men, who came      303  
 From stems unknown, and sires without a name  
 'Tis not the star which our great Edward gave  
 To mark the virtuous, and reward the brave,  
 Blazing without, whilst a base heart within  
 Is rotten to the core with filth and sin,  
 'Tis not the tinsel grandeur, taught to wait,  
 At Custom's call, to mark a fool of state      310  
 From fools of lesser note, that soul can awe,  
 Whose pride is reason, whose defence is law

*L* Suppose, (a thing scarce possible in art,  
 Were it thy cue to play a common part)  
 Suppose thy writings so well fenced in law,  
 That Norton cannot find nor make a flaw—  
 Hast thou not heard, that 'mongst our ancient tribes,  
 By party warp'd, or lull'd asleep by bribes,  
 Or trembling at the ruffian hand of Force,  
 Law hath suspended stood, or changed its course ?      320  
 Art thou assured, that, for destruction ripe,  
 Thou may'st not smart beneath the self-same gripe ?  
 What sanction hast thou, frantic in thy rhymes,  
 Thy life, thy freedom to secure ?

*C.*      ,The Times  
 'Tis not on law, a system great and good,  
 By wisdom penn'd, and bought by noblest blood,  
 My faith relies, by wicked men and vain,  
 Law, once abused, may be abused again  
 No, on our great Lawgiver I depend,  
 Who knows and guides her to her proper end,      330  
 Whose royalty of nature blazes out  
 So fierce, 'twere sin to entertain a doubt  
 Did tyrant Stuarts now the law dispense,  
 (Bless'd be the hour and hand which sent them hence !)

For something, or for nothing, for a word 335  
 Or thought, I might be doom'd to death, unheard  
 Life we might all resign to lawless power,  
 Nor think it worth the purchase of an hour  
 But Envy ne'er shall fix so foul a stain  
 On the fair annals of a Brunswick's reign 340  
     If, slave to party, to revenge, or pride,  
 If, by frail human error drawn aside,  
 I break the law, strict rigour let her wear,  
 'Tis hers to punish, and 'tis mine to bear,  
 Nor, by the voice of Justice doom'd to death  
 Would I ask mercy with my latest breath  
 But, anxious only for my country's good,  
 In which my king's, of course, is understood,  
 Form'd on a plan with some few patriot friends,  
 Whilst by just means I aim at noblest ends, 350  
 My spirits cannot sink, though from the tomb  
 Stern Jeffries should be placed in Mansfield's room,  
 Though he should bring, his base designs to aid,  
 Some black attorney, for his purpose made,  
 And shove, whilst Decency and Law retreat,  
 The modest Norton from his maiden seat,  
 Though both, in ill confederates, should agree,  
 In damned league, to torture law and me,  
 Whilst George is king, I cannot fear endure;  
 Not to be guilty, is to be secure 360  
     But when, in after-times, (be far removed  
 That day!) our monarch, glorious and beloved,  
 Sleeps with his fathers, should imperious Fate,  
 In vengeance, with fresh Stuarts curse our state,  
 Should they, o'erleaping every fence of law,  
 Butcher the brave to keep tame fools in awe,  
 Should they, by brutal and oppressive force,  
 Divert sweet Justice from her even course,



Should they, of every other means bereft, 369  
Make my right hand a witness 'gainst thy left ,  
Should they, abroad by inquisitions taught,  
Search out my soul, and damn me for a thought ,  
Still would I keep my course, still speak, still write,  
Till Death had plunged me in the shades of night

Thou God of truth, thou great, all-searching eye,  
To whom our thoughts, our spirits, open lie !  
Grant me thy strength, and in that needful hour,  
(Should it e'er come) when Law submits to Power,  
With firm resolve my steady bosom steel,  
Bravely to suffer, though I deeply feel , 380

Let me, as hitherto, still draw my breath,  
In love with life, but not in fear of death ;  
And if Oppression brings me to the grave,  
And marks me dead, she ne'er shall mark a slave  
Let no unworthy marks of grief be heard,  
No wild laments, not one unseemly word ,  
Let sober triumphs wait upon my bier ,  
I won't forgive that friend who drops one tear  
Whether he's ravish'd in life's early morn,  
Or in old age drops like an ear of corn, 390  
Full ripe he falls, on Nature's noblest plan,  
Who lives to Reason, and who dies a Man

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THE GHOST.<sup>1</sup>

IN FOUR BOOKS.

## BOOK I.

WITH eager search to dart the soul,  
Curiously vain, from pole to pole,  
And from the planets' wandering spheres  
To extort the number of our years,  
And whether all those years shall flow  
Serenely smooth, and free from woe,  
Or rude misfortune shall deform  
Our life with one continual storm ;  
Or if the scene shall motley be,  
Alternate joy and misery, 10  
Is a desire which, more or less,  
All men must feel, though few confess.  
Hence, every place and every age  
Affords subsistence to the sage,  
Who, free from this world and its cares,  
Holds an acquaintance with the stars,  
From whom he gains intelligence  
Of things to come some ages hence,  
Which unto friends, at easy rates,  
He readily communicates 20

<sup>1</sup> 'The Ghost' the famous Cock-lane Ghost, a conspiracy of certain parties in London against one Kent, whose paramour had died, and whose ghost was said to have returned to accuse him of having murdered her. A little girl named Frazier, who appears to have had ventriloquial powers, was the principal cause of the noises, scratchings, &c, thought to be supernatural

At its first rise, which all agree on, 21  
 This noble science was Chaldean ,  
 That ancient people, as they fed  
 Their flocks upon the mountain's head,  
 Gazed on the stars, observed their motions,  
 And suck'd in astrologic notions,  
 Which they so eagerly pursue,  
 As folks are apt whate'er is new,  
 That things below at random rove,  
 Whilst they're consulting things above , 30  
 And when they now so poor were grown,  
 That they'd no houses of their own,  
 They made bold with their friends the stars,  
 And prudently made use of theirs.

To Egypt from Chaldee it travell'd,  
 And Fate at Memphis was unavell'd  
 The exotic science soon struck root,  
 And flourish'd into high repute.  
 Each learned priest, oh strange to tell !  
 Could circles make, and cast a spell ; 40  
 Could read and write, and taught the nation  
 The holy art of divination.  
 Nobles themselves, for at that time  
 Knowledge in nobles was no crime,  
 Could talk as learned as the priest,  
 And prophesy as much, at least.  
 Hence all the fortune-telling crew,  
 Whose crafty skill mars Nature's hue,  
 Who, in vile tatters, with smirch'd face,  
 Run up and down from place to place, 50  
 To gratify their friends' desires,  
 From Bampfild Carew,<sup>1</sup> to Moll Squires,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bampfild Carew. ' Bampfylde Moore Carew, the famous king of the gypsies His life used to be a favourite with schoolboys —' <sup>2</sup> ' Moll Squires ' Mary Squires, a gypsy, and one of Carew's subjects.

Are rightly term'd Egyptians all ,  
Whom we, 'mistaking, Gypsies call. 53

The Grecian sages borrow'd this,  
As they did other sciences,  
From fertile Egypt, though the loan  
They had not honesty to own.  
Dodona's oaks, inspired by Jove,  
A learned and prophetic grove, 60  
Turn'd vegetable necromancers,  
And to all comers gave their answers.  
At Delphos, to Apollo dear,  
All men the voice of Fate might hear ,  
Each subtle priest on three-legg'd stool,  
To take in wise men, play'd the fool  
A mystery, so made for gain,  
E'en now in fashion must remain ;  
Enthusiasts never will let drop  
What brings such business to their shop ; 70  
And that great saint we Whitefield call,  
Keeps up the humbug spiritual

Among the Romans, not a bird  
Without a prophecy was heard ,  
Fortunes of empires often hung  
On the magician magpie's tongue,  
And every crow was to the state  
A sure interpreter of Fate  
Prophets, embodied in a college<sup>1</sup>  
(Time out of mind your seat of knowledge ; 80  
For genius never fruit can bear  
Unless it first is planted there,  
And solid learning never falls  
Without the verge of college walls)

<sup>1</sup> ' College ' that of the fifteen Augurs in Rome

Infallible accounts would keep 85  
 When it was best to watch or sleep,  
 To eat or drink, to go or stay,  
 And when to fight or run away ,  
 When matters were for action ripe,  
 By looking at a double tripe ; 90  
 When emperors would live or die,  
 They in an ass's skull could spy ;  
 When generals would their station keep,  
 Or turn their backs, in hearts of sheep.  
 In matters, whether small or great,  
 In private families or state  
 As amongst us, the holy seer  
 Officially would interfere ,  
 With pious arts and reverend skill  
 Would bend lay bigots to his will , 100  
 Would help or injure foes or friends,  
 Just as it served his private ends  
 Whether in honest way of trade  
 Traps for virginity were laid ,  
 Or if, to make their party great,  
 Designs were form'd against the state,  
 Regardless of the common weal,  
 By interest led, which they call zeal,  
 Into the scale was always thrown  
 The will of Heaven to back their own. 110  
 England—a happy land we know,  
 Where follies naturally grow,  
 Where without culture they arise  
 And tower above the common size ,  
 England, a fortune-telling host,  
 As numerous as the stars, could boast,—  
 Matrons, who toss the cup, and see  
 The grounds of Fate in grounds of tea,

Who, versed in every modest lore, 119  
 Can a lost maidenhead restore,  
 Or, if their pupils rather choose it,  
 Can show the readiest way to lose it ;  
 Gypsies, who every ill can cure,  
 Except the ill of being poor,  
 Who charms 'gainst love and agues sell,  
 Who can in hen-roost set a spell,  
 Prepared by arts, to them best known,  
 To catch all feet except their own,  
 Who, as to fortune, can unlock it  
 As easily as pick a pocket , 120  
 Scotchmen, who, in their country's right,  
 Possess the gift of second-sight,  
 Who (when their barren heaths they quit,  
 Sure argument of prudent wit,  
 Which reputation to maintain,  
 They never venture back again)  
 By lies prophetic heap up riches,  
 And boast the luxury of breeches.  
 Amongst the rest, in former years,  
 Campbell<sup>1</sup> (illustrious name !) appears, 140  
 Great hero of futurity,  
 Who, blind, could every thing foresee,  
 Who, dumb, could every thing foretell,  
 Who, Fate with equity to sell,  
 Always dealt out the will of Heaven  
 According to what price was given  
 Of Scottish race, in Highlands born,  
 Possess'd with native pride and scorn,  
 He hither came, by custom led,  
 To curse the hands which gave him bread. 150

<sup>1</sup> ' Campbell ' a deaf and dumb fortune-teller

With want of truth, and want of sense, 151  
 Amply made up by impudence  
 (A succedaneum, which we find  
 In common use with all mankind),  
 Caress'd and favour'd too by those  
 Whose heart with patriot feelings glows,  
 Who foolishly, where'er dispersed,  
 Still place their native country first,  
 (For Englishmen alone have sense  
 To give a stranger preference, 160  
 Whilst modest merit of their own  
 Is left in poverty to groan)  
 Campbell foretold just what he would,  
 And left the stars to make it good,  
 On whom he had impress'd such awe,  
 His dictates current pass'd for law,  
 Submissive, all his empire own'd;  
 No star durst smile, when Campbell frown'd  
 This sage deceased,—for all must die,  
 And Campbell's no more safe than I, 170  
 No more than I can guard the heart,  
 When Death shall hurl the fatal dart,—  
 Succeeded, ripe in art and years,  
 Another favourite of the spheres;  
 Another and another came,  
 Of equal skill, and equal fame;  
 As white each wand, as black each gown,  
 As long each beard, as wise each frown,  
 In every thing so like, you'd swear  
 Campbell himself was sitting there. 180  
 To all the happy art was known,  
 To tell our fortunes, make their own.  
 Seated in garret,—for, you know,  
 The nearer to the stars we go

The greater we esteem his art,— 185  
 Fools curious, flock'd from every part ,  
 The rich, the poor, the maid, the married,  
 And those who could not walk, were carried  
     The butler, hanging down his head,  
 By chambermaid, or cookmaid led, 190  
 Inquires, if from his friend the Moon  
 He has advice of pulfer'd spoon  
     The court-bred woman of condition,  
 (Who, to approve her disposition  
 As much superior as her birth  
 To those composed of common earth,  
 With double spirit must engage  
 In every folly of the age)  
 The honourable arts would buy,  
 To pack the cards, and cog a die 200  
     The hero—who, for brawn and face,  
 May claim right honourable place  
 Amongst the chiefs of Butcher-row :<sup>1</sup>  
 Who might, some thirty years ago,  
 If we may be allow'd to guess  
 At his employment by his dress,  
 Put medicines off from cart or stage,  
 The grand Toscano of the age ,  
 Or might about the country go  
 High-steward of a puppet-show,— 210  
 Steward and stewardship most meet,  
 For all know puppets never eat  
 Who would be thought (though, save the mark!  
 That point is something in the dark)  
 The man of honour, one like those  
 Renown'd in story, who loved blows

<sup>1</sup> 'Butcher-row' an old street in London, now removed



Better than victuals, and would fight, 217  
 Merely for sport, from morn to night  
 Who treads like Mavors firm, whose tongue  
 Is with the triple thunder hung,  
 Who cries to Fear, 'Stand off—aloof,'  
 And talks as he were cannon-proof,  
 Would be deem'd ready, when you list,  
 With sword and pistol, stick and fist,  
 Careless of points, balls, bruises, knocks,  
 At once to fence, fire, cudgel, box,  
 But at the same time bears about,  
 Within himself, some touch of doubt,  
 Of prudent doubt, which hints—that fame  
 Is nothing but an empty name, 230  
 That life is rightly understood  
 By all to be a real good,  
 That, even in a hero's heart,  
 Discretion is the better part;  
 That this same honour may be won,  
 And yet no kind of danger run—  
 Like Druggier<sup>1</sup> comes, that magic powers  
 May ascertain his lucky hours;  
 For at some hours the fickle dame,  
 Whom Fortune properly we name, 240  
 Who ne'er considers wrong or right,  
 When wanted most, plays least in sight,  
 And, like a modern court-bred jilt,  
 Leaves her chief favourites in a tilt  
 Some hours there are, when from the heart  
 Courage into some other part,  
 No matter wherefore, makes retreat,  
 And Fear usurps the vacant seat;

<sup>1</sup> 'Druggier' Abel Druggier, in Jonson's 'Alchymist.'

Whence, planet-struck, we often find 249  
 Stuarts<sup>1</sup> and Sackvilles<sup>2</sup> of mankind  
 Farther, he'd know (and by his art  
 A conjurer can that impart)  
 Whether politer it is reckon'd  
 To have, or not to have, a second ;  
 To drag the friends in, or alone  
 To make the danger all their own ,  
 Whether repletion is not bad,  
 And fighters with full stomachs mad ,  
 Whether, before he seeks the plain,  
 It were not well to breathe a vein , 260  
 Whether a gentle salvation,  
 Consistently with reputation,  
 Might not of precious use be found,  
 Not to prevent, indeed, a wound,  
 But to prevent the consequence  
 Which oftentimes arises thence,  
 Those fevers, which the patient urge on  
 To gates of death, by help of surgeon ;  
 Whether a wind at east or west  
 Is for green wounds accounted best , 270  
 Whether (was he to choose) his mouth  
 Should point towards the north or south ,  
 Whether more safely he might use,  
 On these occasions, pumps or shoes ;  
 Whether it better is to fight  
 By sunshine or by candlelight ;  
 Or, lest a candle should appear  
 Too mean to shine in such a sphere,

<sup>1</sup> 'Stuarts' James the Second's dastardly conduct at the battle of the Boyne — <sup>2</sup> 'Sackvilles' Lord George Sackville, accused of cowardice at the battle of Minden, afterwards degraded by a court martial, but ultimately raised to promotion as a Peer and Secretary of State

For who could of a candle tell 279  
To light a hero into hell ;  
And, lest the sun should partial rise  
To dazzle one or t' other's eyes,  
Or one or t' other's brains to scorch,  
Might not Dame Luna hold a torch ?

These points with dignity discuss'd,  
And gravely fix'd,—a task which must  
Require no little time and pains,  
To make our hearts friends with our brains,—  
The man of war would next engage  
The kind assistance of the sage, 290  
Some previous method to direct,  
Which should make these of none effect.

Could he not, from the mystic school  
Of Art, produce some sacred rule,  
By which a knowledge might be got  
Whether men valiant were, or not ;  
So he that challenges might write  
Only to those who would not fight ?

Or could he not some way dispense  
By help of which (without offence 300  
To Honour, whose nice nature's such  
She scarce endures the slightest touch)  
When he, for want of t' other rule,  
Mistakes his man, and, like a fool,  
With some vain fighting blade gets in,  
He fairly may get out again ?

Or should some demon lay a scheme  
To drive him to the last extreme,  
So that he must confess his fears,  
In mercy to his nose and ears, 310  
And like a prudent recreant knight,  
Rather do anything than fight,

Could he not some expedient buy 313  
 To keep his shame from public eye ?  
 For well he held,—and, men review,  
 Nine in ten hold the maxim too,—  
 That honour's like a maidenhead,  
 Which, if in private brought to bed,  
 Is none the worse, but walks the town,  
 Ne'er lost, until the loss be known 320

The parson, too, (for now and then  
 Pisons are just like other men,  
 And here and there a grave divine  
 Has passions such as yours and mine)  
 Burning with holy lust to know  
 When Fate preferment will bestow,  
 'Fraud of detection, not of sin,  
 With circumspection sneaking in  
 To conjurer, as he does to whore,  
 Through some bye-alley or back-door, 330  
 With the same caution orthodox  
 Consults the stars, and gets a pox.

The citizen, in fraud grown old,  
 Who knows no deity but gold,  
 Worn out, and gasping now for breath,  
 A medicine wants to keep off death,  
 Would know, if that he cannot have,  
 What coins are current in the grave,  
 If, when the stocks (which, by his power,  
 Would rise or fall in half an hour, 340  
 For, though unthought of and unseen,  
 He work'd the springs behind the screen)  
 By his directions came about,  
 And rose to par, he should sell out,  
 Whether he safely might, or no,  
 Replace it in the funds below ?

By all address'd, believed, and paid, 347  
 Many pursued the thriving trade,  
 And, great in reputation grown,  
 Successive held the magic throne  
 Favour'd by every darling passion,  
 The love of novelty and fashion,  
 Ambition, avarice, lust, and pride,  
 Riches pour'd in on every side.  
 But when the prudent laws thought fit  
 To curb this insolence of wit ;  
 When senates wisely had provided,  
 Decreed, enacted, and decided,  
 That no such vile and upstart elves  
 Should have more knowledge than themselves ; 360  
 When fines and penalties were laid  
 To stop the progress of the trade,  
 And stars no longer could dispense,  
 With honour, further influence ,  
 And wizards (which must be confess'd  
 Was of more force than all the rest)  
 No certain way to tell had got  
 Which were informers, and which not ,  
 Affrighted sages were, perforce,  
 Obliged to steer some other course. 370  
 By various ways, these sons of Chance  
 Their fortunes labour'd to advance,  
 Well knowing, by unerring rules,  
 Knaves starve not in the land of fools.  
 Some, with high titles and degrees,  
 Which 'wise men borrow when they please,  
 Without or trouble, or expense,  
 Physicians instantly commence,  
 And proudly boast an equal skill  
 With those who claim the right to kill. 380

Others about the country roam,  
 (For not one thought of going home)  
 With pistol and adopted leg,  
 Prepared at once to rob or beg  
 Some, the more subtle of their race,  
 (Who felt some touch of coward grace,  
 Who Tyburn to avoid had wit,  
 But never fear'd deserving it)  
 Came to their brother Smollett's aid,  
 And carried on the critic trade 381  
 Attach'd to letters and the Muse,  
 Some verses wrote, and some wrote news ;  
 Those each revolving month are seen,  
 The heroes of a magazine ,  
 These, every morning, great appear  
 In Ledger, or in Gazetteer,  
 Spreading the falsehoods of the day,  
 By turns for Faden and for Say.<sup>1</sup>  
 Like Swiss, their force is always laid  
 On that side where they best are paid : 400  
 Hence mighty prodigies arise,  
 And daily monsters strike our eyes ,  
 Wonders, to propagate the trade,  
 More strange than ever Baker<sup>2</sup> made,  
 Are hawk'd about from street to street,  
 And fools believe, whilst liars eat.  
 Now armies in the air engage,  
 To fright a superstitious age ;  
 Now comets through the ether range,  
 In governments portending change , 410  
 Now rivers to the ocean fly  
 So quick, they leave their channels dry ,

<sup>1</sup> 'Faden and Say' two anti-Wilkite editors — <sup>2</sup> 'Baker' Sir Richard Baker, the famous chronicler

Now monstrous whales on Lambeth shore,      413  
 Drink the Thames dry, and thirst for more ,  
 And every now and then appears  
 An Irish savage, numbering years  
 More than those happy sages could  
 Who drew their breath before the flood ,  
 Now, to the wonder of all people,  
 A church is left without a steeple ,      420  
 A steeple now is left in lurch,  
 And mouns departure of the church,  
 Which, borne on wings of mighty wind,  
 Removed a fuilong off we find ;  
 Now, wrath on cattle to discharge,  
 Hailstones as deadly fall, and large,  
 As those which were on Egypt sent,  
 At once then crime and punishment ,  
 Or those which, as the prophet writes,  
 Fell on the necks of Amorites,      430  
 When, struck with wonder and amaze,  
 The sun, suspended, stay'd to gaze,  
 And, from her duty longer kept,  
 In Ajalon his sister slept.

But if such things no more engage  
 The taste of a politer age,  
 To help them out in time of need  
 Another Tofts<sup>1</sup> must rabbits breed  
 Each pregnant female trembling hears,  
 And, overcome with spleen and fears,      440  
 Consults her faithful glass no more,  
 But, madly bounding o'er the floor,  
 Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,  
 By Fancy turn'd into a doe.

<sup>1</sup> 'Tofts ' Mary Tofts of Godalming, who first dreamed of, and was at last brought to bed of, rabbits' She confessed afterwards that it was a fraud.

Now, to promote their private ends, 445  
 Nature her usual course suspends,  
 And varies from the stated plan  
 Observed e'er since the world began  
 Bodies—which foolishly we thought,  
 By Custom's servile maxims taught, 450  
 Needed a regular supply,  
 And without nourishment must die—  
 With craving appetites, and sense  
 Of hunger easily dispense,  
 And, pliant to their wondrous skill,  
 Are taught, like watches, to stand still,  
 Uninjured, for a month or more,  
 Then go on as they did before  
 The novel takes, the tale succeeds,  
 Amply supplies its author's needs, 460  
 And Betty Canning<sup>1</sup> is at least,  
 With Gascoyne's help, a six months' feast  
 Whilst, in contempt of all our pains,  
 The tyrant Superstition reigns  
 Imperious in the heart of man,  
 And warps his thoughts from Nature's plan,  
 Whilst fond Credulity, who ne'er  
 The weight of wholesome doubts could bear,  
 To Reason and herself unjust,  
 Takes all things blindly upon trust, 470  
 Whilst Curiosity, whose rage  
 No mercy shows to sex or age,  
 Must be indulged at the expense  
 Of judgment, truth, and common sense,  
 Impostures cannot but prevail,  
 And when old miracles grow stale,

<sup>1</sup> ' Betty Canning ' a woman who pretended, in 1753, that she had been confined in a garret by a gypsy woman, for twenty-seven days, with scarcely any food, but turned out to be an impostor



Jugglers will still the art pursue, 477  
 And entertain the world with new  
     For them, obedient to their will,  
 And trembling at their mighty skill,  
 Sad sputs, summon'd from the tomb,  
 Glide, glaring ghastly, through the gloom ;  
 In all the usual pomp of storms,  
 In horrid customary forms,  
 A wolf, a bear, a horse, an ape,  
 As Fear and Fancy give them shape,  
 Tormented with despair and pain,  
 They roar, they yell, and clank the chain  
 Folly and Guilt (for Guilt, how'er  
 The face of Courage it may wear, 490  
 Is still a coward at the heart)  
 At fear-created phantoms start  
 The priest—that very word implies  
 That he's both innocent and wise—  
 Yet fears to travel in the dark,  
 Unless escorted by his clerk  
     But let not every bungler deem  
 Too lightly of so deep a scheme ;  
 For reputation of the art;  
 Each ghost must act a proper part, 500  
 Observe Decorum's needful grace,  
 And keep the laws of Time and Place ;  
 Must change, with happy variation,  
 His manners with his situation ,  
 What in the country might pass down,  
 Would be impertinent in town.  
 No spirit of discretion here  
 Can think of breeding awe and fear ;  
 'Twill serve the purpose more by half,  
 To make the congregation laugh. 510

We want no ensigns of surprise, 511  
 Locks stiff with gore, and saucer eyes ;  
 Give us an entertaining spite,  
 Gentle, familiar, and polite,  
 One who appears in such a form  
 As might an holy hermit warm,  
 Or who on former schemes refines,  
 And only talks by sounds and signs,  
 Who will not to the eye appear,  
 But pays her visits to the ear, 520  
 And knocks so gently, 't would not fright  
 A lady in the darkest night.  
 Such is our Fanny, whose good-will,  
 Which cannot in the grave lie still,  
 Brings her on earth to entertain  
 Her friends and lovers in Cock-lane.

## BOOK II

A sacred standard rule we find,  
 By poets held time out of mind,  
 To offer at Apollo's shrine,  
 And call on one, or all the Nine.  
 This custom, through a bigot zeal,  
 Which moderns of fine taste must feel  
 For those who wrote in days of yore,  
 Adopted stands, like many more ;  
 Though every cause which then conspired  
 To make it practised and admired, 10  
 Yielding to Time's destructive course,  
 For ages past hath lost its force  
 With ancient bards, an invocation  
 Was a true act of adoration,

Of worship an essential part, 15  
 And not a formal piece of art,  
 Of paltiy reading a parade,  
 A dull solemnity in trade,  
 A pious fever, taught to burn  
 An hour or two, to serve a turn 20

They talk'd not of Castalian springs,  
 By way of saying pretty things,  
 As we dress out our flimsy rhymes ,  
 'Twas the religion of the times ,  
 And they believed that holy stream  
 With greater force made Fancy teem,  
 Reckon'd by all a true specific  
 To make the barren brain prolific  
 Thus Romish Church, (a scheme which bears  
 Not half so much excuse as theirs) 30  
 Since Faith implicitly hath taught her,  
 Reveres the force of holy water

The Pagan system, whether true  
 Or false, its strength, like buildings, drew  
 From many parts disposed to bear,  
 In one great whole, their proper share  
 Each god of eminent degree  
 To some vast beam compared might be ,  
 Each godling was a peg, or rather  
 A cramp, to keep the beams together . 40  
 And man as safely might pretend  
 From Jove the thunderbolt to rend,  
 As with an impious pride aspire  
 To rob Apollo of his lyre.

With settled faith and pious awe,  
 Establish'd by the voice of Law,  
 Then poets to the Muses came,  
 And from their altars caught the flame.

Genius, with Phœbus for his guide, 49  
 The Muse ascending by his side,  
 With towering pinions dared to soar,  
 Where eye could scarcely strain before  
 But why should we, who cannot feel  
 These glowings of a Pagan zeal,  
 That wild enthusiastic force,  
 By which, above her common course,  
 Nature, in ecstasy upborne,  
 Look'd down on earthly things with scorn ;  
 Who have no more regard, 'tis known,  
 For their religion than our own, 60  
 And feel not half so fierce a flame  
 At Clio's as at Fisher's<sup>1</sup> name ,  
 Who know these boasted sacred streams  
 Were mere romantic, idle dreams,  
 That Thames has waters clear as those  
 Which on the top of Pindus rose,  
 And that, the fancy to refine,  
 Water's not half so good as wine ,  
 Who know, if profit strikes our eye,  
 Should we drink Helicon quite dry, 70  
 The whole fountain 'would not thither lead  
 So soon as one poor jug from Tweed  
 Who, if to raise poetic fire,  
 The power of beauty we require,  
 In any public place can view  
 More than the Grecians ever knew ,  
 If wit into the scale is thrown,  
 Can boast a Lennox<sup>2</sup> of our own ;

<sup>1</sup> 'Fisher's' Catherine Fisher, better known by the name of Kitty Fisher, a courtesan of great beauty — <sup>2</sup> 'Lennox' Mrs Arabella Lennox, the author of some pleasing novels, and a friend of Dr Johnson's See Boswell and Hawkins

Why should we servile customs choose, 79  
 And court an antiquated Muse  
 No matter why—to ask a reason,  
 In pedant bigotry is treason

In the broad, beaten turnpike-road  
 Of hacknied panegyric ode,  
 No modern poet dares to ride  
 Without Apollo by his side,  
 Nor in a sonnet take the air,  
 Unless his lady Muse be there,  
 She, from some amaranthine grove,  
 Where little Loves and Graces rove 90  
 The laurel to my lord must bear,  
 Or garlands make for whores to wear,  
 She, with soft elegiac verse,  
 Must grace some mighty villain's hearse,  
 Or for some infant, doom'd by Fate  
 To wallow in a large estate,  
 With rhymes the cradle must adorn,  
 To tell the world a fool is born

Since then our critic lords expect  
 No hardy poet should reject 100  
 Establish'd maxims, or presume  
 To place much better in their room,  
 By nature fearful, I submit,  
 And in this dearth of sense and wit—  
 With nothing done, and little said,  
 (By wild excursive Fancy led  
 Into a second Book thus far,  
 Like some unwary traveller,  
 Whom varied scenes of wood and lawn,  
 With treacherous delight, have drawn, 110  
 Deluded from his purposed way,  
 Whom every step leads more astray

Who, gazing round, can no where spy, 113  
Or house, or friendly cottage nigh,  
And resolution seems to lack  
To venture forward, or go back)  
Invoke some goddess to 'descend,  
And help me to my journey's end ,  
Though conscious Allow all the while  
Hears the petition with a smile, 120  
Before the glass her charms unfolds,  
And in herself my Muse beholds.

Truth, Goddess of celestial birth,  
But little loved or known on earth,  
Whose power but seldom rules the heart,  
Whose name, with hypocritic art,  
An arrant stalking-horse is made,  
A snug pretence to drive a trade,  
An instrument, convenient grown,  
To plant more firmly Falsehood's throne, 130  
As rebels vanish o'er their cause  
With specious colouring of laws,  
And pious traitors draw the knife  
In the king's name against his life ;  
Whether (from cities far away,  
Where Fraud and Falsehood scorn thy sway)  
The faithful nymph's and shepherd's pride,  
With Love and Virtue by thy side,  
Your hours in harmless joys are spent  
Amongst the children of Content ; 140  
Or, fond of gaiety and sport,  
You tread the round of England's court,  
Howe'er my lord may frowning go,  
And treat the stranger as a foe,  
Sure to be found a welcome guest  
In George's and in Charlotte's breast ;

If, in the giddy hours of youth, 147  
 My constant soul adhered to truth ,  
 If, from the time I first wrote Man,  
 I still pursued thy sacred plan,  
 Tempted by Interest in vain  
 To wear mean Falsehood's golden chain ;  
 If, for a season drawn away,  
 Starting from Virtue's path astray,  
 All low disguise I scorn'd to try,  
 And dared to sin, but not to lie ;  
 Hither, oh ! hither condescend,  
 Eternal Truth ! thy steps to bend,  
 And favour him, who, every hour,  
 Confesses and obeys thy power. 160

But come not with that easy mien  
 By which you won the lively Dean ;  
 Nor yet assume that strumpet air  
 Which Rabelais taught thee first to wear ;  
 Nor yet that arch ambiguous face  
 Which with Cervantes gave thee grace ;  
 But come in sacred vesture clad,  
 Solemnly dull, and truly sad !

Far from thy seemly matron train 170  
 Be idiot Mirth, and Laughter vain !  
 For Wit and Humour, which pretend  
 At once to please us and amend,  
 They are not for my present turn ;  
 Let them remain in France with Sterne.

Of noblest City parents born,  
 Whom wealth and dignities adorn,  
 Who still one constant tenor keep,  
 Not quite awake, nor quite asleep ;  
 With thee let formal Dulness come,  
 And deep Attention, ever dumb, 180

Who on her lips her finger lays, 181  
 Whilst every circumstance she weighs,  
 Whose downcast eye is often found  
 Bent without motion to the ground,  
 Or, to some outward thing confined,  
 Remits no image to the mind,  
 No pregnant mark of meaning bears,  
 But, stupid, without vision stares ;  
 Thy steps let Gravity attend,  
 Wisdom's and Truth's unerring friend ; 190  
 For one may see with half an eye,  
 That Gravity can never lie,  
 And his arch'd brow, pull'd o'er his eyes,  
 With solemn proof proclaims him wise  
     Free from all waggeries and sports,  
 The produce of luxurious courts,  
 Where sloth and lust enervate youth,  
 Come thou, a downright City-Truth ·  
 The City, which we ever find  
 A sober pattern for mankind ; 200  
 Where man, in equilibrio hung,  
 Is seldom old, and never young,  
 And, from the cradle to the grave,  
 Not Virtue's friend nor Vice's slave ;  
 As dancers on the wire we spy,  
 Hanging between the earth and sky.  
     She comes—I see her from afar  
 Bending her course to Temple-Bar ;  
 All sage and silent is her train,  
 Deportment grave, and garments plain, 210  
 Such as may suit a parson's wear,  
 And fit the headpiece of a mayor  
     By Truth inspired, our Bacon's force  
 Open'd the way to Learning's source ,



Boyle through the works of Nature ran , 215  
 And Newton, something more than man,  
 Dived into Nature's hidden springs,  
 Laid bare the principles of things,  
 Above the earth our spirits bore,  
 And gave us worlds unknown before 220  
 By Truth inspired, when Lauder's<sup>1</sup>-spite  
 O'er Milton cast the veil of night,  
 Douglas arose, and through the maze  
 Of intricate and winding ways,  
 Came where the subtle traitor lay,  
 And diagg'd him, trembling, to the day ,  
 Whilst he, (oh, shame to noblest parts,  
 Dishonour to the liberal arts,  
 To traffic in so vile a scheme ')  
 Whilst he, our letter'd Polypheme,<sup>2</sup> 230  
 Who had confederate forces join'd,  
 Like a base coward skulk'd behind  
 By Truth inspired, our critics go  
 To track Fingal in Highland snow,  
 To form their own and others' creed  
 From manuscripts they cannot read  
 By Truth inspired, we numbers see  
 Of each profession and degree,  
 Gentle and simple, lord and cit,  
 Wit without wealth, wealth without wit, 240  
 When Punch and Sheridan have done,  
 To Fanny's<sup>3</sup> ghostly lectures run  
 By Truth and Fanny now inspired,  
 I feel my glowing bosom fired ,

<sup>1</sup> 'Lauder's' William Lauder, the notorious forger and interpolator of Milton, detected by Dr Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury — <sup>2</sup> 'Polypheme' Johnson, who at first took Lauder's side See Boswell. — <sup>3</sup> 'Fanny' the supposed ghost

Desire beats high in every vein 245  
 To sing the spirit of Cock-lane ,  
 To tell (just as the measure flows  
 In halting rhyme, half verse, half prose)  
 With more than mortal arts endued,  
 How she united force withstood, 250  
 And proudly gave a brave defiance  
 To Wit and Dulness in alliance  
     This apparition (with relation  
 To ancient modes of derivation,  
 This we may properly so call,  
 Although it ne'er appears at all,  
 As by the way of inuendo,  
*Lucus* is made *à non lucendo*)  
 Superior to the vulgar mode,  
 Nobly disdains that servile road 260  
 Which coward ghosts, as it appears,  
 Have walk'd in full five thousand years,  
 And, for restraint too mighty grown,  
 Strikes out a method of her own.  
     Others may meanly start away,  
 Awed by the herald of the day ,  
 With faculties too weak to bear  
 The freshness of the morning air,  
 May vanish with the melting gloom,  
 And glide in silence to the tomb , 270  
 She dares the sun's most piercing light,  
 And knocks by day as well as night  
 Others, with mean and partial view,  
 Their visits pay to one or two ,  
 She, in great reputation grown,  
 Keeps the best company in town  
 Our ætieve enterprising ghost  
 As large and splendid routs can boast

As those which, raised by Pride's command,<sup>1</sup> 279

Block up the passage through the Strand

Great adepts in the fighting trade,

Who served then time on the parade .

She-saints, who, true to Pleasure's plan

Talk about God, and lust for man ,

Wits, who believe nor God, nor ghost,

And fools who worship every post ,

Cowards, whose lips with war are hung ;

Men truly brave, who hold their tongue ,

Courtiers, who laugh they know not why,

And city, who for the same cause cry ; 290

The canting tabernacle-brother,

(For one rogue still suspects another) ,

Ladies, who to a spirit fly,

Rather than with their husbands lie .

Lords, who as chastely pass their lives

With other women as their wives ;

Proud of their intellects and clothes,

Physicians, lawyers, parsons, beaux,

And, truant from their desks and shops,

Spruce Temple clerks and 'prentice fops, 300

To Fanny come, with the same view,

To find her false, or find her true

Hark ! something creeps about the house !

Is it a spirit, or a mouse ?

Hark ! something scratches round the room !

A cat, a rat, a stubb'd birch-broom

Hark ! on the wainscot now it knocks !

' If thou'rt a ghost,' cried Orthodox,

With that affected solemn air

Which hypocrites delight to wear, 310

<sup>1</sup> ' Pride's command ' The Countess-Duchess of Northumberland was celebrated for the splendour of her parties.

And all those forms of consequence 311  
 Which fools adopt instead of sense ,  
 ' If thou 't a ghost, who from the tomb  
 Stalk'st sadly silent through this gloom,  
 In breach of Nature's stated laws,  
 For good, or bad, or for no cause,  
 Give now nine knocks ,<sup>1</sup> like priests of old,  
 Nine we a sacred number hold '

'Psha,' cried Profound, (a man of parts,  
 Deep read in all the curious arts, 320  
 Who to their hidden springs had traced  
 The force of numbers, rightly placed)  
 ' As to the number, you are right ;  
 As to the form, mistaken quite  
 What's nine ? Your adepts all agree  
 The virtue lies in three times three '

He said , no need to say it twice,  
 For thence she knock'd, and thrice, and thrice

The crowd, confounded and amazed,  
 In silence at each other gazed. 330  
 From Cælia's hand the snuff-box fell ,  
 Tinsel, who ogled with the belle,  
 To pick it up attempts in vain,  
 He stoops, but cannot rise again  
 Immane Pomposo<sup>2</sup> was not heard  
 T' import one crabbed foreign word  
 Fear seizes heroes, fools, and wits,  
 And Plausible his prayers forgets

At length, as people just awake,  
 Into wild dissonance they break , 340  
 All talk'd at once, but not a word  
 Was understood or plainly heard.

<sup>1</sup> 'Nine knocks' a curious anticipation of modern spirit-rappings!—

<sup>2</sup> 'Immane Pomposo' Dr Johnson, 'immane,' referring to Virgil's *Monstrum horrendum immane*, and ridiculing Dr J's Latinisms

Such is the noise of chattering geese, 343  
 Slow sailing on the summer breeze ,  
 Such is the language Discord speaks  
 In Welsh women o'er beds of leeks ,  
 Such the confused and horrid sounds  
 Of Irish in potatoe-grounds

But tued, for even C——s<sup>1</sup> tongue  
 Is not on iron hinges hung, 350  
 Fear and Confusion sound retreat,  
 Reason and Order take their seat  
 The fact, confirm'd beyond all doubt,  
 They now would find the causes out  
 For this a sacred rule we find  
 Among the nicest of mankind,  
 Which never might exception brook  
 From Hobbes even down to Bolingbroke,  
 To doubt of facts, however true,  
 Unless they know the causes too 360

Trifle, of whom 'twas hard to tell  
 When he intended ill or well ,  
 Who, to prevent all further pother,  
 Probably meant nor one, nor t'other ,  
 Who to be silent always loth,  
 Would speak on either side, or both ;  
 Who, led away by love of fame,  
 If any new idea came,  
 Whate'er it made for, always said it,  
 Not with an eye to truth, but credit , 370  
 For orators profess'd, 'tis known,  
 Talk not for our sake, but their own ;  
 Who always show'd his talents best  
 When serious things were turn'd to jest,

<sup>1</sup> 'C——'s ' not known.

And, under much impertinence, 375  
 Possess'd no common share of sense ;  
 Who could deceive the flying hours  
 With chat on butterflies and flowers ,  
 Could talk of powder, patches, paint,  
 With the same zeal as of a saint , 380  
 Could prove a Sibyl brighter far  
 Than Venus or the Morning Star ,  
 Whilst something still so gay, so new,  
 The smile of approbation drew,  
 And females eyed the charming man,  
 Whilst their hearts flutter'd with their fan ,  
 Trifle, who would by no means miss  
 An opportunity like this,  
 Proceeding on his usual plan,  
 Smiled, stroked his chin, and thus began 390  
     ' With shears or scissors, sword or knife,  
 When the Fates cut the thread of life,  
 (For if we to the grave are sent,  
 No matter with what instrument)  
 The body in some lonely spot,  
 On dunghill vile, is laid to rot,  
 Or sleep among more holy dead  
 With prayers irreverently read ,  
 The soul is sent where Fate ordains,  
 To reap rewards, to suffer pains. 400

The virtuous to those mansions go  
 Where pleasures unembitter'd flow,  
 Where, leading up a jocund band,  
 Vigour and Youth dance hand in hand,  
 Whilst Zephyr, with harmonious gales,  
 Pipes softest music through the vales,  
 And Spring and Flora, gaily crown'd,  
 With velvet carpet spread the ground ;

With livelier blush where roses bloom, 409  
 And every shrub expires perfume ,

Where crystal streams meandering glide,  
 Where warbling flows the amber tide ,  
 Where other suns dart brighter beams,  
 And light through purer ether streams

Far other seats, far different state,  
 The sons of Wickedness await  
 Justice (not that old hag I mean  
 Who 's nightly in the Garden seen,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who lets no spark of mercy rise,

For crimes, by which men lose their eyes , 420  
 Nor her who, with an equal hand,

Weighs tea and sugar in the Strand ;  
 Nor her who, by the world deem'd wise,  
 Deaf to the widow's piercing cries,  
 Steel'd 'gainst the starving orphan's tears,

On pawns her base tribunal rears ,  
 But her who after death presides,  
 Whom sacred Truth unerring guides ,  
 Who, free from partial influence,

Nor sinks nor raises evidence, 430

Before whom nothing's in the dark,  
 Who takes no bribe, and keeps no clerk)  
 Justice, with equal scale below,

In due proportion weighs out woe.

And always with such lucky aim  
 Knows punishments so fit to frame,  
 That she augments their grief and pain,  
 Leaving no reason to complain.

Old maids and rakes are join'd together,  
 Coquettes and prudes, like April weather. 440

<sup>1</sup> 'Garden' Covent, where a set of low and mercenary wretches, called *trading justices*, superintended the administration of police.

Wit's forced to chum with Common-Sense, 441  
 And Lust is yoked to Impotence  
 Professors (Justice so decreed)  
 Unpaid, must constant lectures read  
 On earth it often doth befall,  
 They're paid, and never read at all  
 Parsons must practise what they teach,  
 And bishops are compell'd to preach

She who on earth was nice and prim,  
 Of delicacy full, and whim, 450  
 Whose tender nature could not bear  
 The rudeness of the churlish air,  
 Is doom'd, to mortify her pride,  
 The change of weather to abide,  
 And sells, whilst tears with liquor mix,  
 Burnt brandy on the shore of Styx.

Avaro,<sup>1</sup> by long use grown bold  
 In every ill which brings him gold,  
 Who his Redeemer would pull down,  
 And sell his God for half-a-crown, 460  
 Who, if some blockhead should be willing  
 To lend him on his soul a shilling,  
 A well-made bargain would esteem it,  
 And have more sense than to redeem it,  
 Justice shall in those shades confine,  
 To drudge for Plutus in the mine,  
 All the day long to toil and roar,  
 And, cursing, work the stubborn ore,  
 For coxcombs here, who have no brains,  
 Without a sixpence for his pains 470  
 Thence, with each due return of night,  
 Compell'd, the tall, thin, half-starved sprite

<sup>1</sup> 'Avaro' Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, a favourite object of Churchill's ire, as some of the previous poems prove



Shall earth revisit, and survey 473  
 The place where once his treasure lay,  
 Shall view the stall where holy Pride,  
 With letter'd Ignorance allied,  
 Once hail'd him mighty and adored,  
 Descended to another lord  
 Then shall he, screaming pierce the air,  
 Hang his lank jaws and scowl despair, 481  
 Then shall he ban at Heaven's decrees,  
 And, howling, sink to Hell for ease

Those who on earth through life have pass'd  
 With equal pace from first to last,  
 Nor vex'd with passions nor with spleen,  
 Insipid, easy, and serene,  
 Whose heads were made too weak to bear  
 The weight of business, or of care,  
 Who, without merit, without crime,  
 Contrive to while away their time, 491  
 Nor good nor bad, nor fools nor wits,  
 Mild Justice, with a smile, permits  
 Still to pursue their darling plan,  
 And find amusement how they can.

The beau, in gaudiest plumage dress'd,  
 With lucky fancy o'er the rest  
 Of air a curious mantle throws,  
 And chats among his brother beaux,  
 Or, if the weather's fine and clear,  
 No sign of rain or tempest near, 500  
 Encouraged by the cloudless day,  
 Like gilded butterflies at play,  
 So lively all, so gay, so brisk,  
 In air they flutter, float, and frisk

The belle (what mortal doth not know  
 Belles after death admire a beau ?)

With happy grace renews her art  
 To trap the coxcomb's wandering heart ;  
 And, after death as whilst they live,  
 A heart is all which beaux can give

507

In some still, solemn, sacred shade,  
 Behold a group of authors laid,  
 Newspaper wits, and sonneteers,  
 Gentleman bards, and rhyming peers,  
 Biographers, whose wondrous worth  
 Is scarce remember'd now on earth,  
 Whom Fielding's humour led astray,  
 And plaintive fops, debauch'd by Gray,  
 All sit together in a ring,

And laugh and prattle, write and sing

520

On his own works, with laurel crown'd,  
 Neatly and elegantly bound,  
 (For this is one of many rules,  
 With writing lords, and laureate fools,  
 And which for ever must succeed  
 With other lords who cannot read,  
 However destitute of wit,  
 To make their works for bookcase fit)  
 Acknowledged master of those seats,  
 Cibber his Birth-day Odes repeats

530

With triumph now possess that seat,  
 With triumph now thy Odes repeat ,  
 Unrival'd vigils proudly keep,  
 Whilst every hearer's lull'd to sleep ,  
 But know, illustrious bard ! when Fate,  
 Which still pursues thy name with hate,  
 The regal laurel blasts, which now  
 Blooms on the placid Whitehead's brow,  
 Low must descend thy pride and fame,  
 And Cibber's be the second name'—

540

Here Trifle cough'd, (for coughing still      541  
 Bears witness of the speaker's skill,  
 A necessary piece of art,  
 Of rhetoric an essential part,  
 And adepts in the speaking trade  
 Keep a cough by them ready made,  
 Which they successfully dispense  
 When at a loss for words or sense)  
 Here Trifle cough'd, here paused—but while  
 He strove to recollect his smile,      550  
 That happy engine of his art,  
 Which triumph'd o'er the female heart,  
 Credulity, the child of Folly,  
 Begot on cloister'd Melancholy,  
 Who heard, with grief, the floud fool  
 Turn sacred things to ridicule,  
 And saw him, led by Whim away,  
 Still further from the subject stray,  
 Just in the happy nick, aloud,  
 In shape of Moore,<sup>1</sup> address'd the crowd ·      560  
 ' Were we with patience here to sit,  
 Dupes to the impertinence of Wit,  
 Till Trifle his harangue should end,  
 A Greenland night we might attend,  
 Whilst he, with fluency of speech,  
 Would various mighty nothings teach'—  
 (Here Trifle, sternly looking down,  
 Gravely endeavour'd at a frown,  
 But Nature unawares stept in,  
 And, mocking, turn'd it to a grin)—      570  
 'And when, in Fancy's chariot hurl'd,  
 We had been carried round the world,

<sup>1</sup> ' Moore ' the Rev Mr Moore, then curate of St Sepulchre's, who had a share in the Cock-lane conspiracy

Involved in error still and doubt,  
 He'd leave us where we first set out.  
 Thus soldiers (in whose exercise  
 Material use with grandeur vies)  
 Lift up their legs with mighty pain,  
 Only to set them down again.

573

Believe ye not (yes, all, I see,  
 In sound belief concur with me)  
 That Providence, for worthy ends,  
 To us unknown, this spirit sends ?  
 Though speechless lay the trembling tongue,  
 Your faith was on your features hung ,  
 Your faith I in your eyes could see,  
 When all were pale and stared like me  
 But scruples to prevent, and root  
 Out every shadow of dispute,  
 Pomposo, Plausible, and I,  
 With Fanny, have agreed to try  
 A deep concerted scheme—this night  
 To fix or to destroy her quite  
 If it be true, before we've done,  
 We'll make it glaring as the sun ;  
 If it be false, admit no doubt  
 Ere morning's dawn we'll find it out.  
 Into the vaulted womb of Death,  
 Where Fanny now, deprived of breath,  
 Lies festering, whilst her troubled spite  
 Adds horror to the gloom of night,  
 Will we descend, and bring from thence  
 Proofs of such force to Common-Sense,  
 Vain triflers shall no more deceive,  
 And atheists tremble and believe.'

580

590

600

He said, and ceased , the chamber rung  
 With due applause from every tongue :

The mingled sound (now let me see— 607  
 Something by way of simile)  
 Was it more like Strymonian cranes,  
 Or winds, low murmuring, when it rains,  
 Or drowsy hum of clustering bees,  
 Or the hoarse roar of angry seas ?  
 Or (still to heighten and explain,  
 For else our simile is vain)  
 Shall we declare it like all four,  
 A scream, a murmur, hum, and roar ?

Let Fancy now, in awful state,  
 Present this great triumvate,  
 (A method which received we find,  
 In other cases, by mankind) 620  
 Elected with a joint consent,  
 All fools in town to represent.

The clock strikes twelve—Moore starts and swears  
 In oaths, we know, as well as prayers,  
 Religion lies, and a church-brother  
 May use at will, or one, or t' other ,  
 Plausible from his cassock drew  
 A holy manual, seeming new ;  
 A book it was of private prayer,  
 But not a pin the worse for wear . 630  
 For, as we by-the-bye may say,  
 None but small saints in private pray.  
 Religion, fairest maid on earth '  
 As meek as good, who drew her birth  
 From that bless'd union, when in heaven  
 Pleasure was bride to Virtue given ;  
 Religion, ever pleased to pray,  
 Possess'd the precious gift one day ;  
 Hypocrisy, of Cunning born,  
 Crept in and stole it ere the morn , 640

Whitefield, that greatest of all saints, 641  
Who always prays and never faints,  
(Whom she to her own brothers boie,  
Rapine and Lust, on Severn's shore)  
Received it from the squinting dame,  
From him to Plausible it came,  
Who, with unusual care oppress'd,  
Now, trembling, pull'd it from his breast,  
Doubts in his boding heart arise,  
And fancied spectres blast his eyes, 650  
Devotion springs from abject fear,  
And stamps his prayers for once sincere.

Pomposo, (insolent and loud,  
Vain idol of a scribbling crowd,  
Whose very name inspires an awe,  
Whose every word is sense and law,  
For what his greatness hath decreed,  
Like laws of Persia and of Mede,  
Sacred through all the realm of Wit,  
Must never of repeal admit, 660  
Who, cursing flattery, is the tool  
Of every fawning, flattering fool;  
Who wit with jealous eye surveys,  
And sickens at another's praise,  
Who, proudly seized of Learning's throne,  
Now damns all learning but his own,  
Who scorns those common wares to trade in,  
Reasoning, convincing, and persuading,  
But makes each sentence current pass  
With puppy, coxcomb, scoundrel, ass; 670  
For 'tis with him a certain rule,  
The folly's proved when he calls fool,  
Who, to increase his native strength,  
Draws words six syllables in length,

With which, assisted with a frown 675  
 By way of club, he knocks us down ;  
 Who 'bove the vulgar dares to rise,  
 And sense of decency defies ,  
 For this same decency is made  
 Only for bunglers in the trade, 680  
 And, like the cobweb laws, is still  
 Broke through by great ones when they will)—  
 Pomposo, with strong sense supplied,  
 Supported, and confirm'd by Pride,  
 His comrades' terrors to beguile  
 Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile  
 Features so horrid, were it light,  
 Would put the Devil himself to flight.

Such were the three in name and worth  
 Whom Zeal and Judgment singled forth 690  
 To try the spite on Reason's plan,  
 Whethèr it was of God or man

Dark was the night , it was that hour  
 When Terror reigns in fullest power,  
 When, as the learn'd of old have said,  
 The yawning Grave gives up her dead ;  
 When Murder, Rapine by her side,  
 Stalks o'er the earth with giant stride ;  
 Our Quixotes (for that knight of old  
 Was not in truth by half so bold, 700  
 Though Reason at the same time cries,  
 'Our Quixotes are not half so wise,'  
 Since they, with other follies, boast  
 An expedition 'gainst a ghost)  
 Through the dull deep surrounding gloom,  
 In close array, towards Fanny's tomb<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Fanny's tomb' it had been stated that her tomb had been disturbed, and an expedition actually took place to ascertain the truth

Adventured forth , Caution before,  
 With heedful 'step, the lantern bore,  
 Pointing at graves , and in the rear,  
 Trembling, and talking loud, went Fear.  
 The churchyard teem'd—the unsettled ground,  
 As in an ague, shook around ,  
 While, in some dreary vault confined,  
 Or riding on the hollow wind,  
 Horror, which turns the heart to stone,  
 In dreadful sounds was heard to groan  
 All staving, wild, and out of breath,  
 At length they reach the place of Death

737

A vault it was, long time applied  
 To hold the last remains of Pride  
 No beggar there, of humble race,  
 And humble fortunes, finds a place ,  
 To rest in pomp as well as ease,  
 The only way's to pay the fees  
 Fools, rogues, and whores, if rich and great,  
 Proud even in death, here rot in state.  
 No thieves disrobe the well-dress'd dead ,  
 No plumbers steal the sacred lead ,  
 Quiet and safe the bodies lie ;  
 No sextons sell, no surgeons buy

720

730

Thrice, each the ponderous key applied,  
 And thrice to turn it vainly tried,  
 Till taught by Prudence to unite,  
 And straining with collected might,  
 The stubborn wards resist no more,  
 But open flies the growling door

Three paces back they fell amazed,  
 Like statues stood, like madmen gazed ;  
 The frighted blood forsakes the face,  
 And seeks the heart with quicker pace ,

740



The throbbing heart its fear declares, 741  
 And upright stand the bristled hairs ;  
 The head in wild distraction swims,  
 Cold sweats bedew the trembling limbs ;  
 Nature, whilst fears her bosom chill,  
 Suspends her powers, and life stands still

Thus had they stood till now , but Shame  
 (An useful, though neglected name,  
 By Heaven design'd the friend of man,  
 Though we degrade her all we can, 750  
 And strive, as our first proof of wit,  
 Her name and nature to forget)

Came to their aid in happy hour,  
 And with a wand of mighty power  
 Struck on their hearts , vain fears subside.  
 And, baffled, leave the field to Pride

Shall they, (forbid it, Fame !) shall they  
 The dictates of vile Fear obey ?

Shall they, the idols of the Town,  
 To bugbears, fancy-form'd, bow down ? 760

Shall they, who greatest zeal express'd,

And undertook for all the rest,

Whose matchless courage all admire,

Inglorious from the task retire ?

How would the wicked ones rejoice.

And infidels exalt their voice,

If Moore and Plausible were found,

By shadows awed, to quit their ground ?

How would fools laugh, should it appear

Pomposo was the slave of fear ? 770

'Perish the thought ! Though to our eyes,

In all its terrors, Hell should rise ;

Though thousand ghosts, in dread array,

With glaring eyeballs, cross our way ,

Though Caution, trembling, stands aloof, 775  
 Still we will on, and dare the proof'  
 They said ; and, without further halt,  
 Dauntless march'd onward to the vault

What mortal men, who e'er drew breath,  
 Shall break into the house of Death, 780  
 With foot unhallow'd, and from thence  
 The mysteries of that state dispense,  
 Unless they, with due rites, prepare  
 Their weaker sense such sights to bear,  
 And gain permission from the state,  
 On earth their journal to relate ?

Poets themselves, without a crime,  
 Cannot attempt it e'en in rhyme,  
 But always, on such grand occasion,  
 Prepare a solemn invocation, 790  
 A posy for grim Pluto weave,  
 And in smooth numbers ask his leave  
 But why this caution ? why prepare  
 Rites, needless now ? for thence in air  
 The Spirit of the Night hath sneezed,  
 And thence hath clapp'd his wings, well-pleased

Descend then, Truth, and guard thy side,  
 My Muse, my patroness, and guide !  
 Let others at invention aim,  
 And seek by falsities for fame ; 800  
 Our story wants not, at this time,  
 Flounces and furbelows in rhyme ;  
 Relate plain facts , be brief and bold,  
 And let the poets, famed of old,  
 Seek, whilst our artless tale we tell,  
 In vain to find a parallel :  
 Silent all three went in ; about  
 All three turn'd, silent, and came out.

## BOOK III.

It was the hour, when housewife Morn  
 With pearl and linen hangs each thorn ;  
 When happy bards, who can regale  
 Their Muse with country air and ale,  
 Ramble afield to brooks and bowers,  
 To pick up sentiments and flowers ,  
 When dogs and squires from kennel fly,  
 And hogs and farmers quit their sty ,  
 When my lord rises to the chase,  
 And bawny chaplain takes his place. 10

These images, or bad, or good,  
 If they are rightly understood,  
 Sagacious readers must allow  
 Proclaim us in the country now ;  
 For observations mostly rise  
 From objects just before our eyes,  
 And every lord, in critic wit,  
 Can tell you where the piece was writ ;  
 Can point out, as he goes along,  
 (And who shall dare to say he's wrong ?) 20  
 Whether the warmth (for bards, we know,  
 At present never more than glow)  
 Was in the town or country caught,  
 By the peculiar turn of thought

It was the hour,—though critics frown,  
 We now declare ourselves in Town,  
 Nor will a moment's pause allow  
 For finding when we came, or how.  
 The man who deals in humble prose,  
 Tied down by rule and method goes ; 30

But they who court the vigorous Muse 31  
 Their carriage have a right to choose  
 Free as the air, and unconfined,  
 Swift as the motions of the mind,  
 The poet darts from place to place,  
 And instant bounds o'er time and space :  
 Nature (whilst blended fire and skill  
 Inflame our passions to his will)  
 Smiles at her violated laws,  
 And crowns his daring with applause 40  
 Should there be still some rigid few,  
 Who keep propriety in view,  
 Whose heads turn round, and cannot bear  
 This whirling passage through the air,  
 Free leave have such at home to sit,  
 And write a regimen for wit ,  
 To clip our pinions let them try,  
 Not having heart themselves to fly  
     It was the hour when devotees  
 Breathe pious curses on their knees , 50  
 When they with prayers the day begin  
 To sanctify a night of sin ,  
 When rogues of modesty, who roam  
 Under the veil of night, sneak home,  
 That, free from all restraint and awe,  
 Just to the windward of the law,  
 Less modest rogues their tricks may play,  
 And plunder in the face of day  
     But hold,—whilst thus we play the fool,  
 In bold contempt of every rule, 60  
 Things of no consequence expressing,  
 Describing now, and now digressing,  
 To the discredit of our skill,  
 The main concern is standing still

In plays, indeed, when storms of rage      65  
 Tempestuous in the soul engage,  
 Or when the spirits, weak and low,  
 Are sunk in deep distress and woe,  
 With strict propriety we hear  
 Description stealing on the ear,  
 And put off feeling half an hour  
 To thatch a cot, or paint a flower,  
 But in these serious works, design'd  
 To mend the morals of mankind,  
 We must for ever be disgraced  
 With all the nicer sons of Taste,  
 If once, the shadow to pursue,  
 We let the substance out of view  
 Our means must uniformly tend  
 In due proportion to their end,      80  
 And every passage aptly join  
 To bring about the one design  
 Our friends themselves cannot admit  
 This rambling, wild, digressive wit,  
 No—not those very friends, who found  
 Their credit on the self-same ground.

Peace, my good grumbling sir—for once,  
 Sunk in the solemn, formal dunce,  
 This coxcomb shall your fears beguile—  
 We will be dull—that you may smile      90

Come, Method, come in all thy pride,  
 Dulness and Whitehead by thy side;  
 Dulness, and Method still are one,  
 And Whitehead is their darling son  
 Not he,<sup>1</sup> whose pen, above control,  
 Struck terror to the guilty soul,

<sup>1</sup> 'Not he' Paul Whitehead, the profligate satirist

Made Folly tremble through her state,  
 And villains blush at being great ,  
 Whilst he himself, with steady face,  
 Disdaining modesty and grace,  
 Could blunder on through thick and thin,  
 Through every mean and servile sin,  
 Yet swear by Philip and by Paul,  
 He nobly scorn'd to blush at all ;  
 But he who in the Laureate chair,  
 By grace, not merit, planted there,  
 In awkward pomp is seen to sit,  
 And by his patent proves his wit ;  
 For favours of the great, we know,  
 Can wit as well as rank bestow : 97  
 And they who, without one pretension,  
 Can get for fools a place or pension,  
 Must able be supposed, of course,  
 (If reason is allow'd due force)  
 To give such qualities and grace  
 As may equip them for the place 110  
 But he—who measures as he goes  
 A mongrel kind of tinkling prose,  
 And is too frugal to dispense,  
 At once, both poetry and sense ; 120  
 Who, from amidst his slumbering guards,  
 Deals out a charge to subject bards,  
 Where couplets after couplets creep  
 Propitious to the reign of sleep ;  
 Yet every word imprints an awe,  
 And all his dictates pass for law  
 With beaux, who simper all around,  
 And belles, who die in every sound .

<sup>1</sup> ' Laureate ' William Whitehead, the poet laureate

For in all things of this relation, 120  
Men mostly judge from situation,  
Nor in a thousand find we one  
Who really weighs what's said or done,  
They deal out censure, or give credit.  
Merely from him who did or said it  
But he—who, happily serene,  
Means nothing, yet would seem to mean,  
Who rules and cautions can dispense  
With all that humble insolence  
Which Impudence in vain would teach,  
And none but modest men can reach, 140  
Who adds to sentiments the grace  
Of always being out of place,  
And draws out morals with an air  
A gentleman would blush to wear.  
Who, on the chastest, simplest plan,  
As chaste, as simple, as the man  
Without or character, or plot,  
Nature unknown, and Art forgot,  
Can, with much raking of the brains  
And years consumed in letter'd pains, 150  
A heap of words together lay,  
And, smirking, call the thing a play,<sup>1</sup>  
Who, champion sworn in Virtue's cause,  
'Gainst Vice his tiny bodkin draws,  
But to no part of prudence stranger,  
First blunts the point for fear of danger.  
So nurses sage, as caution works,  
When children first use knives and forks,  
For fear of mischief, it is known,  
To others' fingers or their own, 160

<sup>1</sup> 'Play' alluding to Whitehead's comedy of the 'School for Lovers'

To take the edge off wisely choose, 161  
 Though the same stroke takes off the use  
     Thee, Whitehead, thee I now invoke,  
 Sworn foe to Satire's generous stroke,  
 Which makes unwilling Conscience feel,  
 And wounds, but only wounds to heal  
 Good-natured, easy creature, mild  
 And gentle as a new-born child,  
 Thy heart would never once admit  
 E'en wholesome rigour to thy wit; 170  
 Thy head, if Conscience should comply,  
 Its kind assistance would deny,  
 And lend thee neither force nor art  
 To drive it onward to the heart.  
 Oh, may thy sacred power control  
 Each fiercer working of my soul,  
 Damp every spark of genuine fire,  
 And languors, like thine own, inspire  
 Trite be each thought, and every line  
 As moral and as dull as thine! 180  
     Poised in mid-air—(it matters not  
 To ascertain the very spot,  
 Nor yet to give you a relation  
 How it eluded gravitation)—  
 Hung a watch-tower, by Vulcan plann'd  
 With such rare skill, by Jove's command,  
 That every word which, whisper'd here,  
 Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,  
 On the still bosom of the air  
 Is borne and heard distinctly there— 190  
 The palace of an ancient dame  
 Whom men as well as gods call Fame.  
     A prattling gossip, on whose tongue  
 Proof of perpetual motion hung,



Whose lungs in strength all lungs surpass, 190  
 Like her own trumpet made of brass,  
 Who with an hundred pair of eyes  
 The vain attacks of sleep defies,  
 Who with an hundred pair of wings  
 News from the furthest quarters brings, 200  
 Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,<sup>1</sup>  
 All that she knows and ten times more

Not all the virtues which we find  
 Concenter'd in a Hunter's<sup>1</sup> mind,  
 Can make her spare the rancorous tale,  
 If in one point she chance to fail;  
 Or if, once in a thousand years,  
 A perfect character appears,  
 Such as of late with joy and pride  
 My soul possess'd, ere Arrow died, 210  
 Or such as, Envy must allow,  
 The world enjoys in Hunter now;  
 This hag, who aims at all alike,  
 At virtues e'en like thens will strike,  
 And make faults in the way of trade,  
 When she can't find them ready made

All things she takes in, small and great,  
 Talks of a toy-shop and a state  
 Of wits and fools, of saints and kings,  
 Of garters, stars, and leading strings, 220  
 Of old lords fumbling for a clap,  
 And young ones full of prayer and pap,  
 Of courts, of morals, and tye-wigs,  
 Of bears and serjeants dancing jigs,  
 Of grave professors at the bar  
 Learning to thrum on the guttar,

<sup>1</sup> 'Hunter' Miss Hunter, one of Queen Charlotte's maids of honour, eloped on the day of the coronation with the Earl of Pembroke.

Whilst laws are slubber'd o'er in haste, 227  
 And Judgment sacrificed to Taste ,  
 Of whited sepulchries, lawn sleeves,  
 And God's house made a den of thieves -  
 Of funeral pomps,<sup>1</sup> where clamours hung,  
 And fix'd disgrace on every tongue,  
 Whilst Sense and Order blush'd to see  
 Nobles without humanity ,  
 Of coronations,<sup>2</sup> where each heart,  
 With honest raptures, bore a part ;  
 Of city feasts, where Elegance  
 Was proud her colours to advance,  
 And Gluttony, uncommon case,  
 Could only get the second place ; 240  
 Of new-raised pillars in the state,  
 Who must be good, as being great ;  
 Of shoulders, on which honours sit  
 Almost as clumsily as wit ,  
 Of doughty knights, whom titles please,  
 But not the payment of the fees ,  
 Of lectures, whither every fool,  
 In second childhood, goes to school ,  
 Of graybeards, deaf to Reason's call,  
 From Inn of Court, or City Hall, 250  
 Whom youthful appetites enslave,  
 With one foot fairly in the grave,  
 By help of crutch, a needful brother,  
 Learning of Hart <sup>3</sup> to dance with t' other ;  
 Of doctors regularly bred  
 To fill the mansions of the dead ,

<sup>1</sup> 'Funeral Pomps' alluding to certain improprieties at the interment of George the Second, which took place the 11th of November 1760 — <sup>2</sup> 'Coronations' the coronation of George the Third on the 22d of September 1761 — <sup>3</sup> 'Hart' a dancing-master of the day

Of quacks, (for quacks they must be still, 257  
 Who save when forms require to kill)  
 Who life, and health, and vigour give  
 To him, not one would wish to live,  
 Of artists who, with noblest view,  
 Disinterested plans pursue,  
 For trembling worth the ladder raise,  
 And mark out the ascent to praise,  
 Of arts and sciences, where meet,  
 Sublime, profound, and all complete,  
 A set<sup>1</sup> (whom at some fitter time  
 The Muse shall consecrate in rhyme)  
 Who, humble artists to out-do,  
 A far more liberal plan pursue, 270  
 And let their well-judged premiums fall  
 On those who have no worth at all,  
 Of sign-post exhibitions, raised  
 For laughter more than to be praised,  
 (Though, by the way, we cannot see  
 Why Praise and Laughter mayn't agree)  
 Where genuine humour runs to waste,  
 And justly chides our want of taste,  
 Censured, like other things, though good,  
 Because they are not understood 280  
 To higher subjects now she soars,  
 And talks of politics and whores,  
 (If to your nice and chaster ears  
 That term indelicate appears,  
 Scripture politely shall refine,  
 And melt it into concubine)  
 In the same breath spreads Bourbon's league,<sup>2</sup>  
 And publishes the grand intrigue,

<sup>1</sup> 'A set' an invidious reflection on the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, founded in the year 1753. — 'Bourbon's league' the family compact between France and Spain

In Brussels or our own Gazette<sup>1</sup> 289  
 Makes armies fight which never met,  
 And circulates the pox or plague  
 To London, by the way of Hague,  
 For all the lies which there appear  
 Stamp'd with authority come here;  
 Boriows as freely from the gabble  
 Of some rude leader of a rabble,  
 Or from the quaint harangues of those  
 Who lead a nation by the nose,  
 As from those storms which, void of art,  
 Burst from our honest patriot's heart,<sup>2</sup> 300  
 When Eloquence and Virtue, (late  
 Remark'd to live in mutual hate)  
 Fond of each other's friendship grown,  
 Claim every sentence for their own,  
 And with an equal joy recites  
 Parade amours and half-pay fights,  
 Perform'd by heroes of fair weather,  
 Merely by dint of lace and feather,  
 As those rare acts which Honour taught  
 Our daring sons where Granby<sup>3</sup> fought, 310  
 Or those which, with superior skill,  
 Sackville achieved by standing still  
 This hag, (the curious, if they please,  
 May search, from earliest times to these,  
 And poets they will always see  
 With gods and goddesses make free,  
 Treating them all, except the Muse,  
 As scarcely fit to wipe their shoes)

<sup>1</sup> 'Gazette' the *Brussels Gazette*, a notorious paper of that time—

<sup>2</sup> 'Patriot's heart' Mr Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham — <sup>3</sup> 'Granby' the Marquis of Granby, distinguished in a conspicuous manner during the seven years' war, under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. See Junius

Who had beheld, from first to last, 319  
How our triumvirate had pass'd  
Night's dreadful interval, and heard,  
With strict attention, every word,  
Soon as she saw return of light,  
On sounding pinions took her flight

Swift through the regions of the sky,  
Above the reach of human eye,  
Onward she drove the furious blast,  
And rapid as a whirlwind pass'd,  
O'er countries, once the seats of Taste,  
By Time and Ignorance laid waste , 320  
O'er lands, where former ages saw  
Reason and Truth the only law ;  
Where Arts and Arms, and Public Love,  
In generous emulation strove ,  
Where kings were proud of legal sway,  
And subjects happy to obey,  
Though now in slavery sunk, and broke  
To Superstition's galling yoke ,  
Of Arts, of Arms, no more they tell,  
Or Freedom, which with Science fell, 340  
By tyrants awed, who never find  
The passage to their people's mind ;  
To whom the joy was never known  
Of planting in the heart their throne ;  
Far from all prospect of relief,  
Their hours in fruitless prayers and grief,  
For loss of blessings, they employ,  
Which we unthankfully enjoy

Now is the time (had we the will)  
To amaze the reader with our skill, 350  
To pour out such a flood of knowledge  
As might suffice for a whole college, \*

Whilst with a true poetic force, 353  
 We traced the goddess in her course,  
 Sweetly describing, in our flight,  
 Each common and uncommon sight,  
 Making our journal gay and pleasant,  
 With things long past, and things now present  
 Rivers—once nymphs—(a transformation  
 Is mighty pretty in relation) 360  
 From great authorities we know  
 Will matter for a tale bestow  
 To make the observation clear,  
 We give our friends an instance here  
     The day (that never is forgot)  
 Was very fine, but very hot,  
 The nymph (another general rule)  
 Inflamed with heat, laid down to cool,  
 Her hair (we no exceptions find)  
 Waved careless, floating in the wind, 370  
 Her heaving breasts, like summer seas,  
 Seem'd amorous of the playful breeze  
 Should fond Description tune our lays  
 In choicest accents to her praise,  
 Description we at last should find,  
 Baffled and weak, would halt behind  
 Nature had form'd her to inspire  
 In every bosom soft desire,  
 Passions to raise, she could not feel,  
 Wounds to inflict, she would not heal. 380  
 A god, (his name is no great matter,  
 Perhaps a Jove, perhaps a Satyr)  
 Raging with lust, a godlike flame,  
 By chance, as usual, thither came;  
 With gloating eye the fair one view'd,  
 Desired her first, and then pursued.

She (for what other can she do ?) 287  
 Must fly—or how can he pursue?  
 The Muse (so custom hath decreed)  
 Now proves her spirit by her speed,  
 Nor must one limping line disgrace  
 The life and vigour of the race ;  
 She runs, and he runs, till at length,  
 Quite destitute of breath and strength,  
 To Heaven (for there we all apply  
 For help, when there's no other nigh)  
 She offers up her virgin prayer,  
 (Can virgins pray unpitied there ?)  
 And when the god thinks he has caught her,  
 Slips through his hands and runs to water, 400  
 Becomes a stream, in which the poet,  
 If he has any wit, may show it

A city once for power renown'd  
 Now level'd even to the ground,  
 Beyond all doubt is a direction  
 To introduce some fine reflection

Ah, woeful me ! ah, woeful man !  
 Ah, woeful all, do all we can !  
 Who can on earthly things depend  
 From one to t'other moment's end ? 410  
 Honour, wit, genius, wealth, and glory,  
 Good lack ! good lack ! are transitory ,  
 Nothing is sure and stable found,  
 The very earth itself turns round  
 Monarchs, nay ministers, must die,  
 Must rot, must stink—ah, me ! ah, why !  
 Cities themselves in time decay ;  
 If cities thus—ah, well-a-day !  
 If brick and mortar have an end,  
 On what can flesh and blood depend ' 420

Ah, woeful me ! ah, woeful man ! 421  
 Ah, woeful all, do all we can !

England, (for that's at last the scene,  
 Though worlds on worlds should rise between,  
 Whither we must our course pursue)  
 England should call into review  
 Times long since past indeed, but not  
 By Englishmen to be forgot,  
 Though England, once so dear to Fame,  
 Sinks in Great Britain's dearer name 430

Here could we mention chiefs of old,  
 In plain and rugged honour bold,  
 To Virtue kind, to Vice severe,  
 Strangers to bribery and fear,  
 Who kept no wretched clans in awe,  
 Who never broke or warp'd the law ,  
 Patriots, whom, in her better days,  
 Old Rome might have been proud to raise ,  
 Who, steady to their country's claim,  
 Boldly stood up in Freedom's name, 440  
 E'en to the teeth of tyrant Pride,  
 And when they could no more, they died

There (striking contrast !) might we place  
 A servile, mean, degenerate race ;  
 Hirelings, who valued nought but gold,  
 By the best bidder bought and sold ,  
 Truants from Honour's sacred laws,  
 Betrayers of their country's cause ;  
 The dupes of party, tools of power,  
 Slaves to the minion of an hour , 450  
 Lackies, who watch'd a favourite's nod,  
 And took a puppet for their god.

Sincere and honest in our rhymes,  
 How might we praise these happier times !



How might the Muse exalt her lays, 455  
And wanton in a monarch's praise '  
Tell of a prince, in England born,  
Whose virtues Eng'land's crown adorn,  
In youth a pattern unto age,  
So chaste so pious, and so sage , 460  
Who, true to all those sacred bands,  
Which private happiness demands,  
Yet never lets them rise above  
The stronger ties of public love

With conscious pride see England stand  
Our holy Charter in her hand ,  
She waves it round, and o'er the isle  
See Liberty and Courage smile  
No more she mourns her treasures hurl'd  
In subsidies to all the world , 470  
No more by foreign threats dismay'd,  
No more deceived with foreign aid,  
She deals out sums to petty states,  
Whom Honour scorns and Reason hates,  
But, wiser by experience grown,  
Finds safety in herself alone

' Whilst thus,' she cries, ' my children stand  
An honest, valiant, native band,  
A train'd militia, brave and free,  
True to their king, and true to me, 480  
No foreign hirelings shall be known,  
Nor need we hirelings of our own :  
Under a just and pious reign  
The statesman's sophistry is vain ;  
Vain is each vile, corrupt pretence,  
These are my natural defence ,  
Their faith I know, and they shall prove  
The bulwark of the king they love '

These, and a thousand things beside, 489  
 Did we consult a poet's pride,  
 Some gay, some serious, might be said,  
 But ten to one they'd not be read,  
 Or were they by some curious few,  
 Not even those would think them true,  
 For, from the time that Jubal first  
 Sweet ditties to the harp rehearsed,  
 Poets have always been suspected  
 Of having truth in rhyme neglected,  
 That bard except, who from his youth  
 Equally famed for faith and truth, 500  
 By Prudence taught, in courtly chime  
 To courtly ears brought truth in rhyme <sup>1</sup>

But though to poets we allow,  
 No matter when acquired or how,  
 From truth unbounded deviation,  
 Which custom calls Imagination,  
 Yet can't they be supposed to lie  
 One half so fast as Fame can fly,  
 Therefore (to solve this Gordian knot,  
 A point we almost had forgot) 510  
 To courteous readers be it known,  
 That, fond of verse and falsehood grown,  
 Whilst we in sweet digression sung,  
 Fame check'd her flight, and held her tongue,  
 And now pursues, with double force  
 And double speed, her destined course,  
 Nor stops till she the place <sup>2</sup> arrives.  
 Where Genius starves and Dulness thrives,  
 Where riches virtue are esteem'd  
 And craft is truest wisdom deem'd, 520

<sup>1</sup> 'Rhyme' Mallet addressed a contemptible poem, entitled 'Truth in Rhyme,' to the celebrated Lord Chestfield — <sup>2</sup> 'Place' the Royal Exchange

Where Commerce proudly rears her throne,      521  
 In state to other lands unknown  
 Where, to be cheated and to cheat,  
 Strangers from every quarter meet,  
 Where Christians, Jews, and Turks shake hands,  
 United in commercial bands  
 All of one faith, and that to own  
 No god but Interest alone.

When gods and goddesses come down  
 To look about them here in Town,      530  
 (For change of air is understood  
 By sons of Physic to be good,  
 In due proportions, now and then,  
 For these same gods as well as men)  
 By custom ruled, and not a poet  
 So very dull but he must know it,  
 In order to remain *incog*  
 They always travel in a fog,  
 For if we majesty expose  
 To vulgar eyes, too cheap it grows;      540  
 The force is lost, and free from awe,  
 We spy and censure every flaw,  
 But well preserved from public view,  
 It always breaks forth fresh and new,  
 Fierce as the sun in all his pride  
 It shines, and not a spot's descried.

Was Jove to lay his thunder by,  
 And with his brethren of the sky  
 Descend to earth, and frisk about,  
 Like chattering N——<sup>1</sup> from rout to rout,      550  
 He would be found, with all his host,  
 A nine days' wonder at the most

<sup>1</sup> 'N——' not known

Would we in trim our honours wear, 553  
 We must preserve them from the air ;  
 What is familiar men neglect,  
 However worthy of respect  
 Did they not find a certain friend  
 In Novelty to recommend,  
 (Such we, by sad experience, find  
 The wretched folly of mankind) 560  
 Venus might unattractive shine,  
 And Hunter fix no eyes but mine.

But Fame, who never cared a jot  
 Whether she was admired or not,  
 And never blush'd to show her face  
 At any time in any place,  
 In her own shape, without disguise,  
 And visible to mortal eyes,  
 On 'Change exact at seven o'clock  
 Alighted on the weathercock, 570  
 Which, planted there time out of mind  
 To note the changes of the wind,  
 Might no improper emblem be  
 Of her own mutability

Thrice did she sound her trump, (the same  
 Which from the first belong'd to Fame,  
 An old ill-favour'd instrument,  
 With which the goddess was content,  
 Though under a politer race  
 Bagpipes might well supply its place) 580  
 And thrice, awaken'd by the sound,  
 A general din prevail'd around ;  
 Confusion through the city pass'd,  
 And Fear bestrode the dreadful blast

Those fragrant currents, which we meet  
 Distilling soft through every street,

Affrighted from the usual course, 587  
 Ran murmuring upwards to their source ;  
 Statues wept tears of blood, as fast  
 As when a Cæsar breathed his last ,  
 Horses, which always used to go  
 A foot-pace in my Lord Mayor's show,  
 Impetuous from their stable broke,  
 And aldermen and oxen spoke

Halls felt the force, towers shook around,  
 And steeples nodded to the ground ;  
 St Paul himself (strange sight !) was seen  
 To bow as humbly as the Dean ,  
 The Mansion House, for ever placed  
 A monument of City taste, 600  
 Trembled, and seem'd aloud to groan  
 Through all that hideous weight of stone.

To still the sound, or stop her ears,  
 Remove the cause or sense of fears.  
 Physic, in college seated high,  
 Would anything but medicine try  
 No more in Pewterer's Hall<sup>1</sup> was heard  
 The proper force of every word ,  
 Those seats were desolate become,  
 A hapless Elocution dumb 610  
 Form, city-born and city-bred,  
 By strict Decorum ever led,  
 Who threescore years had known the grace  
 Of one dull, stiff, unvaried pace,  
 Terror prevailing over Pride,  
 Was seen to take a larger stride ;  
 Worn to the bone, and clothed in rags,  
 See Avarice closer hug his bags ;

<sup>1</sup> 'Pewterers' Hall' Macklin's recitations and his lectures on elocution were delivered at Pewterers' Hall, in Lime Street

With her own weight unwieldy grown, 619  
 See Credit totter on her throne ,  
 Virtue alone, had she been there,  
 The mighty sound, unmoved, could bear  
     Up from the gorgeous bed, where Fate  
 Dooms annual fools to sleep in state,  
 To sleep so sound that not one gleam  
 Of Fancy can provoke a dream,  
 Great Dulman<sup>1</sup> started at the sound,  
 Gaped, rubb'd his eyes, and stared around  
 Much did he wish to know, much fear,  
 Whence sounds so horrid struck his ear, 630  
 So much unlike those peaceful notes,  
 That equal harmony, which floats  
 On the dull wing of City air,  
 Grave prelude to a feast or fair .  
 Much did he only ruminate  
 Concerning the decrees of Fate,  
 Revolving, though to little end,  
 What this same trumpet might portend  
     Could the French—no—that could not be,  
 Under Bute's active ministry, 640  
 Too watchful to be so deceived—  
 Have stolen hither unperceived ?  
 To Newfoundland,<sup>2</sup> indeed, we know  
 Fleets of war unobserved may go ,  
 Or, if observed, may be supposed,  
 At intervals when Reason dozed,  
 No other point in view to bear  
 But pleasure, health, and change of air ,

<sup>1</sup> 'Dulman' Sir Samuel Fludyer, Bart M P for Chippenham, Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England, and Lord Mayor of London for 1761-2 —

<sup>2</sup> 'Newfoundland' in May 1762 a French squadron escaped out of Brest in a fog, and took the town of St John's in Newfoundland

But Reason ne'er could sleep so sound 649  
 To let an enemy be found  
 In our land's heart, ere it was known  
 They had departed from their own.

Or could his successor, (Ambition  
 Is ever haunted with suspicion)  
 His daring successor elect,  
 All customs, rules, and forms reject,  
 And aim,<sup>1</sup> regardless of the crime,  
 To seize the chair before his time?

Or (deeming this the lucky hour,  
 Seemg his countrymen in power. 650  
 Those countrymen, who, from the first,  
 In tumults and rebellion nursed,  
 Howe'er they wear the mask of art,  
 Still love a Stuart in their heart)  
 Could Scottish Charles——

Conjecture thus,

That mental *ignis fatuus*,  
 Led his poor brains a weary dance  
 From France to England, hence to France,  
 Till Information (in the shape  
 Of chaplain learned, good Sir Crape, 670  
 A lazy, lounging, pamper'd priest,  
 Well known at every city feast,  
 For he was seen much oftener there  
 Than in the house of God at prayer ;  
 Who, always ready in his place,  
 Ne'er let God's creatures wait for grace,  
 Though, as the best historians write,  
 Less famed for faith than appetite ,  
 His disposition to reveal,  
 The grace was short, and long the meal , 680

<sup>1</sup> ' Aim ' Beckford was the Lord Mayor elect for 1762-3

Who always would excess admit, 681  
 If haunch or turtle came with it,  
 And ne'er engaged in the defence  
 Of self-denying Abstinence,  
 When he could fortunately meet  
 With anything he liked to eat ;  
 Who knew that wine, on Scripture plan,  
 Was made to cheer the heart of man ;  
 Knew too, by long experience taught,  
 That cheerfulness was kill'd by thought , 690  
 And from those premises collected,  
 (Which few perhaps would have suspected)  
 That none who, with due share of sense,  
 Observed the ways of Providence,  
 Could with safe conscience leave off drinking  
 Till they had lost the power of thinking ,  
 With eyes half-closed came waddling in,  
 And, having stroked his double chin ,  
 (That chin, whose credit to maintain  
 Against the scoffs of the profane, 700  
 Had cost him more than ever state  
 Paid for a poor electorate,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which, after all the cost and rout  
 It had been better much without)  
 Briefly (for breakfast, you must know,  
 Was waiting all the while below)  
 Related, bowing to the ground,  
 The cause of that uncommon sound ,  
 Related, too, that at the door  
 Pomposo, Plausible, and Moore, 710  
 Begg'd that Fame might not be allow'd  
 Their shame to publish to the crowd ,

- 1 'Electorate' the electorate of Hanover



That some new laws he would provide, 713  
 (If old could not be misapplied  
 With as much ease and safety there  
 As they are misapplied elsewhere)  
 By which it might be construed treason  
 In man to exercise his reason,  
 Which might ingeniously devise  
 One punishment for truth and lies, 720  
 And fairly prove when they had done,  
 That truth and falsehood were but one,  
 Which juries must indeed retain,  
 But their effects should render vain,  
 Making all real power to rest  
 In one corrupted rotten breast,  
 By whose false gloss the very Bible  
 Might be interpreted a libel  
     Moore (who, his reverence to save,  
 Pleased the fool to screen the knave, 730  
 Though all who witness'd on his part  
 Swore for his head against his heart)  
 Had taken down, from first to last,  
 A just account of all that pass'd;  
 But, since the gracious will of Fate,  
 Who mark'd the child for wealth and state  
 E'en in the cradle, had decreed  
 The mighty Dulman ne'er should read,  
 That office of disgrace to bear  
 The smooth-lipp'd Plausible<sup>1</sup> was there 740  
 From Holborn e'en to Clerkenwell,  
 Who knows not smooth-lipp'd Plausible?  
 A preacher, deem'd of greatest note  
 For preaching that which others wrote

<sup>1</sup> 'Plausible' the Rev. W. Sillon in 1763 published a stolen sermon as his own

Had Dulman now, (and fools, we see, 745  
Seldom want curiosity)

Consented (but the mourning shade  
Of Gascoyne hasten'd to his aid,  
And in his hand—what could he more ?—  
Triumphant Canning's picture bore) 750

That our three heroes should advance  
And read their comical romance,  
How rich a feast, what royal fare,  
We for our readers might prepare !  
So rich and yet so safe a feast,  
That no one foreign blatant beast,  
Within the purheus of the law,  
Should dare thereon to lay his paw,  
And, growling, cry, with surly tone,  
'Keep off—this feast is all my own' 760

Bending to earth the downcast eye,  
Or planting it against the sky,  
As one immersed in deepest thought,  
Or with some holy vision caught,  
His hands, to aid the traitor's art,  
Devoutly folded o'er his heart,  
Here Moore, in fraud well skill'd, should go,  
All saint, with solemn step and slow  
Oh, that Religion's sacred name,  
Meant to inspire the purest flame, 770

A prostitute should ever be  
To that arch-fiend Hypocrisy,  
Where we find every other vice  
Crown'd with damn'd sneaking cowardice !  
Bold sin reclaim'd is often seen,  
Past hope that man, who dares be mean

There, full of flesh, and full of grace,  
With that fine round unmeaning face

Which Nature gives to sons of earth 774  
 Whom she designs for ease and mirth,  
 Should the prim Plausible be seen,  
 Observe his stiff, affected mien,  
 'Gainst Nature, aim'd by Gravity,  
 His features too in buckle see,  
 See with what sanctity he reads,  
 With what devotion tells his beads '  
 Now, prophet, show me, by thine art,  
 What's the religion of his heart  
 Show there, if truth thou canst unfold,  
 Religion centred all in gold, 780  
 Show him, nor fear Correction's rod,  
 As false to friendship, as to God  
     Horrid, unwieldy, without form  
 Savage as ocean in a storm,  
 Of size prodigious, in the rear,  
 That post of honour, should appear  
 Pomposo, fame around should tell  
 How he a slave to Interest fell,  
 How, for integrity renown'd,  
 Which booksellers have often found, 800  
 He for subscribers baits his hook,<sup>1</sup>  
 And takes their cash—but where's the book '  
 No matter where—wise fear, we know,  
 Forbids the robbing of a foe,  
 But what, to serve our private ends,  
 Forbids the cheating of our friends ?  
 No man alive, who would not swear  
 All's safe, and therefore honest there,  
 For, spite of all the learned say,  
 If we to truth attention pay, 810

<sup>1</sup> ' His hook ' Dr Johnson was in possession of subscriptions for his edition of Shakespeare for upwards of twenty years ere it appeared

The word dishonesty is meant 811  
 For nothing else but punishment  
 Fame, too, should tell, nor heed the threat  
 Of rogues, who brother rogues abet,  
 Nor tremble at the terrors hung  
 Aloft, to make her hold her tongue,  
 How to all principles untrue,  
 Not fix'd to old friends nor to new,  
 He damns the pension which he takes  
 And loves the Stuart he forsakes 820  
 Nature (who, justly regular,  
 Is very seldom known to err,  
 But now and then, in sportive mood,  
 As some rude wits have understood,  
 Or through much work required in haste,  
 Is with a random stroke disgraced)  
 Pomposo, form'd on doubtful plan,  
 Not quite a beast, nor quite a man,  
 Like—God knows what—for never yet  
 Could the most subtle human wit 830  
 Find out a monster which might be  
 The shadow of a simile.

These three, these great, these mighty three,—  
 Nor can the poet's truth agree,  
 How'er report hath done him wrong,  
 And warp'd the purpose of his song,  
 Amongst the refuse of their race,  
 The sons of Infamy, to place  
 That open, generous, manly mind,  
 Which we, with joy, in Aldrich<sup>1</sup> find— 840  
 These three, who now are faintly shown,  
 Just sketch'd, and scarcely to be known,

<sup>1</sup> 'Aldrich' the Reverend Stephen Aldrich, Rector of St John's, Clerkenwell, actively contributed to the exposure of the Cock-lane ghost

Let ragged Virtue stand aloof, 877  
 Nor mutter accents of reproof,  
 Let ragged Wit a mute become,  
 When Wealth and Power would have her dumb,  
 For who the devil doth not know  
 That titles and estates bestow  
 An ample stock, where'er they fall,  
 Of graces which we mental call?  
 Beggars, in every age and nation,  
 Are rogues and fools by situation,  
 The rich and great are understood  
 To be of course both wise and good  
 Consult, then, Interest more than Pride,  
 Discreetly take the stronger side, 890  
 Desert, in time, the simple few  
 Who Virtue's barren path pursue,  
 Adopt my maxims—follow me—  
 To Baal bow the prudent knee,  
 Deny thy God, betray thy friend,  
 At Baal's altars hourly bend,  
 So shalt thou rich and great be seen,  
 To be great now, you must be mean'

Hence, Tempter,, to some weaker soul,  
 Which fear and interest control, 900  
 Vainly thy precepts are address'd  
 Where Virtue steels the steady breast,  
 Through meanness wade to boasted power,  
 Through guilt repeated every hour,  
 What is thy gain, when all is done,  
 What mighty laurels hast thou won?  
 Dull crowds, to whom the heart's unknown,  
 Praise thee for virtues not thine own  
 But will, at once man's scourge and friend,  
 Impartial Conscience too commend? 910

From her reproaches canst thou fly ?  
 Canst thou with words her silence buy ?  
 Believe it not—her stings shall find  
 A passage to thy coward mind  
 There shall she fix her sharpest dart,  
 There show thee truly as thou art,  
 Unknown to those, by whom thou 'rt prized,  
 Known to thyself to be despised

The man who weds the sacred Muse,  
 Disdains all mercenary views,  
 And he, who Virtue's throne would rear  
 Laughs at the phantoms raised by Fear  
 Though Folly, robed in purple, shines,  
 Though Vice exhausts Peruvian mines.  
 Yet shall they tremble, and turn pale,  
 When Satire wields her mighty flail,  
 Or should they, of rebuke afraid,  
 With Melcombe<sup>1</sup> seek hell's deepest shade,  
 Satire, still mindful of her aim,  
 Shall bring the cowards back to shame

Hated by many, loved by few,  
 Above each little private view,  
 Honest, though poor, (and who shall dare  
 To disappoint my boasting there ?)  
 Hardy and resolute, though weak,  
 The dictates of my heart to speak,  
 Willing I bend at Satire's throne,  
 What power I have be all her own.

Nor shall yon lawyer's specious art,  
 Conscious of a corrupted heart,

<sup>1</sup> 'Melcombe' George Bubb Doddington, the son of an apothecary at Weymouth, by skilful electioneering, raised himself to the peerage under the title of Lord Melcombe. Thomson addressed to him his 'Summer,' and Young his 'Universal Passion'

Create imaginary fear 941  
 To damp us in our bold career  
 Why should we fear? and what? The laws?  
 They all are aim'd in Virtue's cause,  
 And aiming at the self-same end,  
 Satire is always Virtue's friend  
 Nor shall that Muse, whose honest rage,  
 In a corrupt, degenerate age,  
 (When, dead to every nicer sense,  
 Deep sunk in vice and indolence, 950  
 The spirit of old Rome was broke  
 Beneath the tyrant fiddler's yoke)  
 Banish'd the rose from Nero's cheek,  
 Under a Brunswick fear to speak

Drawn by Conceit from Reason's plan,  
 How vain is that poor creature, Man!  
 How pleased is every paltry elf  
 To prate about that thing, himself!  
 After my promise made in rhyme,  
 And meant in earnest at that time, 960  
 To jog, according to the mode,  
 In one dull pace, in one dull road,  
 What but that curse of heart and head  
 To this digression could have led?  
 Where plunged, in vain I look about,  
 And can't stay in, nor well get out.

Could I, whilst Humour held the quill,  
 Could I digress with half that skill;  
 Could I with half that skill return,  
 Which we so much admire in Sterne. 970  
 Where each digression, seeming vain,  
 And only fit to entertain,  
 Is found, on better recollection,  
 To have a just and nice connexion,

To help the whole with wondrous art, 975

Whence it seems idly to depart :

Then should our readers ne'er accuse

These wild excursions of the Muse ,

Ne'er backward turn dull pages o'er

To recollect what went before , 980

Deeply impress'd, and ever new,

Each image past should start to view,

And we to Dulman now come in,

As if we ne'er had absent been

Have you not seen when danger's near

The coward cheek turn white with fear ?

Have you not seen, when danger's fled,

The self-same cheek with joy turn red ?

These are low symptoms which we find,

Fit only for a vulgar mind, 990

Where honest features, void of art,

Betray the feelings of the heart

Our Dulman with a face was bless'd,

Where no one passion was express'd ,

His eye, in a fine stupor caught,

Imphed a plenteous lack of thought ,

Nor was one line that whole face seen in

Which could be justly charged with meaning

To Avarice by birth allied,

Debauch'd by marriage into Pride. 1000

In age grown fond of youthful sports,

Of pomps, of vanities, and courts,

And by success too mighty made

To love his country or his trade ,

Stiff in opinion, (no rare case

With blockheads in or out of place)

Too weak, and insolent of soul

To suffer Reason's just control,



But bending, of his own accord, 1009  
 To that trim transient toy, my lord ,  
 The dupe of Scots, (a fatal race,  
 Whom God in wrath contrived to place  
 To scourge our crimes, and gall our pride,  
 A constant thorn in England's side ,  
 Whom first, our greatness to oppose,  
 He in his vengeance mark'd for foes ,  
 Then, more to serve his wiathful ends,  
 And more to curse us, mark'd for friends)  
 Deep in the state, if we give credit  
 To him, for no one else e'er said it, 1020  
 Sworn friend of great ones not a few,  
 Though he their titles only knew,  
 And those (which, envious of his breeding,  
 Book-worms have charged to want of reading)  
 Merely to show himself polite  
 He never would pronounce aright ;  
 An orator with whom a host  
 Of those which Rome and Athens boast,  
 In all their pride might not contend ,  
 Who, with no powers to recommend, 1030  
 Whilst Jackey Hume, and Billy Whitehead,  
 And Dicky Glover,<sup>1</sup> sat delighted,  
 Could speak whole days in Nature's spite,  
 Just as those able versemen write ,  
 Great Dulman from his bed arose—  
 Thrice did he spit—thrice wiped his nose—  
 Thrice strove to smile—thrice strove to frown—  
 And thrice look'd up—and thrice look'd down—  
 Then silence broke—' Crape, who am I ?'  
 Crape bow'd, and smiled an arch reply 1040

<sup>1</sup> ' Dicky Glover ' Richard Glover, author of ' Leonidas '

Am I not, Crape ? I am, you know, 3044  
Above all those who are below  
Have I not knowledge ? and for wit,  
Money will always purchase it  
Nor, if it needful should be found,  
Will I grudge ten or twenty pound,  
For which the whole stock may be bought  
Of scoundrel wits, not worth a groat  
But lest I should proceed too far,  
I'll feel my friend the Minister, 1050  
(Great men, Crape, must not be neglected)  
How he in this point is affected,  
For as I stand a magistrate,  
To serve him first, and next the state,  
Perhaps he may not think it fit  
To let his magistrates have wit  
Boast I not, at this very hour,  
Those large effects which troop with power ?  
Am I not mighty in the land ?  
Do not I sit whilst others stand ? 1060  
Am I not with rich garments graced,  
In seat of honour always placed ?  
And do not cits of chief degree,  
Though proud to others, bend to me ?  
Have I not, as a Justice ought,  
The laws such wholesome rigour taught,  
That Fornication, in disgrace,  
Is now afraid to show her face,  
And not one whore these walls approaches  
Unless they ride in their own coaches ? 1070  
And shall this Fame, an old poor strumpet,  
Without our licence sound her trumpet,  
And, envious of our city's quiet,  
In broad daylight blow up a riot ?

If insolence like this we bear, 1075  
 Where is our state ? our office where ?  
 Farewell, all honours of our reign ,  
 Farewell, the neck-ennobling chain,  
 Freedom's known badge o'er all the globe ,  
 Farewell, the solemn-spreading robe , 1080  
 Farewell, the sword , farewell, the mace ,  
 Farewell, all title, pomp, and place ,  
 Removed from men of high degree,  
 (A loss to them, Crape, not to me)  
 Banish'd to Chippenham or to Frome,  
 Dulman once more shall ply the loom '

Crape, lifting up his hands and eyes,  
 ' Dulman !—the loom !—at Chippenham ! '—cries ,  
 ' If there be powers which greatness love,  
 Which rule below, but dwell above, 1090  
 Those powers united all shall join  
 To contradict the rash design.

Sooner shall stubborn Will <sup>1</sup> lay down  
 His opposition with his gown ,  
 Sooner shall Temple leave the road  
 Which leads to Virtue's mean abode ,  
 Sooner shall Scots this country quit,  
 And England's foes be friends to Pitt,  
 Than Dulman, from his grandeur thrown,  
 Shall wander outcast and unknown 1100  
 Sure as that cane,' (a cane there stood  
 Near to a table made of wood,  
 Of dry fine wood a table made,  
 By some rare artist in the trade,

<sup>1</sup> ' Will ' William Beckford, Esq., elected an alderman, June 1752, and twice Lord Mayor of London, in 1762 and 1769. He was a West India merchant, possessed a princely fortune, and became highly popular by his strenuous opposition to the court. His son was the author of ' Caliph Vathek '

Who had enjoy'd immortal praise 1105  
 If he had lived in Homer's days,  
 'Sure as that cane, which once was seen'  
 In pride of life all fresh and green,  
 The banks of Indus to adorn,  
 Then, of its leafy honours shorn, 1110  
 According to exactest rule,  
 Was fashion'd by the workman's tool,  
 And which at present we behold  
 Curiously polish'd, crown'd with gold,  
 With gold well wrought, sure as that cane  
 Shall never on its native plain  
 Strike root afresh, shall never more  
 Flourish in tawny India's shore,  
 So sure shall Dulman and his race  
 To latest times this station grace ' 1120

Dulman, who all this while had kept  
 His eyelids closed as if he slept,  
 Now looking steadfastly on Crape,  
 As at some god in human shape .  
 'Crape, I protest, you seem to me  
 To have discharged a prophecy :  
 Yes—from the first it doth appear  
 Planted by Fate, the Dulmans here  
 Have always held a quiet reign,  
 And here shall to the last remain. 1130

'Crape, they're all wrong about this ghost—  
 Quite on the wrong side of the post—  
 Blockheads! to take it in their head  
 To be a message from the dead,  
 For that by mission they design,  
 A word not half so good as mine.  
 Crape—here it is—start not one doubt—  
 A plot—a plot—I've found it out'

O God !' cries Crape, 'how bless'd the nation,  
Where one son boasts such penetration ' 1140

'Crape, I've not time to tell you now  
When I discover'd this, or how ,  
To Stentor<sup>1</sup> go—if he's not there,  
His place let Bully Norton bear—  
Our citizens to council call—  
Let all meet,—'tis the cause of all  
Let the three witnesses attend,  
With allegations to befriend,  
To swear just so much, and no more,  
As we instruct them in before 1150

'Stay, Crape, come back—what ! don't you see  
The effects of this discovery ?

Dulman all care and toil endures—  
The profit, Crape, will all be yours  
A mitre, (for, this arduous task  
Perform'd, they'll grant whate'er I ask)  
A mitre (and perhaps the best)  
Shall, through my interest, make thee blest  
And at this time, when gracious Fate  
Dooms to the Scot the reins of state, 1160  
Who is more fit (and for your use  
We could some instances produce)  
Of England's Church to be the head,  
Than you, a Presbyterian bred ?  
But when thus mighty you are made,  
Unlike the brethren of thy trade,  
Be grateful, Crape, and let me not,  
Like old Newcastle,<sup>2</sup> be forgot

But an affair, Crape, of this size  
Will ask from Conduct vast supplies ; 1170

<sup>1</sup> 'Stentor' unknown —<sup>2</sup> 'Newcastle' the Duke of Newcastle, who died in 1768, had for more than fifty years filled the greatest offices in the state  
See Macaulay's papers on Chatham, and Humphrey Clunker

It must not, as the vulgar say, 1171  
 Be done in hugger-mugger way  
 Traitors, indeed (and that's discreet)  
 Who hatch the plot, in private meet  
 They should in public go, no doubt,  
 Whose business is to find it out  
 To-morrow—if the day appear  
 Likely to turn out fair and clear—  
 Proclaim a grand processionade<sup>1</sup> —  
 Be all the city-pomp display'd, 1180  
 Let the Train-bands'—Crape shook his head —  
 They heard the trumpet, and were fled—  
 'Well,' cries the Knight, 'if that's the case  
 My servants shall supply their place—  
 My servants—mine alone—no more  
 Than what my servants did before—  
 Dost not remember, Crape, that day  
 When, Dulman's grandeur to display  
 As all too simple and too low,  
 Our city friends were thrust below, 1190  
 Whilst, as more worthy of our love,  
 Courtiers were entertain'd above?  
 Tell me, who waited then? and how?  
 My servants—mine and why not now?  
 In haste then, Crape, to Stentor go—  
 But send up Hart, who waits below,  
 With him, till you return again,  
 (Reach me my spectacles and cane)  
 I'll make a proof how I advance in  
 My new accomplishment of dancing.' 1200  
 Not quite so fast as lightning flies,  
 Wing'd with red anger, through the skies,

<sup>1</sup> 'Processionade' for the purpose of preparing an address to his Majesty on the conclusion of the peace with France

Not quite so fast as, sent by Jove, 1203  
 Iris descends on wings of love ,  
 Not quite so fast as Terror rides  
 When he the chasing winds bestrides,  
 Crape hobbled , but his mind was good—  
 Could he go faster than he could ?

Near, to that tower, which, as we've told,  
 The mighty Julius raised of old, 1210  
 Where, to the block by Justice led,  
 The rebel Scot hath often bled ,  
 Where arms are kept so clean, so bright,  
 'Twere sin they should be soil'd in fight ;  
 Where brutes of foreign race are shown  
 By brutes much greater of our own ,  
 Fast by the crowded Thames, is found  
 An ample square of sacred ground,  
 Where artless Eloquence presides,  
 And Nature every sentence guides 1220

Here female parliaments debate  
 About religion, trade, and state ;  
 Here every Naiad's patriot soul,  
 Disdaining foreign base control,  
 Despising French, despising Eise,  
 Pours forth the plain old English curse,  
 And bears aloft, with terrors hung,  
 The honours of the vulgar tongue.

Here Stentor, always heard with awe,  
 In thundering accents deals out law 1230  
 Twelve furlongs off each dreadful word  
 Was plainly and distinctly heard,  
 And every neighbour hill around  
 Return'd and swell'd the mighty sound ,  
 The loudest virgin of the stream,  
 Compared with him would silent seem ;

Thames, (who, enraged to find his course  
 Opposed, rolls down with double force,  
 Against the bridge indignant roars,  
 And lashes the resounding shores)  
 Compared with him, at lowest tide,  
 In softest whispers seems to glide.

Hither, directed by the noise,  
 Swell'd with the hope of future joys,  
 Through too much zeal and haste made lane,  
 The reverend slave of Dulman came

‘Stentor’—with such a serious air,  
 With such a face of solemn care,  
 As might import him to contain  
 A nation’s welfare in his brain—  
 ‘Stentor,’ cries Crape. ‘I’m hither sent  
 On business of most high intent,  
 Great Dulman’s orders to convey,  
 Dulman commands, and I obey,  
 Big with those throes which patriots feel,  
 And labouring for the commonweal,  
 Some secret, which forbids him rest,  
 Tumbles and tosses in his breast,  
 Tumbles and tosses to get free,  
 And thus the Chief commands by me  
 ‘To-morrow, if the day appear  
 Likely to turn out fair and clear,  
 Proclaim a grand processionade—  
 Be all the city pomp display’d—  
 Our citizens to council call—  
 Let all meet—’tis the cause of all’



## BOOK IV.

Coxcombs, who vainly make pretence  
 To something of exalted sense  
 'Bove other men, and, gravely wise,  
 Affect those pleasures to despise,  
 Which, merely to the eye confined,  
 Bring no improvement to the mind,  
 Rail at all pomp, they would not go  
 For millions to a puppet-show,  
 Nor can forgive the mighty crime  
 Of countenancing pantomime, 10  
 No, not at Covent Garden, where,  
 Without a head for play or player,  
 Or, could a head be found most fit,  
 Without one player to second it,  
 They must, obeying Folly's call,  
 Thrive by mere show, or not at all.

With these grave fops, who, (bless their brains !)  
 Most cruel to themselves, take pains  
 For wretchedness, and would be thought  
 Much wiser than a wise man ought, 20  
 For his own happiness, to be,  
 Who what they hear, and what they see,  
 And what they smell, and taste, and feel,  
 Distrust, till Reason sets her seal,  
 And, by long trains of consequences  
 Insured, gives sanction to the senses,  
 Who would not (Heaven forbid it !) waste  
 One hour in what the world calls Taste,  
 Nor fondly deign to laugh or cry,  
 Unless they know some reason why, 30

With these grave fops, whose system seems  
 To give up certainty for dreams,  
 The eye of man is understood  
 As for no other purpose good  
 Than as a door, through which, of course,  
 Their passage crowding, objects force,  
 A downright usher, to admit  
 New-comers to the court of Wit  
 (Good Gravity! forbear thy spleen;  
 When I say Wit, I Wisdom mean) 40  
 Where (such the practice of the court,  
 Which legal precedents support)  
 Not one idea is allow'd  
 To pass unquestion'd in the crowd,  
 But ere it can obtain the grace  
 Of holding in the brain a place,  
 Before the chief in congregation  
 Must stand a strict examination  
 Not such as those, who physic twirl,  
 Full fraught with death, from every curl; 50  
 Who prove, with all becoming state,  
 Their voice to be the voice of Fate,  
 Prepared with essence, drop, and pill,  
 To be another Ward or Hill,<sup>1</sup>  
 Before they can obtain their ends,  
 To sign death-warrants for their friends,  
 And talents vast as theirs employ,  
*Secundum artem* to destroy,  
 Must pass (or laws their rage restrain)  
 Before the chiefs of Warwick Lane:<sup>2</sup> 60  
 Thrice happy Lane! where, uncontroll'd,  
 In power and lethargy grown old,

<sup>1</sup> 'Ward' Joshua Ward, a quack of the period — <sup>2</sup> 'Warwick Lane,'  
 Newgate Street, was the seat of the College of Physicians

Most fit to take, in this bless'd land, 63  
 The reins which fell from Wyndham's hand,<sup>1</sup>  
 Her lawful throne great Dulness rears,  
 Still more herself, as more in years,  
 Where she, (and who shall dare deny  
 Her right, when Reeves<sup>2</sup> and Chauncy's<sup>3</sup> by ?)  
 Calling to mind, in ancient time,  
 One Gaith,<sup>4</sup> who er'd in wit and rhyme, 70  
 Ordains, from henceforth, to admit  
 None of the rebel sons of Wit,  
 And makes it her peculiar care  
 That Schomberg<sup>5</sup> never shall be there  
 Not such as those, whom Folly trains  
 To letters, though unblest'd with brains,  
 Who, destitute of power and will  
 To learn, are kept to learning still ;  
 Whose heads, when other methods fail,  
 Receive instruction from the tail, 80  
 Because their sires,—a common case  
 Which brings the children to disgrace,—  
 Imagine it a certain rule  
 They never could beget a fool,  
 Must pass, or must compound for, ere  
 The chaplain, full of beef and prayer,  
 Will give his reverend permit,  
 Announcing them for orders fit ;  
 So that the prelate (what's a name ?  
 All prelates now are much the same) 90

<sup>1</sup> ' Wyndham ' Lord Egremont —<sup>2</sup> ' Reeves ' Dr Reeves was a physician of some practice in the city —<sup>3</sup> ' Chauncy ' Dr Chauncy, descended of a good family, and possessed of a competent estate, did not practise —<sup>4</sup> ' Gaith ' Sir Samuel Gaith, a celebrated poet and physician author of ' The Dispensary ' —<sup>5</sup> ' Schomberg ' Dr Isaac Schomberg, a friend of Garrick, and an eminent and learned physician

May, with a conscience safe and quiet, 91  
 With holy hands lay on that fiat  
 Which doth all faculties dispense,  
 All sanctity, all faith, all sense ,  
 Makes Madan<sup>1</sup> quite a saint appear,  
 And makes an oracle of Cheere

Not such as in that solemn seat, •  
 Where the Nine Ladies hold reticat,—  
 The Ladies Nine, who, as we 're told,  
 Scorning those haunts they loved of old, 100  
 The banks of Isis now prefer,  
 Nor will one hour from Oxford stir,—  
 Are held for form, which Balaam's ass  
 As well as Balaam's self might pass,  
 And with his master take degrees,  
 Could he contrive to pay the fees.

Men of sound parts, who, deeply read,  
 O'erload the storehouse of the head  
 With furniture they ne'er can use,  
 Cannot forgive our rambling Muse 110  
 This wild excursion , cannot see  
 Why Physic and Divinity,  
 To the surprise of all beholders,  
 Are lugg'd in by the head and shoulder ,  
 Or how, in any point of view,  
 Oxford hath any thing to do.  
 But men of nice and subtle learning,  
 Remarkable for quick discerning,  
 Through spectacles of critic mould,  
 Without instruction, will behold 120  
 That we a method here have got  
 To show what is, by what is not ;

<sup>1</sup> 'Madan' Mutim Madan, a celebrated English preacher, many years chaplain to the Lock Hospital. See Cowper's Letters

And that our drift (parenthesis  
For once apart) is briefly this 123

Within the brain's most secret cells  
A certain Lord Chief-Justice dwells,  
Of sovereign power, whom, one and all,  
With common voice, we Reason call,  
Though, for the purposes of satire,  
A name, in truth, is no great matter, 130  
Jefferies or Mansfield, which you will—  
It means a Lord Chief-Justice still  
Here, so our great projectors say,  
The Senses all must homage pay,  
Hither they all must tribute bring,  
And prostrate fall before their king,  
Whatever unto them is brought,  
Is carried on the wings of Thought  
Before his throne, where, in full state,  
He on their merits holds debate, 140  
Examines, cross-examines, weighs  
Their right to censure or to praise.  
Nor doth his equal voice depend  
On narrow views of foe and friend,  
Nor can, or flattery, or force  
Divert him from his steady course,  
The channel of Inquiry's clear,  
No sham examination's here

He, upright justicer, no doubt,  
*Ad libitum* puts in and out, 150  
Adjusts and settles in a trice  
What virtue is, and what is vice;  
What is perfection, what defect;  
What we must choose, and what reject;  
He takes upon him to explain  
What pleasure is, and what is pain;

Whilst we, obedient to the whim, 157  
 And resting all our faith on him,  
 True members of the Stoic Weal,  
 Must learn to think, and cease to feel

This glorious system, form'd for man  
 To practise when and how he can,  
 If the five Senses, in alliance,  
 To Reason hurl a proud defiance,  
 And, though oft conquer'd, yet unbroke,  
 Endeavour to throw off that joke,  
 Which they a greater slavery hold  
 Than Jewish bondage was of old,  
 Or if they, something touch'd with shame,  
 Allow him to retain the name 170  
 Of Royalty, and, as in sport,  
 To hold a mimic formal court,  
 Permitted—no uncommon thing—  
 To be a kind of puppet king,  
 And suffer'd, by the way of toy,  
 To hold a globe, but not employ,  
 Our system-mongers, struck with fear,  
 Prognosticate destruction near,  
 All things to anarchy must run,  
 The little world of man's undone. 180

Nay, should the Eye, that nicest sense.  
 Neglect to send intelligence  
 Unto the Brain, distinct and clear,  
 Of all that passes in her sphere,  
 Should she, presumptuous, joy receive  
 Without the Understanding's leave,  
 They deem it rank and daring treason  
 Against the monarchy of Reason,  
 Not thinking, though they're wondrous wise,  
 That few have reason, most have eyes; 190

So that the pleasures of the mind 191  
 To a small circle are confined,  
 Whilst those which to the senses fall  
 Become the property of all  
 Besides, (and this is sure a case  
 Not much at present out of place)  
 Where Nature reason doth deny,  
 No art can that defect supply ;  
 But if (for it is our intent  
 Fairly to state the argument) 200  
 A man should want an eye of two,  
 The remedy is sure, though new  
 The cure's at hand—no need of fear—  
 For proof—behold the Chevalier <sup>1</sup> —  
 As well prepared, beyond all doubt,  
 To put eyes in, as put them out  
 But, argument apart, which tends  
 To embitter foes and separate friends,  
 (Nor, turn'd apostate from the Nine,  
 Would I, though bred up a divine, 210  
 And foe, of course, to Reason's Weal,  
 Widen that breach I cannot heal)  
 By his own sense and feelings taught,  
 In speech as liberal as in thought,  
 Let every man enjoy his whim ,  
 What's he to me, or I to him ?  
 Might I, though never robed in ermine,  
 A matter of this weight determine,  
 No penalties should settled be  
 To force men to hypocrisy, 220  
 To make them ape an awkward zeal,  
 And, feeling not, pretend to feel

<sup>1</sup> 'Chevalier' the Chevalier John Taylor, a quack oculist

I would not have, might sentence rest 223

Finally fix'd within my breast,

E'en Annet<sup>1</sup> censured and confined.

Because we're of a different mind

Nature, who, in her act most free,

Herself delights in liberty,

Profuse in love, and without bound.

Pours joy on every creature round, 230

Whom yet, was every bounty shed

In double portions on our head,

We could not truly bounteous call,

If Freedom did not crown them all

By Providence forbid to stray,

Brutes never can mistake their way ,

Determined still, they plod along

By instinct, neither right nor wrong,

But man, had he the heart to use

His freedom, hath a right to choose ; 240

Whether he acts, or well, or ill,

Depends entirely on his will

To her last work, her favourite Man,

Is given, on Nature's better plan,

A privilege in power to err

Nor let this phrase resentment stir

Amongst the grave ones, since indeed

The little merit man can plead

In doing well, dependeth still

Upon his power of doing ill 250

Opinions should be free as an

No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er

His qualities, a claim can found

That my opinion must be bound,

<sup>1</sup> 'Annet' Peter Annet, for blasphemy, was sentenced by the court to suffer a year's imprisonment in Bridewell with hard labour, and to stand twice in the pillory



And square with his , such slavish chains 255  
 From foes the liberal soul disdains ,  
 Nor can, though true to friendship, bend  
 To wear them even from a friend  
 Let those, who rigid judgment own,  
 Submissive bow at Judgment's throne, 260  
 And if they of no value hold  
 Pleasure, till pleasure is grown cold,  
 Pall'd and insipid, forced to wait  
 For Judgment's regular debate  
 To give it warrant, let them find  
 Dull subjects suited to their mind  
 Thus be slow wisdom ; be my plan,  
 To live as merry as I can,  
 Regardless, as the fashions go,  
 Whether there 's reason for 't or no : 270  
 Be my employment here on earth  
 To give a liberal scope to mirth,  
 Life's barren vale with flowers to adorn,  
 And pluck a rose from every thorn  
     But if, by Error led astray,  
 I chance to wander from my way,  
 Let no blind guide observe, in spite,  
 I 'm wrong, who cannot set me right  
 That doctor could I ne'er endure  
 Who found disease, and not a cure ; 280  
 Nor can I hold that man a friend  
 Whose zeal a helping hand shall lend  
 To open happy Folly's eyes,  
 And, making wretched, make me wise  
 For next (a truth which can't admit  
 Reproof from Wisdom or from Wit)  
 To being happy here below,  
 Is to believe that we are so.

Some few in knowledge find relief , 289  
 I place my comfort in belief  
 Some for reality may call ,  
 Fancy to me is all in all  
 Imagination, through the trick  
 Of doctors, often makes us sick  
 And why, let any sophist tell,  
 May it not likewise make us well ?  
 This I am sure, whate'er our view,  
 Whatever shadows we pursue,  
 For our pursuits, be what they will,  
 Are little more than shadows still , 300  
 Too swift they fly, too swift and strong  
 For man to catch or hold them long ,  
 But joys which in the fancy live,  
 Each moment to each man may give  
 True to himself, and true to ease,  
 He softens Fate's severe decrees,  
 And (can a mortal wish for more ?)  
 Creates, and makes himself new o'er,  
 Mocks boasted vain reality,  
 And is, whate'er he wants to be 310

Hail, Fancy '—to thy power I owe  
 Deliverance from the gripe of Woe ;  
 To thee I owe a mighty debt,  
 Which Gratitude shall ne'er forget,  
 Whilst Memory can her force employ,  
 A large increase of every joy  
 When at my doors, too strongly barr'd,  
 Authority had placed a guard,<sup>1</sup>  
 A knavish guard, ordan'd by law  
 To keep poor Honesty in awe ; 324

<sup>1</sup> 'A guard' Churchill was often in danger of being arrested for debt

Authority, severe and stern, 321  
To intercept my wish'd return ,  
When foes grew proud, and friends grew cool,  
And laughter seized each sober fool ,  
When Candour started in amaze,  
And, meaning censure; hinted praise ,  
When Prudence, lifting up her eyes  
And hands, thank'd Heaven that she was wise ,  
When all around me, with an air  
Of hopeless sorrow, look'd despair , 330  
When they, or said, or seem'd to say,  
There is but one, one only way  
Better, and be advised by us,  
Not be at all, than to be thus ;  
When Virtue shunn'd the shock, and Pride,  
Disabled, lay by Virtue's side,  
Too weak my ruffled soul to cheer,  
Which could not hope, yet would not fear ;  
Health in her motion, the wild grace  
Of pleasure speaking in her face, 340  
Dull regularity thrown by,  
And comfort beaming from her eye,  
Fancy, in richest robes array'd,  
Came smiling forth, and brought me aid ,  
Came smiling o'er that dreadful time,  
And, more to bless me, came in rhyme  
Not is her power to me confined ;  
It spreads, it comprehends mankind  
When (to the spirit-stirring sound ,  
Of trumpets breathing courage round, 350  
And fifes well-mingled, to restrain  
And bring that courage down again ,  
Or to the melancholy knell  
Of the dull, deep, and doleful bell,

Such as of late the good Saint Bride<sup>1</sup> 355  
 Muffled, to mortify the pride  
 Of those who, England quite forgot,  
 Paid their vile homage to the Scot,  
 Where Asgill held the foremost place,  
 Whilst my lord figured at a race) 360  
 Processions ('tis not worth debate  
 Whether they are of stage or state)  
 Move on, so very, very slow,  
 'Tis doubtful if they move, or no,  
 When the performers all the while  
 Mechanically frown or smile,  
 Or, with a dull and stupid stare,  
 A vacancy of sense declare,  
 Or, with down-bending eye, seem wrought  
 Into a labyrinth of thought, 370  
 Where Reason wanders still in doubt.  
 And, once got in, cannot get out,  
 What cause sufficient can we find,  
 To satisfy a thinking mind,  
 Why, duped by such vain farces, man  
 Descends to act on such a plan?  
 Why they, who hold themselves divine,  
 Can in such wretched folles join,  
 Strutting like peacocks, or like crows,  
 Themselves and Nature to expose? 380  
 What cause, but that (you'll understand  
 We have our remedy at hand,  
 That if perchance we start a doubt,  
 Ere it is fix'd, we wipe it out;  
 As surgeons, when they lop a limb,  
 Whether for profit, fame, or whim,

<sup>1</sup> 'Saint Bride' an address of congratulation on the peace, from the city of London, was accompanied on its way by a muffled peal from St Bride's

Or mere experiment to try,  
 Must always have a styptic by)  
 Fancy steps in, and stamps that real,  
 Which, *ipso facto*, is ideal

387

Can none remember?—yes, I know,  
 All must remember that rare show  
 When to the country Sense went down,  
 And fools came flocking up to town,  
 When knights (a work which all admit  
 To be for knighthood much unfit)  
 Built booths for hire, when parsons play'd,  
 In robes canonical array'd,  
 And, fiddling, join'd the Smithfield dance,  
 The price of tickets to advance  
 Or, unto tapsters turn'd, dealt out,  
 Running from booth to booth about,  
 To every scoundrel, by retail,  
 True pennyworths of beef and ale,  
 Then first prepared, by bringing beer in,  
 For present grand electioneering,  
 When heralds, running all about  
 To bring in Order, turn'd it out,  
 When, by the prudent Marshal's care,  
 Lest the rude populace should stare,  
 And with unhallow'd eyes profane  
 Gay puppets of Patrician stain,  
 The whole procession, as in spite,  
 Unheard, unseen, stole off by night,  
 When our loved monarch, nothing loth,  
 Solemnly took that sacred oath,  
 Whence mutual firm agreements spring  
 Betwixt the subject and the king,  
 By which, in usual manner crown'd,  
 His head, his heart, his hands, he bound,

400

410

420

Against himself, should passion stn 42  
The least propensity to err,  
Against all slaves, who might prepare  
Or open force, or hidden snare,  
That glorious Charter to maintain,  
By which we serve, and he must reign ,  
Then Fancy, with unbounded sway,  
Revell'd sole mistress of the day,  
And wrought such wonders, as' might make  
Egyptian sorcerers forsake 430  
Their baffled mōckeries, and own  
The palm of magic hers alone, '

A knight, (who, in the silken lap  
Of lazy Peace, had lived on pap ,  
Who never yet had dared to roam  
'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,  
Nor even that, unless a guide  
Was placed to amble by his side,  
And troops of slaves were spread around  
To keep his Honour safe and sound , 440  
Who could not suffer, for his life,  
A point to sword, or edge to knife ;  
And always fainted at the sight  
Of blood, though 'twas not shed in fight ,  
Who disinherited one son  
For firing off an alder gun,  
And whipt another, six years old,  
Because the boy, presumptuous, bold  
To madness, likely to become  
A very Swiss, had beat a drum, 450  
Though it appear'd an instrument  
Most peaceable and innocent,  
Having, from first, been in the hands

And service of the City bands) 454  
 Graced with those ensigns, which were meant  
 To further Honour's dread intent,  
 The minds of warriors to inflame,  
 And spur them on to deeds of fame ;  
 With little sword, large spurs, high feather,  
 Fearless of every thing but weather, 460  
 (And all must own, who pay regard  
 To charity, it had been hard  
 That in his very first campaign  
 His honours should be soil'd with rain)  
 A hero all at once became,  
 And (seeing others much the same  
 In point of valour as himself,  
 Who leave their courage on a shelf  
 From year to year, till some such rout  
 In proper season calls it out) 470  
 Strutted, look'd big, and swagger'd more  
 Than ever hero did before ,  
 Look'd up, look'd down, look'd all around,  
 Like Mavors, grimly smiled and frown'd ,  
 Seem'd Heaven, and Earth, and Hell to call  
 To fight, that he might rout them all,  
 And personated Valour's style  
 So long, spectators to beguile,  
 That, passing strange, and wondrous true,  
 Himself at last believed it too , 480  
 Nor for a time could he discern,  
 Till Truth and Darkness took their turn,  
 So well did Fancy play her part,  
 That coward still was at the heart  
 Whiffle (who knows not Whiffle's name,  
 By the impartial voice of Fame

Recorded first through all this land  
In Vanity's illustrious band ')  
Who, by all-bounteous Nature meant  
For offices of hardiment,  
A modern Hercules at least,  
To rid the world of each wild beast  
Of each wild beast which came in view  
Whether on four legs or on two  
Degenerate, delights to prove  
His force on the parade of Love,  
Disclaims the joys which camps afford,  
And for the distaff quits the sword  
Who fond of women would appear  
To public eye and public ear,  
But, when in private, lets them know  
How little they can trust to show ,  
Who sports a woman, as of course,  
Just as a jockey shows a horse,  
And then returns her to the stable,  
Or vainly plants her at his table,  
Where he would rather Venus find  
(So pall'd, and so depraved his mind)  
Than, by some great occasion led,  
To seize her panting in her bed, 511  
Burning with more than mortal fire,  
And melting in her own desires ,  
Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,  
Through fashion, not through feeling, wild  
Whate'er in others who proceed  
As Sense and Nature have decreed.  
From real passion flows, in him  
Is mere effect of mode and whim ,  
Who laughs, a very common way,  
Because he nothing has to say, 520



As your choice spirits oaths dispense 521  
 To fill up vacancies of sense ,  
 Who, having some small sense, defies it,  
 Or, using, always misapplies it ,  
 Who now and then brings something forth  
 Which seems indeed of sterling worth ,  
 Something, by sudden start and fit,  
 Which at a distance looks like wit,  
 But, on examination near,  
 To his confusion will appear, 530  
 By Truth's fair glass, to be at best  
 A threadbare jester's threadbare jest ,  
 Who frisks and dances through the street,  
 Sings without voice, rides without seat,  
 Plays o'er his tricks, like Æsop's ass,  
 A gratis fool to all who pass ,  
 Who riots, though he loves not waste,  
 Whores without lust, drinks without taste,  
 Acts without sense, talks without thought,  
 Does every thing but what he ought , 540  
 Who, led by forms, without the power  
 Of vice, is vicious , who one hour,  
 Proud without pride, the next will be  
 Humble without humility  
 Whose vanity we all discern,  
 The spring on which his actions turn ;  
 Whose aim in erring, is to err,  
 So that he may be singular,  
 And all his utmost wishes mean  
 Is, though he's laugh'd at, to be seen 550  
 Such, (for when Flattery's soothing strain  
 Had robb'd the Muse of her disdain,  
 And found a method to persuade  
 Her art to soften every shade,

Justice, enrag'd, the pencil snatch'd 5  
 From her degenerate hand, and scratch'd  
 Out every trace, then, quick as thought,  
 From life this striking likeness caught)  
 In mind, in manners, and in men,  
 Such Whiffle came, and such was seen  
 In the world's eye; but (strange to tell)  
 Misled by Fancy's magic spell,  
 Deceived, not dreaming of deceit,  
 Cheated, but happy in the cheat,  
 Was more than human in his own  
 Oh, bow, bow all at Fancy's throne,  
 Whose power could make so vile an elf  
 With patience bear that thing, himself  
 But, mistress of each art to please,  
 Creative Fancy, what are these, 570  
 These pageants of a trifler's pen,  
 To what thy power effected then?  
 Familiar with the human mind,  
 And swift and subtle as the wind,  
 Which we all feel, yet no one knows,  
 Or whence it comes, or where it goes,  
 Fancy at once in every part  
 Possess'd the eye, the head, the heart,  
 And in a thousand forms array'd,  
 A thousand various gambols play'd 580  
 Here, in a face which well might ask  
 The privilege to wear a mask  
 In spite of law, and Justice teach  
 For public good to excuse the breach,  
 Within the furrow of a wrinkle  
 'Twixt eyes, which could not shine but twinkle,  
 Like sentinels i' th' starry way,  
 Who wait for the return of day,

Almost burnt out, and seem to keep 589  
 Their watch, like soldiers, in their sleep ,  
 Or like those lamps, which, by the power  
 Of law,<sup>1</sup> must burn from hour to hour,  
 (Else they, without redemption, fall  
 Under the terrors of that Hall,<sup>2</sup>  
 Which, once notorious for a hop,  
 Is now become a justice shop)  
 Which are so managed, to go out  
 Just when the time comes round about,  
 Which yet, through emulation, strive  
 To keep their dying light alive, 600  
 And (not uncommon, as we find,  
 Amongst the children of mankind)  
 As they grow weaker, would seem stronger,  
 And burn a little, little longer  
 Fancy, betwixt such eyes enshined,  
 No brush to daub, no mill to grind,  
 Thrice waved her wand around, whose force  
 Changed in an instant Nature's course,  
 And, hardly credible in rhyme,  
 Not only stopp'd, but call'd back Time , 610  
 The face of every wrinkle clear'd,  
 Smooth as the floating stream appear'd,  
 Down the neck ringlets spread their flame,  
 The neck admiring whence they came ,  
 On the arch'd brow the Graces play'd ,  
 On the full bosom Cupid laid ,  
 Suns, from their proper orbits sent ,  
 Became for eyes a supplement ,  
 Teeth, white as ever teeth were seen,  
 Deliver'd from the hand of Green, 620

<sup>1</sup> 'Of law' referring to the punishment of negligent lamplighters —

<sup>2</sup> 'Hall' the Westminster Session-house was then held at a house in King Street, which had probably been a low public house

Started, in regular array, 621  
 Like train-bands on a grand field day,  
 Into the guns, which would have fled,  
 But, wondering, turn'd from white to red.  
 Quite alter'd was the whole machine,  
 And Lady ——— was fifteen

Here she made lordly temples 110  
 Before the pious Dashwood's eyes,  
 Temples which, built aloft in air,  
 May serve for show, if not for prayer 631  
 In solemn form herself before,  
 Array'd like Faith, the Bible-bore  
 There over Melcombe's feather'd head—  
 Who, quite a man of gingerbread,  
 Savou'd in talk, in dress, and phiz,  
 More of another world than this,  
 To a dwarf Muse a giant page,  
 The last grave fop of the last age—  
 In a superb and feather'd hearse,  
 Bescutcheon'd and betagg'd with verse, 640  
 Which, to beholders from afar,  
 Appear'd like a triumphal car,  
 She rode, in a cast rainbow clad,  
 There, throwing off the hallow'd plaid,  
 Naked, as when (in those dear cells  
 Where, self-bless'd, self-curs'd, Madness dwells)  
 Pleasure, on whom, in Laughter's shape,  
 Frenzy had perfected a rape,  
 First brought her forth, before her time,  
 Wild witness of her shame and crime, 650  
 Driving before an idol band  
 Of drivelling Stuarts, hand in hand;  
 Some who, to curse mankind, had wore  
 A crown they ne'er must think of more;

Others, whose baby brows were graced 655  
 With paper crowns, and toys of paste,  
 She jogg'd, and, playing on the flute,  
 Spiead raptures o'er the soul of Bute  
 Big with vast hopes, some mighty plan,  
 Which wrought the busy soul of man 660  
 To her full bent, the Civil Law,  
 Fit code to keep a world in awe,  
 Bound o'er his brows, fair to behold,  
 As Jewish frontlets were of old,  
 The famous Charter of our land  
 Defaced, and mangled in his hand,  
 As one whom deepest thoughts employ,  
 But deepest thoughts of truest joy,  
 Serious and slow he strode, he stalk'd,  
 Before him troops of heroes walk'd, 670  
 Whom best he loved, of heroes crown'd,  
 By Tories guarded all around,  
 Dull solemn pleasure in his face,  
 He saw the honours of his race,  
 He saw their lineal glories rise,  
 And touch'd, or seem'd to touch, the skies,  
 Not the most distant mark of fear,  
 No sign of axe or scaffold near,  
 Not one cursed thought to cross his will  
 Of such a place as Tower Hill 680  
 Curse on this Muse, a flippant jade,  
 A shrew, like every other maid  
 Who turns the corner of nineteen,  
 Devour'd with peevishness and spleen;  
 Her tongue (for as, when bound for life,  
 The husband suffers for the wife,  
 So if in any works of rhyme  
 Perchance there blunders out a crime,

Poor culprit bards must always rue it, 180  
 Although 'tis plain the Muses do it)  
 Sooner or later cannot fail  
 To send me headlong to a jail  
 Whate'er my theme, (our themes we choose  
 In modern days, without a Muse,  
 Just as a father will provide  
 To join a bridegroom and a bride,  
 As if, though they must be the players,  
 The game was wholly his, not theirs)  
 Whate'er my theme, the Muse, who still  
 Owns no direction but her will, 700  
 Flies off; and ere I could expect,  
 By ways oblique and induct,  
 At once quite over head and ears  
 In fatal politics appears  
 Time was, and, if I aught discern  
 Of fate, that time shall soon return,  
 When, decent and demure at least,  
 As grave and dull as any priest,  
 I could see Vice in robes array'd,  
 Could see the game of Folly play'd 710  
 Successfully in Fortune's school,  
 Without exclaiming rogue or fool  
 Time was, when, nothing loth or proud,  
 I lackey'd with the fawning crowd,  
 Scoundrels in office, and would bow  
 To cyphers great in place, but now  
 Upright I stand, as if wise Fate,  
 To compliment a shatter'd state,  
 Had me, like Atlas, hither sent  
 To shoulder up the firmament, 720  
 And if I stoop'd, with general crack,  
 The heavens would tumble from my back

Time was, when rank and situation 723  
 Secured the great ones of the nation  
 From all control, satire and law  
 Kept only little knaves in awe,  
 But now, Decorum lost, I stand  
 Bemused, a pencil in my hand,  
 And, dead to every sense of shame,  
 Careless of safety and of fame, 730  
 The names of scoundrels minute down,  
 And libel more than half the town  
 How can a statesman be secure  
 In all his villanies, if poor  
 And duty authors thus shall dare  
 To lay his rotten bosom bare?  
 Muses should pass away their time  
 In dressing out the poet's rhyme  
 With bills, and ribands, and array  
 Each line in harmless taste, though gay; 740  
 When the hot burning fit is on,  
 They should regale their restless son  
 With something to allay his rage,  
 Some cool Castalian beverage,  
 Or some such draught (though they, 'tis plain,  
 Taking the Muse's name in vain,  
 Know nothing of their real court,  
 And only fable from report)  
 As makes a Whitehead's Ode go down,  
 Or slakes the Feverette of Brown <sup>1</sup> 750  
 But who would in his senses think,  
 Of Muses giving gall to drink,

<sup>1</sup> 'Brown' the Rev. John Brown, D.D., born in 1715, was author, among other works, of the 'Essay on the Characteristics,' and of an 'Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times.' See Cowper's 'Table-talk.' The 'Estimate' was extremely popular for a time. He was inordinately vain, and died at last insane and a suicide.

Or that their folly should afford 773  
 To having poets gun or sword '  
 Poets were ne'er design'd by Fate  
 To meddle with affairs of state,  
 Nor should (if we may speak our thought  
 Truly as men of honour ought)  
 Sound policy then rage admit,  
 To launch the thunderbolts of Wit 774  
 About those heads, which when they 're shot  
 Can't tell if 'twas by Wit or not

These things well known, what devil, in spite  
 Can have seduced me thus to write  
 Out of that road, which must have led  
 To riches, without heart or head,  
 Into that road, which, had I more  
 Than ever poet had before  
 Of wit and virtue, in disgrace  
 Would keep me still, and out of place 775  
 Which, if some judge (you'll understand  
 One famous, famous through the land  
 For making law <sup>1</sup>) should stand my friend,  
 At last may in a pillory end,  
 And all this, I myself admit,  
 Without one cause to lead to it?

For instance, now—this book—the Ghost—  
 Methinks I hear some critic Post  
 Remark most gravely—'The first word  
 Which we about the Ghost have heard' 780  
 Peace, my good sir'—not quite so fast—  
 What is the first, may be the last,  
 Which is a point, all must agree,  
 Cannot depend on you or me.

<sup>1</sup> 'For making law alluding to Lord Mansfield's construction of the  
 hock-law



Fanny, no ghost of common mould, 785  
 Is not by forms to be controll'd ,  
 To keep her state, and show her skill,  
 She never comes but when she will  
 I wrote and wrote, (perhaps you doubt,  
 And shrewdly, what I wrote about , 790  
 Believe me, much to my disgrace,  
 I, too, am in the self-same case ,)  
 But still I wrote, till Fanny came  
 Impatient, nor could any shame  
 On me with equal justice fall  
 If she had never come at all.  
 An underling, I could not stir  
 Without the cue thrown out by her,  
 Nor from the subject aid receive  
 Until she came and gave me leave. 800  
 So that, (ye sons of Erudition  
 Mark, this is but a supposition,  
 Nor would I to so wise a nation  
 Suggest it as a revelation)  
 If henceforth, dully turning o'er  
 Page after page, ye read no more  
 Of Fanny, who, in sea or an,  
 May be departed God knows where,  
 Rail at jilt Fortune , but agree  
 No censure can be laid on me , 810  
 For sure (the cause let Mansfield try)  
 Fanny is in the fault, not I.

But, to return—and this I hold  
 A secret worth its weight in gold  
 To those who write, as I write now,  
 Not to mind where they go, or how,  
 Through ditch, through bog, o'er hedge and stile,  
 Make it but worth the reader's while,

Yet in this book, where Ease should join 853  
 With Mirth, to sugar every line,  
 Where it should all be mere chit-chat,  
 Lively, good-humour'd, and all that,  
 Where honest Satire, in disgrace,  
 Should not so much as show her face,  
 The shrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,  
 Breaks into Laughter's sacred grounds, 860  
 And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks  
 In science, trade, and politics

By why should the distemper'd scold  
 Attempt to blacken men enroll'd  
 In Power's dread book, whose mighty skill  
 Can twist an empire to their will,  
 Whose voice is fate, and on their tongue  
 Law, liberty, and life are hung,  
 Whom, on inquiry, Truth shall find  
 With Stuarts link'd, time out of mind, 870  
 Superior to their country's laws,  
 Defenders of a tyrant's cause,  
 Men, who the same damn'd maxims hold  
 Darkly, which they avow'd of old,  
 Who, though by different means, pursue  
 The end which they had first in view,  
 And, force found vain, now play their part  
 With much less honour, much more art?  
 Why, at the corners of the streets,  
 To every patriot drudge she meets, 880  
 Known or unknown, with furious cry  
 Should she wild clamours vent? or why,  
 The minds of groundlings to inflame,  
 A Dashwood, Bute, and Wyndham name?  
 Why, having not, to our surprise,  
 The fear of death before her eyes,

Bearing, and that but now and then, 857  
 No other weapon but her pen,  
 Should she an argument afford  
 For blood to men who wear a sword '  
 Men, who can nicely trim and pare  
 A point of honour to a hair—  
 (Honour '—a word of nice import,  
 A pretty tinket in a court,  
 Which my lord, quite in rapture, feels  
 Dangling and rattling with his seals—  
 Honour '—a word which all the Nine  
 Would be much puzzled to define—  
 Honour '—a word which torture mocks,  
 And might confound a thousand Lockes— 900  
 Which—for I leave to wiser heads,  
 Who fields of death prefer to beds  
 Of down, to find out, if they can,  
 What honour is, on their wild plan—  
 Is not, to take it in their way,  
 And this we sure may dare to say  
 Without incurring an offence,  
 Courage, law, honesty, or sense) .  
 Men, who, all spirit, life, and soul,  
 Neat butchers of a button-hole, 910  
 Having more skill, believe it true  
 That they must have more courage too  
 Men who, without a place or name,  
 Their fortunes speechless as their fame.  
 Would by the sword new fortunes carve,  
 And rather die in fight than starve  
 At coronations, a vast field,  
 Which food of every kind might yield ;  
 Of good sound food, at once most fit  
 For purposes of health and wit, 920

Could not ambitious Satire rest, 921  
 Content with what she might digest ?  
 Could she not feast on things of course,  
 A champion, or a champion's horse ?  
 A champion's horse—no, better say,  
 Though better figured on that day,<sup>1</sup>  
 A horse, which might appear to us,  
 Who deal in rhyme, a Pegasus ,  
 A rider, who, when once got on,  
 Might pass for a Bellerophon, 930  
 Dropt on a sudden from the skies,  
 To catch and fix our wondering eyes,  
 To witch, with wand instead of whip,  
 The world with noble horsemanship,  
 To twist and twine, both horse and man,  
 On such a well-concerted plan,  
 That, Centaur-like, when all was done,  
 We scarce could think they were not one ?  
 Could she not to our itching ears  
 Bring the new names of new-coin'd peers, 940  
 Who walk'd, nobility forgot,  
 With shoulders fitter for a knot  
 Than robes of honour, for whose sake  
 Heralds in form were forced to make,  
 To make, because they could not find,  
 Great predecessors to their mind ?  
 Could she not (though 'tis doubtful since  
 Whether he plumber is, or prince)  
 Tell of a simple knight's advance  
 To be a doughty peer of France ? 950  
 Tell how he did a dukedom gain,  
 And Robinson was Aquitan ?

<sup>1</sup> ' On that day ' alluding to Lord Talbot's horsemanship as high-steward at the coronation

Tell how her city chiefs, disgraced, 953  
 Were at an empty table placed,—  
 A gross neglect, which, whilst they live,  
 They can't forget, and won't forgive,  
 A gross neglect of all those rights  
 Which march with city appetites,  
 Of all those canons, which we find  
 By Gluttony, time out of mind, 960  
 Established, which they ever hold  
 Dearer than any thing but gold ?

Thanks to my stars—I now see shore—  
 Of courtiers, and of courts no more—  
 Thus stumbling on my city friends,  
 Blind Chance my guide, my purpose bends,  
 In line direct, and shall pursue  
 The point which I had first in view,  
 Nor more shall with the reader sport  
 Till I have seen him safe in port 970  
 Hush'd be each fear—no more I bear  
 Through the wide regions of the air  
 The reader terrified, no more  
 Wild ocean's horrid paths explore.  
 Be the plain track from henceforth mine—  
 Cross roads to Allen I resign,  
 Allen, the honor of this nation,  
 Allen, himself a corporation,  
 Allen, of late notorious grown  
 For writings, none, or all, his own ; 980  
 Allen, the first of letter'd men,  
 Since the good Bishop<sup>1</sup> holds his pen,  
 And at his elbow takes his stand,  
 To mend his head, and guide his hand.

<sup>1</sup> 'Good Bishop:' Warburton was married on Allen's niece

But hold—once more, Digression hence— 985  
 Let us return to Common Sense ,  
 The ear of Phœbus I discharge,  
 My carriage now a Lord Mayor's barge  
     Suppose we now—we may suppose  
 In verse, what would be sin in prose— 990  
 The sky with darkness overspread,  
 And every star retired to bed ,  
 The gewgaw robes of Pomp and Pride  
 In some dark corner thrown aside ;  
 Great lords and ladies giving way  
 To what they seem to scorn by day,  
 The real feelings of the heart,  
 And Nature taking place of Art ,  
 Desire triumphant through the night,  
 And Beauty panting with delight ; 1000  
 Chastity, woman's fairest crown,  
 Till the return of morn laid down,  
 Then to be worn again as bright  
 As if not sullied in the night ;  
 Dull Ceremony, business o'er,  
 Dreaming in form at Cottrell's <sup>1</sup> door ;  
 Precaution trudging all about  
 To see the candles safely out,  
 Bearing a mighty master-key,  
 Habited like Economy, 1010  
 Stamping each lock with triple seals ;  
 Mean Avarice creeping at her heels.  
     Suppose we too, like sheep in pen,  
 The Mayor and Court of Aldermen  
 Within their barge, which through the deep,  
 The rowers more than half asleep,

<sup>1</sup> ' Cottrell ' Sir Clement Cottrell, master of the ceremonies

Moved slow, as overcharged with state ; 1017  
 Thames groan'd beneath the mighty weight,  
 And felt that bauble heavier far  
 Than a whole fleet of men of war  
 Sleep o'er each well-known faithful head  
 With liberal hand his poppies shed .  
 Each head, by Dulness render'd fit  
 Sleep and his empire to admit .  
 Through the whole passage not a word,  
 Not one faint, weak half-sound was heard ,  
 Sleep had prevail'd to overwhelm  
 The steersman nodding o'er the helm ,  
 The rowers, without force or skill,  
 Left the dull barge to drive at will , 1030  
 The sluggish oars suspended hung,  
 And even Beardmore held his tongue.  
 Commerce, regardful of a freight  
 On which depended half her state,  
 Stepp'd to the helm , with ready hand  
 She safely clear'd that bank of sand,  
 Where, stranded, our west-country fleet  
 Delay and danger often meet,  
 Till Neptune, anxious for the trade,  
 Comes in full tides, and brings them aid. 1040  
 Next (for the Muses can survey  
 Objects by night as well as day ;  
 Nothing prevents their taking aim,  
 Darkness and light to them the same)  
 They pass'd that building<sup>1</sup> which of old  
 Queen-mothers was design'd to hold ,  
 At present a mere lodging-pen,  
 A palace turn'd into a den ;

<sup>1</sup> ' Building ' the Savoy and Old Somerset House were formerly the residences of the Queens of England

To barracks turn'd, and soldiers tread 1049  
 Where dowagers have laid their head  
 Why should we mention Surrey Street,  
 Where every week grave judges meet  
 All fitted out with hum and ha,  
 In proper form to drawl out law,  
 To see all causes duly tried  
 'Twixt knaves who drive and fools who ride ?  
 Why at the Temple should we stay ?  
 What of the Temple dare we say ?  
 A dangerous ground we tread on there,  
 And words perhaps may actions bear , 1060  
 Where, as the brethren of the seas  
 For faies, the lawyers ply for fees  
 What of that Bridge,<sup>1</sup> most wisely made  
 To serve the purposes of trade,  
 In the great mart of all this nation,  
 By stopping up the navigation,  
 And to that sand bank adding weight,  
 Which is already much too great ?  
 What of that Bridge, which, void of sense  
 But well supplied with impudence, 1070  
 Englishmen, knowing not the Guild,  
 Thought they might have a claim to build,  
 Till Paterson, as white as milk,  
 As smooth as oil, as soft as silk,  
 In solemn manner had decreed  
 That on the other side the Tweed  
 Art, born and bred, and fully grown,  
 Was with one Mylne, a man unknown,

<sup>1</sup> 'Bridge' referring to a clamour excited by interested persons of all descriptions against the erection of a bridge over the Thames at Blackfriars. It was carried by the exertions of Paterson, an Anti-Wilkite, and built by Mylne, a Scotchman



But grace, preferment, and renown      1070  
 Deserving, just arrived in town  
 One Mylne, an artist perfect quite  
 Both in his own and country's right,  
 As fit to make a bridge as he,  
 With glorious Patavinity,<sup>1</sup>  
 To build inscriptions worthy found  
 To lie for ever under ground

    Much more worth observation too,  
 Was this a season to pursue  
 The theme, our Muse might tell in rhyme :  
 The will she hath, but not the time ,      1090  
 For, swift as shaft from Indian bow,  
 (And when a goddess comes, we know,  
 Surpassing Nature acts prevail  
 And boats want neither oar nor sail)  
 The vessel pass'd, and reach'd the shore  
 So quick, that Thought was scarce before.

    Suppose we now our City court  
 Safely deliver'd at the port,  
 And, of their state regardless quite,  
 Landed, like smuggled goods, by night.      1100  
 The solemn magistrate laid down,  
 The dignity of robe and gown,  
 With every other ensign gone,  
 Suppose the woollen nightcap on ;  
 The flesh-brush used, with decent state,  
 To make the spirits circulate,  
 (A form which, to the senses true,  
 The lickenish chaplain uses too,  
 Though, something to improve the plan,  
 He takes the maid instead of man)      1110

<sup>1</sup> 'Patavinity:' the provincial dialect of Padua, in which Lavy wrote.

Swathed, and with flannel cover'd o'er, 1111  
 To show the vigour of threescore,  
 The vigour of threescore and ten,  
 Above the proof of younger men,  
 Suppose, the mighty Dulman led  
 Betwixt two slaves, and put to bed ,  
 Suppose, the moment he lies down,  
 No miracle in this great town,  
 The drone as fast asleep as he  
 Must in the course of nature be, 1120  
 Who, truth for our foundation take,  
 When up, is never half awake

There let him sleep, whilst we survey  
 The preparations for the day ;  
 That day on which was to be shown  
 Court pride by City pride outdone.

The jealous mother sends away,  
 As only fit for childish play,  
 That daughter who, to gall her pride,  
 Shoots up too forward by her side 1130

The wretch, of God and man accused,  
 Of all Hell's instruments the worst,  
 Draws forth his pawns, and for the day  
 Struts in some spendthrift's vain array ,  
 Around his awkward doxy shine  
 The treasures of Golconda's mine ,  
 Each neighbour, with a jealous glare,  
 Beholds her folly publish'd there

Garments well saved, (an anecdote 1140  
 Which we can prove, or would not quote)  
 Garments well saved, which first were made  
 When tailors, to promote their trade,  
 Against the Picts in arms arose,  
 And drove them out, or made them clothes ;

Garments immortal, without end, 1145  
Like names and titles, which descend  
Successively from sire to son ;  
Garments, unless some work is done  
Of note, not suffer'd to appear  
'Bove once at most in every year, 1150  
Were now, in solemn form, laid bare,  
To take the benefit of air,  
And, ere they came to be employ'd  
On this solemnity, to void  
That scent which Russia's leather gave,  
From vile and impious moth to save  
    Each head was busy, and each heart  
In preparation bore a part ;  
Running together all about  
The servants put each other out, 1160  
Till the grave master had decreed.  
The more haste ever the wiser speed  
Miss, with her little eyes half-closed,  
Over a smuggled toilette dosed ;  
The waiting-maid, whom story notes  
A very Scrub in petticoats,  
Hired for one work, but doing all,  
In slumbers lean'd against the wall  
Millners, summon'd from afar,  
Arrived in shoals at Temple Bar, 1170  
Strictly commanded to import  
Cart loads of foppery from Court ;  
With labour'd visible design,  
Art strove to be superbly fine ,  
Nature, more pleasing, though more wild,  
Taught otherwise her darling child,  
And cried, with spirited disdain,  
Be Hunter elegant and plain !

Lo ! from the chambers of the East, 1179  
 A welcome prelude to the feast,  
 In saffron-colour'd robe array'd,  
 High in a car, by Vulcan made,  
 Who work'd for Jove himself, each steed,  
 High-mettled, of celestial breed,  
 Pawing and pacing all the way,  
 Aurora brought the wish'd-for day,  
 And held her empire, till out-run  
 By that brave jolly groom, the Sun  
 The trumpet—hark ! it speaks—it swells  
 The loud full harmony, it tells 1190  
 The time at hand when Dulman, led  
 By Form, his citizens must head,  
 And march those troops, which at his call  
 Were now assembled, to Guldhall,  
 On matters of importance great,  
 To court and city, church and state  
 From end to end the sound makes way,  
 All hear the signal and obey ;  
 But Dulman, who, his charge forgot,  
 By Morpheus fetter'd, heard it not , 1200  
 Nor could, so sound he slept and fast,  
 Hear any trumpet, but the last.  
 Crape, ever true and trusty known,  
 Stole from the maid's bed to his own,  
 Then in the spirituals of pride,  
 Planted himself at Dulman's side.  
 Thrice did the ever-faithful slave,  
 With voice which might have reach'd the grave,  
 And broke Death's adamantine chain,  
 On Dulman call, but call'd in vain 1210  
 Thrice with an aim, which might have made  
 The Theban boxer curse his trade,

The drone he shook, who rear'd the head, 1213  
And thence fell backward on his bed  
What could be done ? Where force hath fail'd,  
Policy often hath prevail'd,  
And what—an inference most plain—  
Had been, Crape thought might be again.

Under his pillow (still in mind .  
The proverb kept, 'fast bind, fast find') 1220  
Each blessed night the keys were laid,  
Which Crape to draw away assay'd  
What not the power of voice or arm  
Could do, this did, and broke the charm ;  
Quick started he with stupid stare,  
For all his little soul was there.

Behold him, taken up, rubb'd down,  
In elbow-chair, and morning-gown ,  
Behold him, in his latter bloom,  
Stripp'd, wash'd, and sprinkled with perfume , 1230  
Behold him bending with the weight  
Of robes, and trumpery of state ,  
Behold him (for the maxim's true,  
Whate'er we by another do,  
We do ourselves , and chaplain paid,  
Like slaves in every other trade,  
Had mutter'd over God knows what,  
Something which he by heart had got)  
Having, as usual, said his prayers,  
Go titter, totter to the stairs . 1240  
Behold him for descent prepare,  
With one foot trembling in the air ;  
He starts, he pauses on the brink,  
And, hard to credit, seems to think ;  
Through his whole train (the chaplain gave  
The proper cue to every slave)

At once, as with infection caught, 1247  
Each started, paused, and aim'd at thought ;  
He turns, and they turn ; big with care,  
He waddles to his elbow-chair,  
Squats down, and, silent for a season,  
At last with Crape begins to reason :  
But first, of all he made a sign,  
That every soul, but the divine,  
Should quit the room , in him, he knows,  
He may all confidence repose.

‘ Crape—though I ’m yet not quite awake—  
Before this awful step I take,  
On which my future all depends,  
I ought to know my foes and friends. 1260  
My foes and friends—observe me still—  
I mean not those who well or ill  
Perhaps may wish me, but those who  
Have ’t in their power to do it too  
Now if, attentive to the state,  
In too much hurry to be great,  
Or through much zeal,—a motive, Crape,  
Deserving praise,—into a scrape  
I, like a fool, am got, no doubt  
I, like a wise man, should get out 1270  
Note that remark without replies ,  
I say that to get out is wise,  
Or, by the very self-same rule,  
That to get in was like a fool  
The marrow of this argument  
Must wholly rest on the event,  
And therefore, which is really hard,  
Against events too I must guard  
Should things continue as they stand,  
And Bute prevail through all the land 1280

Without a rival, by his aid 1281  
 My fortunes in a trice are made ,  
 Nay, honours on my zeal may smile,  
 And stamp me Earl of some great Isle  
 But if, a matter of much doubt,  
 The present minister goes out,  
 Fain would I know on what pretext  
 I can stand fairly with the next ?  
 For as my aim, at every hour,  
 Is to be well with those in power, 1290  
 And my material point of view,  
 Whoever's in, to be in too,  
 I should not, like a blockhead, choose  
 To gain these, so as those to lose .  
 'Tis good in every case, you know,  
 To have two strings unto our bow '  
 As one in wonder lost, Crape view'd  
 His lord; who thus his speech pursued .  
 ' This, my good Crape, is my grand point ,  
 And as the times are out of joint, 1300  
 The greater caution is required  
 To bring about the point desired.  
 What I would wish to bring about  
 Cannot admit a moment's doubt ;  
 The matter in dispute, you know,  
 Is what we call the *Quomodo*.  
 That be thy task '—The reverend slave,  
 Becoming in a moment grave,  
 Fix'd to the ground and rooted stood,  
 Just like a man cut out out of wood, 1310  
 Such as we see (without the least  
 Reflection glancing on the priest)

1 ' Isle ' alluding to the insignificant size of the Isle of Bute.

One or more, planted up and down, 1313  
 Almost in every church in town,  
 He stood some minutes, then, like one  
 Who wish'd the matter might be done,  
 But could not do it, shook his head,  
 And thus the man of sorrow said  
     ' Hard is this task, too hard I swear,  
 By much too hard for me to bear ; 1320  
 Beyond expression hard my part,  
 Could mighty Dulman see my heart,  
 When he, alas ! makes known a will  
 Which Crape's not able to fulfil  
 Was ever my obedience barr'd  
 By any trifling nice regard  
 To sense and honour ? Could I reach  
 Thy meaning without help of speech,  
 At the first motion of thy eye  
 Did not thy faithful creature fly ? 1330  
 Have I not said, not what I ought,  
 But what my earthly master taught ?  
 Did I e'er weigh, through duty strong,  
 In thy great biddings, right and wrong ?  
 Did ever Interest, to whom thou  
 Canst not with more devotion bow,  
 Warp my sound faith, or will of mine  
 In contradiction run to thine ?  
 Have I not, at thy table placed,  
 When business call'd aloud for haste, 1340  
 Torn myself thence, yet never heard  
 To utter one complaining word,  
 And had, till thy great work was done,  
 All appetites, as having none ?  
 Hard is it, this great plan pursued  
 Of voluntary servitude,



Pursued without or shame, or fear, 1347  
 Through the great circle of the year,  
 Now to receive, in this grand hour,  
 Commands which lie beyond my power,  
 Commands which baffle all my skill,  
 And leave me nothing but my will  
 Be that accepted ; let my lord  
 Indulgence to his slave afford.  
 This task, for my poor strength unfit,  
 Will yield to none but Dulman's wit'

With such gross incense gratified,  
 And turning up the lip of pride,  
 'Poor Crape'—and shook his empty head—  
 'Poor puzzled Crape !' wise Dulman said, 1360  
 'Of judgment weak, of sense confined,  
 For things of lower note design'd ,  
 For things within the vulgar reach,  
 To run of errands, and to preach ,  
 Well hast thou judged, that heads like mine  
 Cannot want help from heads like thine ;  
 Well hast thou judged thyself unmeet  
 Of such high argument to treat ;  
 'Twas but to try thee that I spoke,  
 And all I said was but a joke. 1370

Nor think a joke, Crape, a disgrace,  
 Or to my person, or my place ,  
 The wisest of the sons of men  
 Have deign'd to use them now and then.  
 The only caution, do you see,  
 Demanded by our dignity,  
 From common use and men exempt,  
 Is that they may not breed contempt.  
 Great use they have, when in the hands  
 Of one like me, who understands, 1380

Who understands the time and place,  
 The person, manner, and the grace,  
 Which fools neglect ; so that we find,  
 If all the requisites are join'd,  
 From whence a perfect joke must spring,  
 A joke's a very serious thing

1381

But to our business—my design,  
 Which gave so rough a shock to thine,  
 To my capacity is made  
 As ready as a fraud in trade ,  
 Which, like broad-cloth, I can, with ease,  
 Cut out in any shape I please

1390

Some, in my circumstance, some few,  
 Aye, and those men of genius too,  
 Good men, who, without love or hate,  
 Whether they early rise or late,  
 With names uncrack'd, and credit sound,  
 Rise worth a hundred thousand pound,  
 By threadbare ways and means would try  
 To bear their point—so will not I.  
 New methods shall my wisdom find  
 To suit these matters to my mind ,  
 So that the infidels at court,  
 Who make our city wits their sport,  
 Shall hail the honours of my reign,  
 And own that Dulman bears a brain.

1400

Some, in my place, to gain their ends,  
 Would give relations up, and friends ;  
 Would lend a wife, who, they might swear  
 Safely, was none the worse for wear ,  
 Would see a daughter, yet a maid,  
 Into a statesman's arms betray'd ,  
 Nay, should the girl prove coy, nor know  
 What daughters to a father owe,

1410

Sooner than schemes so nobly plann'd 1415  
 Should fail, themselves would lend a hand,  
 Would vote on one side, whilst a brother,  
 Properly taught, would vote on t'other,  
 Would every petty band forget;  
 To public eye be with one set, 1420  
 In private with a second herd,  
 And be by proxy with a third,  
 Would, (like a queen,<sup>1</sup> of whom I read,  
 The other day—her name is fled—  
 In a book,—where, together bound,  
 'Whittington and his Cat' I found—  
 A tale most true, and free from art,  
 Which all Lord Mayors should have by heart,  
 A queen oh'—might those days begin  
 Afresh, when queens would learn to spin— 1430  
 Who wrought, and wrought, but for some plot,  
 The cause of which I've now forgot,  
 During the absence of the sun  
 Undid what she by day had done)  
 Whilst they a double visage wear,  
 What's sworn by day, by night unswear.  
 Such be their arts, and such, perchance,  
 May happily their ends advance;  
 From a new system mine shall spring,  
 A *locum tenens* is the thing. 1440  
 That's your true plan. To oblige  
 The present ministers of state,  
 My shadow shall our court approach,  
 And bear my power, and have my coach;  
 My fine state-coach, superb to view,  
 A fine state-coach, and paid for too.

<sup>1</sup> 'A queen.' Penelope, in the *Odyssey*

To curry favour, and the grace 1447  
 Obtain of those who 're out of place ,  
 In the mean time I—that's to say,  
 I proper, I myself—here stay

But hold—perhaps unto the nation,  
 Who hate the Scot's administration,  
 To lend my coach may seem to be  
 Declaring for the ministry,  
 For where the city-coach is, there  
 Is the true essence of the Mayor  
 Therefore (for wise men are intent  
 Evils at distance to prevent,  
 Whilst fools the evils first endure,  
 And then are plagued to seek a cure) 1460  
 No coach—a horse—and free from fear,  
 To make our Deputy appear,  
 Fast on his back shall he be tied,  
 With two grooms marching by his side ,  
 Then for a horse—through all the land,  
 To head our solemn city-band,  
 Can any one so fit be found  
 As he who in Artillery-ground,  
 Without a rider, (noble sight !)  
 Led on our bravest troops to fight ? 1470

But first, Crape, for my honour's sake—  
 A tender point—inquiry make  
 About that horse, if the dispute  
 Is ended, or is still in suit  
 For whilst a cause, (observe this plan  
 Of justice) whether horse or man  
 The parties be, remains in doubt,  
 Till 'tis determined out and out,  
 That power must tyranny appear  
 Which should, prejudging, interfere, 1480

And weak, faint judges overawe,  
To bias the free course of law 1481

You have my will—now quickly run,  
And take care that my will be done  
In public, Crape, you must appear,  
Whilst I in privacy sit here ,  
Here shall great Dulman sit alone,  
Making this elbow-chair my throne,  
And you, performing what I bid  
Do all, as if I nothing did ' 1490

Crape heard, and speeded on his way ,  
With him to hear was to obey ;  
Not without trouble, be assured,  
A proper proxy was procured  
To serve such infamous intent,  
And such a lord to represent ,  
Nor could one have been found at all  
On t' other side of London Wall

The trumpet sounds—solemn and slow  
Behold the grand procession go, 1500  
All moving on, cat after kind,  
As if for motion ne'er design'd.

Constables, whom the laws admit  
To keep the peace by breaking it ;  
Beadles, who hold the second place  
By virtue of a silver mace,  
Which every Saturday is drawn,  
For use of Sunday, out of pawn ,  
Treasurers, who with empty key  
Secure an empty treasury , 1510  
Churchwardens, who their course pursue  
In the same state, as to their pew  
Churchwardens of St Margaret's go,  
Since Peirson taught them pride and show,

Who in short transient pomp appear, 1515  
 Like almanacs changed every year,  
 Behind whom, with unbroken locks,  
 Charity carries the poor's box,  
 Not knowing that with private keys  
 They ope and shut it when they please. 1520  
 Overseers, who by frauds ensue  
 The heavy curses of the poor,  
 Unclean came flocking, bulls and bears,  
 Like beasts into the ark, by pairs  
     Portentous, flaming in the van,  
 Stalk'd the professor, Sheridan,  
 A man of wire, a mere pantine,  
 A downright animal machine,  
 He knows alone, in proper mode,  
 How to take vengeance on an ode, 1530  
 And how to butcher Ammon's son  
 And poor Jack Dryden both in one  
 On all occasions next the chair  
 He stands, for service of the Mayor,  
 And to instruct him how to use  
 His A's and B's, and P's and Q's :  
 O'er letters, into tatters worn,  
 O'er syllables, defaced and torn,  
 O'er words disjointed, and o'er sense,  
 Left destitute of all defence, 1540  
 He strides, and all the way he goes  
 Wades, deep in blood, o'er Criss-cross-rows  
 Before him every consonant  
 In agonies is seen to pant,  
 Behind, in forms not to be known,  
 The ghosts of tortured vowels groan  
     Next Hart and Duke, well worthy grace  
 And c'ty favour, came in place ;

No children can their toils engage.  
 Their toils are turn'd to reverend age ,  
 When a court dame, to grace his blows  
 Resolved, is wed to city-spouse,  
 Their aid with madam's aid must join,  
 The awkward dotard to refine,  
 And teach, whence truest glory flows,  
 Grave sixty to turn out his toes  
 Each bore in hand a kit , and each  
 To show how fit he was to teach  
 A cit, an alderman, a mayor,  
 Led in a string a dancing bear<sup>1</sup>

1560

Since the revival of Fingal,  
 Custom, and custom's all in all,  
 Commands that we should have regard,  
 On all high seasons, to the bard.  
 Great acts like these, by vulgar tongue  
 Profaned, should not be said. but sung.  
 This place to fill, renown'd in fame,  
 The high and mighty Lockman<sup>1</sup> came,  
 And, ne'er forgot in Dulman's reign,  
 With proper order to maintain  
 The uniformity of pride, •

1570

Brought Brother Whitehead by his side

On horse, who proudly paw'd the ground,  
 And cast his fiery eyeballs round,  
 Snorting, and champng the rude bit,  
 As if, for warlike purpose fit,  
 His high and generous blood disdain'd.  
 To be for sports and pastimes rein'd,  
 Great Dymock, in his glorious station,  
 Paraded at the coronation.

1580

<sup>1</sup> ' John Lockman ' secretary to the British Herring Fishery Board

Not so our city Dymock came, 1581  
 Heavy, disputed, and tame ,  
 No mark of sense, his eyes half-closed,  
 He on a mighty day-horse dozed  
 Fate never could a horse provide  
 So fit for such a man to ride,  
 Nor find a man with strictest care,  
 So fit for such a horse to bear.  
 Hung round with instruments of death,  
 The sight of him would stop the breath 1590  
 Of braggart Cowardice, and fake  
 The very count Drawcansir<sup>1</sup> quake ,  
 With dirks, which, in the hands of Spite,  
 Do their damn'd business in the night,  
 From Scotland sent, but here display'd  
 Only to fill up the parade ,  
 With swords, unflesh'd, of maiden hue,  
 Which rage or valour never drew ;  
 With blunderbusses, taught to ride  
 Like pocket-pistols, by his side, 1600  
 In gudge stuck, he seem'd to be  
 A little moving armoury  
 One thing much wanting to complete  
 The sight, and make a perfect treat,  
 Was, that the horse, (a courtesy  
 In horses found of high degree)  
 Instead of going forward on,  
 All the way backward should have gone  
 Horses, unless they breeding lack,  
 Some scruple make to turn their back, 1610  
 Though riders, which plain truth declares,  
 No scruple make of turning theirs.

<sup>1</sup> 'Drawcansir' Lord Talbot



Far, far apart from all the rest, 618  
 Fit only for a standing jest,  
 The independent, (can you get  
 A better suited epithet ?)  
 The independent Amyand came,<sup>1</sup>  
 All burning with the sacred flame  
 Of Liberty, which well he knows  
 On the great stock of Slavery grows .  
 Like sparrow, who, deprived of mate,  
 Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,  
 From spray to spray no more will hop,  
 But sits alone on the house-top ,  
 Or like himself, when all alone  
 At Croydon he was heard to groan,  
 Lifting both hands in the defence  
 Of interest, and common sense ,  
 Both hands, for as no other man  
 Adopted and pursued his plan, 1630  
 The left hand had been lonesome quite,  
 If he had not held up the right ,  
 Apart he came, and fix'd his eyes  
 With rapture on a distant prize,  
 On which, in letters worthy note,  
 There 'twenty thousand pounds' was wrote  
 False trap, for credit sapp'd is found  
 By getting twenty thousand pound  
 Nay, look not thus on me, and stare,  
 Doubting the certainty—to swear 1649  
 In such a case I should be loth—  
 But Perry Cust<sup>2</sup> may take his oath  
 In plain and decent garb array'd,  
 With the prim Quaker, Fraud, came Trade ,

<sup>1</sup> 'Amyand' George and Claudius Amyand were eminent merchants —  
<sup>2</sup> 'Perry Cust' a London merchant

Connivance, to improve the plan, 1645  
 Habited like a juryman,  
 Judging as interest prevails,  
 Came next, with measures, weights, and scales ,  
 Extortion next, of hellish race  
 A cub most damn'd, to show his face 1650  
 Forbid by fear, but not by shame,  
 Turn'd to a Jew, like Gideon<sup>1</sup> came ,  
 Corruption, Midas-like, behold  
 Turning whate'er she touch'd to gold ,  
 Impotence, led by Lust, and Pride,  
 Strutting with Ponton<sup>2</sup> by her side ,  
 Hypocrisy, demure and sad,  
 In garments of the priesthood clad,  
 So well disguised, that you might swear,  
 Deceived, a very priest was there , 1660  
 Bankruptcy, full of ease and health,  
 And wallowing in well-saved wealth,  
 Came sneering through a ruin'd band,  
 And bringing B—— in her hand ,  
 Victory, hanging down her head,  
 Was by a Highland stallion led ,  
 Peace, clothed in sables, with a face  
 Which witness'd sense of huge disgrace,  
 Which spake a deep and rooted shame  
 Both of herself and of her name, 1670  
 Mourning creeps on, and, blushing, feels  
 War, grim War, treading on her heels ,  
 Pale Credit, shaken by the arts  
 Of men with bad heads and worse hearts,  
 Taking no notice of a band  
 Which near her were ordain'd to stand,

<sup>1</sup> ' Gideon ' Sampson Gideon, a wealthy Jew broker — <sup>2</sup> ' Ponton ' Daniel Ponton, a gentleman of fortune, and a friend of the administration, was a magistrate for the county of Surrey

Well-nigh destroy'd by sickly fit, 1677  
 Look'd wistful all around for Pitt  
 Freedom—at that most hallow'd name  
 My spurs mount into a flame,  
 Each pulse beats high, and each nerve strains,  
 Even to the cracking, through my veins  
 The tides of life more rapid run,  
 And tell me I am Freedom's son—  
 Freedom came next, but scarce was seen,  
 When the sky, which appear'd serene  
 And gay before, was overcast,  
 Horror bestrode a foreign blast,  
 And from the prison of the North,  
 To Freedom deadly, storms burst forth 1690

A car like those, in which we're told,  
 Our wild forefathers war'd of old,  
 Loaded with death, six horses bear  
 Through the blank region of the air  
 Too fierce for time or art to tame,  
 They pour'd forth mingled smoke and flame  
 From their wide nostrils, every steed  
 Was of that ancient savage breed  
 Which fell Geryon nursed; their food  
 The flesh of man, their drink his blood 1700

On the first horses, ill-match'd pair,  
 This fat and sleek, that lean and bare,  
 Came ill-match'd riders side by side,  
 And Poverty was yoked with Pride,  
 Union most strange it must appear,  
 Till other unions make it clear

Next, in the gall of bitterness,  
 With rage which words can ill express,  
 With unforgiving rage, which springs  
 From a false zeal for holy things, 1710

Weaning such robes as prophets wear, 1711  
 False prophets placed in Peter's chair,  
 On which, in characters of fire,  
 Shapes antic, horrible, and dire  
 Inwoven flamed, where, to the view,  
 In groups appear'd a rabble crew  
 Of sainted devils, where, all round,  
 Vile relics of vile men were found,  
 Who, worse than devils, from the birth  
 Perform'd the work of hell on earth, 1720  
 Jugglers, Inquisitors, and Popes,  
 Pointing at axes, wheels, and ropes,  
 And engines, flamed on horrid plan,  
 Which none but the destroyer, Man,  
 Could, to promote his selfish views,  
 Have head to make or heart to use,  
 Bearing, to consecrate her tricks,  
 In her left hand a crucifix,  
 'Remembrance of our dying Lord,'  
 And in her right a two-edged sword, 1730  
 Having her brows, in impious sport,  
 Adorn'd with words of high import,  
 'On earth peace, amongst men good will,  
 Love bearing and forbearing still,'  
 All wrote in the hearts' blood of those  
 Who rather death than falsehood chose  
 On her breast, (where, in days of yore,  
 When God loved Jews, the High Priest wore  
 Those oracles which were decreed  
 To instruct and guide the chosen seed) 1740  
 Having with glory clad and strength,  
 The Virgin pictured at full length,  
 Whilst at her feet, in small pourtray'd,  
 As scarce worth notice, Christ was laid,—

Came Superstition, fiend and fell, 1715

An imp detested, e'en in hell,

Her eye inflamed, her face all o'er

Foully besmeared with human gore,

O'er heaps of mangled saints she rode

Fast at her heels Death proudly strode, 175

And grimly smiled, well pleased to see

Such havoc of mortality,

Close by her side, on mischief bent,

And urging on each bad intent

To its full bearing, savage, wild,

The mother fit of such a child

Starving the empire to advance

Of Sin and Death, came Ignorance

With looks, where dread command was placed,

And sovereign power by pride disgraced, 1760

Where, loudly witnessing a mind

Of savage, more than human kind,

Not choosing to be loved, but fear'd,

Mocking at right, Misrule appear'd.

With eyeballs glaring fiery red,

Enough to strike beholders dead,

Gnashing his teeth, and in a flood

Pouring corruption forth and blood

From his chafed jaws, without remorse

Whipping and spurring on his horse, 1770

Whose sides, in their own blood embay'd,

E'en to the bone were open laid,

Came Tyranny, disdainful awe,

And trampling over Sense and Law,

One thing, and only one, he knew,

One object only would pursue;

Though less (so low doth passion bring)

Than man, he would be more than king.

With every argument and art  
 Which might corrupt the head and heart,  
 Soothing the frenzy of his mind,  
 Companion meet, was Flattery join'd ,  
 Winning his carriage, every look  
 Employed, whilst it conceal'd a hook ,  
 When simple most, most to be fear'd ,  
 Most crafty, when no craft appear'd ,  
 His tales, no man like him could tell ,  
 His words, which melted as they fell,  
 Might even a hypocrite deceive,  
 And make an infidel believe,  
 Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er  
 Those who had cheated been before —  
 Such Flattery came, in evil hour,  
 Poisoning the royal ear of Power,  
 And, grown by prostitution great,  
 Would be first minister of state

1779

1790

Within the chariot, all alone,  
 High seated on a kind of throne,  
 With pebbles graced, a figure came,  
 Whom Justice would, but dare not name  
 Hard times when Justice, without fear,  
 Dare not bring forth to public ear  
 The names of those who dare offend  
 'Gainst Justice, and pervert her end !  
 But, if the Muse afford me grace,  
 Description shall supply the place

1800

In foreign garments he was clad ,  
 Sage ermine o'er the glossy plaid  
 Cast reverend honour , on his heart,  
 Wrought by the curious hand of Art,  
 In silver wrought, and brighter far  
 Than heavenly or than earthly star,

1810

Shone a White Rose the emblem dear 1813  
 Of him he ever must revere,  
 Of that dread lord, who, with his host  
 Of faithful native rebels lost,  
 Like those black spirits doom'd to hell.  
 At once from power and virtue fell  
 Around his clouded brows was placed  
 A bonnet, most superbly graced 1824  
 With mighty thistles, nor forgot  
 The sacred motto—'Touch me not'

In the right hand a sword he bore  
 Harder than adamant, and more  
 Fatal than winds, which from the mouth  
 Of the rough North invade the South,  
 The reeking blade to view presents  
 The blood of helpless innocents,  
 And on the hilt, as meek become  
 As lamb before the shearers dumb, 1830  
 With downcast eye, and solemn show  
 Of deep, unutterable woe,  
 Mourning the time when Freedom reign'd.  
 Fast to a rock was Justice chain'd

In his left hand, in wax unpress'd.  
 With bells and gewgaws idly dress'd,  
 An image, cast in baby mould,  
 He held, and seem'd o'erjoy'd to hold.  
 On this he fix'd his eyes, to this,  
 Bowing, he gave the loyal kiss, 1840  
 And, for rebellion fully ripe,  
 Seem'd to desire the antitype.  
 What if to that Pretender's foes  
 His greatness, nay, his life, he owes;  
 Shall common obligations bind,  
 And shake his constancy of mind?

Scorning such weak and petty chains,  
 Faithful to James <sup>1</sup> he still remains,  
 Though he the friend of George appear  
 Dissimulation's virtue here.

1847

Jealous and mean, he with a frown  
 Would awe, and keep all merit down,  
 Nor would to Truth and Justice bend,  
 Unless out-bullied by his friend  
 Brave with the coward, with the brave  
 He is himself a coward slave

Awed by his fears, he has no heart  
 To take a great and open part

Mines in a subtle train he springs,  
 And, secret, saps the ears of kings ;

1860

But not e'en there continues firm

'Gainst the resistance of a worm

Born in a country, where the will

Of one is law to all, he still

Retain'd the infection, with full aim

To spread it wheresoe'er he came ,

Freedom he hated, Law defied,

The prostitute of Power and Pride ,

Law he with ease explains away,

And leads bewilder'd Sense astray ;

1870

Much to the credit of his brain,

Puzzles the cause he can't maintain ;

Proceeds on most familiar grounds,

And where he can't convince, confounds ,

Talents of rarest stamp and size,

To Nature false, he misapplies,

And turns to poison what was sent

For purposes of nourishment

<sup>1</sup> ' Faithful to James ' alluding to the Earl of Mansfield's original predilection for the Pretender



Paleness, not such as on his wings  
 The messenger of Sickness brings, 1879  
 But such as takes its coward rise  
 From conscious baseness, conscious vice,  
 O'erspread his cheeks, Disdain and Pride,  
 To upstart fortunes ever tied,  
 Scowl'd on his brow, within his eye,  
 Insidious, lurking like a spy.  
 To Caution principled by Fear,  
 Not daring open to appear,  
 Lodged covert Mischief, Passion hung  
 On his lip quivering, on his tongue 1890  
 Fraud dwelt at large, within his breast  
 All that makes villain found a nest,  
 All that, on Hell's completest plan,  
 E'er join'd to damn the heart of man

Soon as the car reach'd land, he rose,  
 And, with a look which might have froze  
 The heart's best blood, which was enough  
 Had hearts been made of sterner stuff  
 In cities than elsewhere, to make  
 The very stoutest quail and quake, 1900  
 He cast his baleful eyes around  
 Fix'd without motion to the ground,  
 Fear waiting on Surprise, all stood,  
 And horror chill'd their cuddled blood;  
 No more they thought of pomp, no more  
 (For they had seen his face before)  
 Of law they thought, the cause forgot,  
 Whether it was or ghost, or plot,  
 Which drew them there. they all stood more  
 Like statues than they were before. 1910

What could be done? Could Art, could Force  
 Or both, direct a proper course

To make this savage monster tame, 1913  
 Or send him back the way he came ?  
 'What neither art, nor force, nor both,  
 Could do, a Lord of foreign growth,  
 A Lord to that base wretch allied  
 In country, not in vice and pride,  
 Effectual, from the self-same land,  
 (Bad news for our blaspheming band 1920  
 Of scribblers, but deserving note)  
 The poison came and antidote  
 Abash'd, the monster hung his head,  
 And like an empty vision fled ,  
 His train, like virgin snows, which run,  
 Kiss'd by the burning bawdy sun,  
 To love-sick streams, dissolved in air ,  
 Joy, who from absence seem'd more fair,  
 Came smiling, freed from slavish Awe ,  
 Loyalty, Liberty, and Law, 1930  
 Impatient of the galling chain,  
 And yoke of Power, resumed their reign ,  
 And, burning with the glorious flame  
 Of public virtue, Mansfield came

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### THE CANDIDATE.

This poem was written in 1764, on occasion of the contest between the Earls of Hardwicke and Sandwich for the High-stewardship of the University of Cambridge, vacant by the death of the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. The spirit of party ran high in the University, and no means were left untried by either candidate to obtain a majority. The election was fixed for the 30th of March, when, after much altercation, the votes appearing equal, a scrutiny was demanded, whereupon the Vice-Chancellor adjourned the senate *sine die*. On appeal to the Lord High-Chancellor, he determined in favour of the Earl of Hardwicke, and a mandamus issued accordingly.

ENOUGH of Actors—let them play the player,  
 And, free from censure, fret, sweat, strut, and stare ;  
 Garrick <sup>1</sup> abroad, what motives can engage  
 To waste one couplet on a barren stage ?  
 Ungrateful Garrick ! when these tasty days,  
 In justice to themselves, allow'd thee praise ,  
 When, at thy bidding, Sense, for twenty years,  
 Indulged in laughter, or dissolved in tears ,  
 When in return for labour, time, and health,  
 The town had given some little share of wealth,      19  
 Couldst thou repine at being still a slave ?  
 Darest thou presume to enjoy that wealth she gave ?  
 Couldst thou repine at laws ordain'd by those  
 Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes ?  
 Whom, too refined for honesty and trade,  
 By need made tradesmen, Pride had bankrupts made ,  
 Whom Fear made drunkards, and, by modern rules,  
 Whom Drink made wits, though Nature made them fools ,  
 With such, beyond all pardon is thy crime,  
 In such a manner, and at such a time,      20  
 To quit the stage , but men of real sense,  
 Who neither lightly give, nor take offence,  
 Shall own thee clear, or pass an act of grace,  
 Since thou hast left a Powell in thy place.

Enough of Authors—why, when scribblers fail,  
 Must other scribblers spread the hateful tale ?  
 Why must they pity, why contempt express,  
 And why insult a brother in distress ?  
 Let those, who boast the uncommon gift of brains  
 The laurel pluck, and wear it for their pains,      30  
 Fresh on their brows for ages let it bloom,  
 And, ages past, still flourish round their tomb.

<sup>1</sup> ' Garrick abroad ' Garrick, in September 1763, in order to make his value more appreciated after his return, resolved to visit the continent

Let those who without genius write, and write, 33  
 Versemen or prosemen, all in Nature's spite,  
 The pen laid down, their course of folly run  
 In peace, unread, unmention'd, be undone  
 Why should I tell, to cross the will of Fate,  
 That Francis once endeavour'd to translate ?  
 Why, sweet oblivion winding round his head,  
 Should I recall poor Murphy from the dead ? 40  
 Why may not Langhorne,<sup>1</sup> simple in his lay,  
 Effusion on effusion pour away,  
 With friendship and with fancy tangle here,  
 Or sleep in pastoral at Belvidere ?  
 Sleep let them all, with Dulness on her throne,  
 Secure from any malice but their own  
 Enough of Critics—let them, if they please,  
 Fond of new pomp, each month pass new decrees,  
 Wide and extensive be their infant state,  
 Their subjects many, and those subjects great, 50  
 Whilst all their mandates as sound law succeed,  
 With fools who write, and greater fools who read  
 What though they lay the realms of Genius waste,  
 Fetter the fancy and debauch the taste,  
 Though they, like doctors, to approve their skill,  
 Consult not how to cure, but how to kill,  
 Though by whim, envy, or resentment led,  
 They damn those authors whom they never read,  
 Though, other rules unknown, one rule they hold,  
 To deal out so much praise for so much gold. 60  
 Though Scot with Scot, in damned close intrigues,  
 Against the commonwealth of letters leagues,  
 Uncensured let them pilot at the helm,  
 And rule in letters, as they ruled the realm

<sup>1</sup> 'Langhorne' John Langhorne, D D, the translator of Plutarch

Ours be the curse, the mean tame coward's curse, 65  
 (Nor could ingenious Malice make a worse,  
 To do our sense and honour deep despite)  
 To credit what they say, read what they write

Enough of Scotland—let her rest in peace ,  
 The cause removed, effects of course should cease 70  
 Why should I tell, how Tweed, too mighty grown,  
 And proudly swell'd with waters not his own,  
 Burst o'er his banks, and, by Destruction led,  
 O'er our fair England desolation spread,  
 Whilst, riding on his waves, Ambition, plumed  
 In tenfold pride, the port of Bute assumed,  
 Now that the river god, convinced, though late,  
 And yielding, though reluctantly, to Fate,  
 Holds his fan course, and with more humble tides,  
 In tribute to the sea, as usual, glides ? 80

Enough of States, and such like trifling things ,  
 Enough of kinglings, and enough of kings ,  
 Henceforth, secure, let ambush'd statesmen lie,  
 Spread the count web, and catch the patriot fly ,  
 Henceforth, unwhipt of Justice, uncontroll'd  
 By fear or shame, let Vice, secure and bold,  
 Lord it with all her sons, whilst Virtue's groan  
 Meets with compassion only from the throne

Enough of Patriots—all I ask of man  
 Is only to be honest as he can 90  
 Some have deceived, and some may still deceive ;  
 'Tis the fool's curse at random to believe  
 Would those, who, by opinion placed on high,  
 Stand fair and perfect in their country's eye,  
 Maintain that honour, let me in their ear  
 Hint this essential doctrine—Persevere  
 Should they (which Heaven forbid) to win the grace  
 Of some proud courtier, or to gain a place,

Then king and country sell, with endless shame      99  
 The avenging Muse shall mark each traitorous name ,  
 But if, to Honour true, they scorn to bend,  
 And, proudly honest, hold out to the end,  
 Their grateful country shall their fame record,  
 And I myself descend to praise a lord

Enough of Wilkes—with good and honest men  
 His actions speak much stronger than my pen,  
 And future ages shall his name adore,  
 When he can act and I can write no more  
 England may prove ungrateful and unjust,  
 But fostering France<sup>1</sup> shall ne'er betray her trust      110  
 'Tis a brave debt which gods on men impose,  
 To pay with praise the merit e'en of foes  
 When the great warrior of Amilcar's race  
 Made Rome's wide empire tremble to her base,  
 To prove her virtue, though it gall'd her pride,  
 Rome gave that fame which Carthage had denied

Enough of Self—that darling luscious theme,  
 O'er which philosophers in raptures dream ,  
 Of which with seeming disregard they write,  
 Then prizing most, when most they seem to slight ,      120  
 Vain proof of folly tinctured strong with pride !  
 What man can from himself, himself divide ?  
 For me, (nor dare I lie) my leading aim  
 (Conscience first satisfied) is love of fame ,  
 Some little fame derived from some brave few,  
 Who, prizing Honour, prize her votaries too.  
 Let all (nor shall resentment flush my cheek)  
 Who know me well, what they know, freely speak,  
 So those (the greatest curse I meet below)  
 Who know me not, may not pretend to know      130

<sup>1</sup> ' France ' Wilkes had fled to France to escape the prosecutions entered against him

Recorded villains, and each spotted name 163  
 Branded with marks of everlasting shame,  
 Succeeding villains sought her as a friend,  
 And, if not really mended, feign'd to mend,  
 But in an age, when actions are allow'd  
 Which strike all honour dead, and crimes avow'd  
 Too terrible to suffer the report,

Avow'd and praised by men who stain a court, 170  
 Propp'd by the arm of Power, when Vice, high  
 born,

High-bred, high-station'd, holds rebuke in scorn ;  
 When she is lost to every thought of fame,  
 And, to all virtue dead, is dead to shame ,  
 When Prudence a much easier task must hold  
 To make a new world, than reform the old,  
 Satire throws by her arrows on the ground,  
 And if she cannot cure, she will not wound .

Come, Panegyric—though the Muse disdains,  
 Founded on truth, to prostitute her strains 180  
 At the base instance of those men, who hold  
 No argument but power, no god but gold,  
 Yet, mindful that from Heaven she drew her birth,  
 She scorns the narrow maxims of this earth ;  
 Virtuous herself, brings Virtue forth to view,  
 And loves to praise, where praise is justly due

Come, Panegyric—in a former hour,  
 My soul with pleasure yielding to thy power,  
 Thy shrine I sought, I pray'd—but wanton air,  
 Before it reach'd thy ears, dispersed my prayer , 190  
 E'en at thy altars whilst I took my stand,  
 The pen of Truth and Honour in my hand,  
 Fate, meditating wrath 'gainst me and mine,  
 Chid my fond zeal, and thwarted my design,

Whilst, Hayter<sup>1</sup> brought too quickly to his end, 195  
I lost a subject and mankind a friend

Come, Panegyric—bending at thy throne,  
Thee and thy power my soul is proud to own  
Be thou my kind protector, thou my guide,  
And lead me safe through passes yet untied. 200  
Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,  
Which to the house of Satire leads mankind,  
Narrow and unfrequented are the ways,  
Scarce found out in an age, which lead to praise

What though no theme I choose of vulgar note  
Nor wish to write as brother bards have wrote,  
So mild, so meek in praising, that they seem  
Afraid to wake their patrons from a dream;  
What though a theme I choose, which might demand  
The nicest touches of a master's hand, 210  
Yet, if the inward workings of my soul  
Deceive me not, I shall attain the goal,  
And Envy shall behold, in triumph raised,  
The poet praising, and the patron praised

What patron shall I choose? Shall public voice,  
Or private knowledge, influence my choice?  
Shall I prefer the grand retreat of Stowe,  
Or, seeking patriots, to friend Wildman's<sup>2</sup> go?

'To Wildman's!' cried Discretion, (who had heard,  
Close standing at my elbow, every word) 220  
'To Wildman's! Art thou mad? Canst thou be sure  
One moment there to have thy head secure?  
Are they not all, (let observation tell)  
All mark'd in characters as black as Hell,  
In Doomsday book, by ministers set down,  
Who style their pride the honour of the crown?

<sup>1</sup> 'Hayter' Dr Thomas Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, and next of London, died prematurely —<sup>2</sup> 'Wildman's' a tavern in Albemarle Street



Make no reply—let Reason stand aloof—227  
 Presumptions here must pass as solemn proof  
 That settled faith, that love which ever springs  
 In the best subjects, for the best of kings,  
 Must not be measured now by what men think,  
 Or say, or do,—by what they eat and drink,  
 Where, and with whom, that question's to be tried,  
 And statesmen are the judges to decide,  
 No juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe,  
 They, facts confess'd, in themselves vest the law  
 Each dish at Wildman's of sedition snacks;  
 Blasphemy may be gospel at Almacks.<sup>1</sup>

Peace, good Discretion! peace—thy fears are vain;  
 Ne'er will I herd with Wildman's factious train,240  
 Never the vengeance of the great incur,  
 Nor, without might, against the mighty stir  
 If, from long proof, my temper you distrust,  
 Weigh my profession, to my gown be just,  
 Dost thou one parson know so void of grace  
 To pay his court to patrons out of place?

If still you doubt (though scarce a doubt remains)  
 Search through my alter'd heart, and try my reins,  
 There, searching, find, nor deem me now in sport,  
 A convert made by Sandwich to the court250  
 Let madmen follow error to the end,  
 I, of mistakes convinced, and proud to mend,  
 Strive to act better, being better taught,  
 Nor blush to own that change which Reason wrought:  
 For such a change as this, must Justice speak;  
 My heart was honest, but my head was weak  
 Bigot to no one man, or set of men,  
 Without one selfish view, I drew my pen;

<sup>1</sup> 'Almacks' Old Almacks, a noted Tory club-house in Pall Mall

My country ask'd, or seem'd to ask, my aid, 259  
 Obedient to that call, I left off trade,  
 A side I chose, and on that side was strong,  
 Till time hath fairly proved me in the wrong  
 Convinced, I change, (can any man do more ?)  
 And have not greater patriots changed before ?  
 Changed, I at once, (can any man do less ?)  
 Without a single blush, that change confess ;  
 Confess it with a manly kind of pride,  
 And quit the losing for the winning side,  
 Granting, whilst virtuous Sandwich holds the rein,  
 What Bute for ages might have sought in vain 270

Hail, Sandwich !—nor shall Wilkes resentment show,  
 Hearing the praises of so brave a foe—  
 Hail, Sandwich !—nor, through pride, shalt thou refuse  
 The grateful tribute of so mean a Muse—  
 Sandwich, all hail !—when Bute with foreign hand,  
 Grown wanton with ambition, scourged the land ;  
 When Scots, or slaves to Scot-men, steer'd the helm ;  
 When peace, inglorious peace, disgraced the realm,  
 Distrust, and general discontent prevail'd ;  
 But when, (he best knows why) his spirits fail'd ; 280  
 When, with a sudden panic struck, he fled,  
 Sneak'd out of power, and hid his recreant head ;  
 When, like a Mars, (Fear order'd to retreat)  
 We saw thee nimbly vault into his seat,  
 Into the seat of power, at one bold leap,  
 A perfect connoisseur in statesmanship,  
 When, like another Machiavel, we saw  
 Thy fingers twisting, and untwisting law,  
 Straining, where godlike Reason bade, and where  
 She warranted thy mercy, pleased to spare, 290  
 Saw thee resolved, and fix'd (come what, come might)  
 To do thy God, thy king, thy country right ;

All things we're changed, suspense remain'd no more,  
 Certainty reign'd where Doubt had reign'd before 294

All felt thy virtues, and all knew their use,  
 What virtues such as thine must needs produce

Thy foes (for Honour ever meets with foes)  
 Too mean to praise, too fearful to oppose,  
 In sullen silence sit, thy friends (some few,  
 Who, friends to thee, are friends to Honour too) 300  
 Plead thy brave bearing, and the Commonweal  
 Expects her safety from thy stubborn zeal  
 A place amongst the rest the Muses claim,  
 And bring this freewill-offering to thy fame,  
 To prove their virtue, make thy virtues known,  
 And, holding up thy fame, secure their own

From his youth upwards to the present day,  
 When vices, more than years, have mark'd him gray,  
 When riotous Excess, with wasteful hand,  
 Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand, 310  
 Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,  
 Untainted with one deed of real worth,  
 Lothario, holding honour at no price,  
 Folly to folly added, vice to vice,

Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for shame  
 With greater zeal than good men seek for fame

Where (Reason left without the least defence)  
 Laughter was mirth, obscenity was sense.  
 Where Impudence made Decency submit;  
 Where noise was humour, and where whim was wit, 320  
 Where rude, untemper'd license had the merit  
 Of liberty, and lunacy was spirit;  
 Where the best things were ever held the worst,  
 Lothario was, with justice, always first.

To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw,  
 To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,

To play at push-pin with dull brother peers, 327  
 To belch out catches in a porter's ears,  
 To reign the monarch of a midnight tell,  
 To be the gaping chaunman's oracle,  
 Whilst, in most blessed union, rogue and whore  
 Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out, 'Encore,'  
 Whilst gray Authority, who slumbers there,  
 In robes of watchman's fur, gives up his chair,  
 With midnight howl to bay the affrighted moon,  
 To walk with torches through the streets at noon;  
 To force plain Nature from her usual way,  
 Each night a vigil, and a blank each day,  
 To match for speed one feather 'gainst another,  
 To make one leg run races with his brother, 340  
 'Gainst all the rest to take the northern wind,  
 Bute to ride first, and he to ride behind,  
 To coin newfangled wagers, and to lay 'em,  
 Laying to lose, and losing not to pay 'em,  
 Lothario, on that stock which Nature gives,  
 Without a rival stands, though Mauch yet lives  
 When Folly, (at that name, in duty bound,  
 Let subject myriads kneel, and kiss the ground,  
 Whilst they who, in the presence, upright stand,  
 Are held as rebels, through the loyal land) 350  
 Queen every where, but most a queen in courts,  
 Sent forth her heralds, and proclaim'd her sports;  
 Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,  
 And prove her right to reign from age to age,  
 Lothario, great above the common size,  
 With all engaged, and won from all the prize,  
 Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,  
 And every day deserves it more and more.

Nor in such limits rests his soul confined;  
 Folly may share but can't engross his mind; 360

Vice, bold substantial Vice, 'puts in her claim,  
 And stamps him perfect in the books of Shame  
 Observe his follies well, and you would swear  
 Folly had been his first, his only care,  
 Observe his vices, you'll that oath disown,  
 And swear that he was born for vice alone.

Is the soft nature of some hapless maid,  
 Fond, easy, full of faith, to be betray'd?  
 Must she, to virtue lost, be lost to fame,  
 And he who wrought her guilt declare her shame? 370  
 Is some brave friend, who, men but little known,  
 Deems every heart as honest as his own,  
 And, free himself, in others fears no guile,  
 To be ensnared, and ruin'd with a smile?  
 Is Law to be perverted from her course?  
 Is abject fraud to league with brutal force?  
 Is Freedom to be crush'd, and every son  
 Who dares maintain her cause, to be undone?  
 Is base Corruption, creeping through the land,  
 To plan, and work her ruin, underhand, 380  
 With regular approaches, sure, though slow?  
 Or must she perish by a single blow?  
 Are kings, who trust to servants, and depend  
 In servants (fond, vain thought!) to find a friend,  
 To be abused, and made to draw their breath  
 In darkness thicker than the shades of death?  
 Is God's most holy name to be profaned,  
 His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,  
 His servants scorn'd, as men who idly dream'd,  
 His service laugh'd at, and his Son blasphemed? 390  
 Are debauchees in morals to preside?  
 Is Faith to take an Atheist for her guide?  
 Is Science by a blockhead to be led?  
 Are States to totter on a drunkard's head?

To answer all these purposes, and more, 395  
 More black than ever villain plann'd before,  
 Search earth, search hell, the Devil cannot find  
 An agent like Lothario to his mind

Is this nobility, which, sprung from kings,  
 Was meant to swell the power from whence it springs  
 Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit, 401  
 Which Nature hoped for from so rich a root ?  
 Were there but two, (search all the world around)  
 Were there but two such nobles to be found,  
 The very name would sink into a term  
 Of scorn, and man would rather be a worm  
 Than be a lord but Nature, full of grace,  
 Nor meaning birth and titles to be base,  
 Made only one, and having made him, swore,  
 In mercy to mankind, to make no more 410  
 Nor stopp'd she there, but, like a generous friend,  
 The ills which Error caused, she strove to mend,  
 And having brought Lothario forth to view,  
 To save her credit, brought forth Sandwich too

Gods ! with what joy, what honest joy of heart,  
 Blunt as I am, and void of every art,  
 Of every art which great ones in the state  
 Practise on knaves they fear, and fools they hate,  
 To titles with reluctance taught to bend,  
 Nor prone to think that virtues can descend, 420  
 Do I behold (a sight, alas ! more rare  
 Than Honesty could wish) the noble wear  
 His father's honours, when his life makes known  
 They're his by virtue, not by birth alone ;  
 When he recalls his father from the grave,  
 And pays with interest back that fame he gave  
 Cured of her splenetic and sullen fits,  
 To such a peer my willing soul submits,

And to such virtue is more proud to yield 229  
 Than 'gainst ten titled rogues to keep the field  
 Such, (for that truth e'en Envy shall allow)  
 Such Wyndham was, and such is Sandwich now  
     O gentle Montague! in blessed hour  
 Didst thou start up, and climb the stairs of power,  
 England of all her fears at once was eased,  
 Nor, 'mongst her many foes, was one displeased  
 France heard the news, and told it cousin Spain,  
 Spain heard, and told it cousin Fiance again,  
 The Hollander relinquish'd his design  
 Of adding spice to spice, and mine to mine, 440  
 Of Indian villanies he thought no more,  
 Content to rob us on our native shore.  
 Awed by thy fame, (which winds with open mouth  
 Shall blow from east to west, from north to south)  
 The western world shall yield us her increase,  
 And her wild sons be soften'd into peace,  
 Rich eastern monarchs shall exhaust their stores,  
 And pour unbounded wealth on Albion's shores,  
 Unbounded wealth, which from those golden scenes,  
 And all acquired by honourable means, 450  
 Some honourable chief shall hither steer,  
 To pay our debts, and set the nation clear  
     Nabobs themselves, allured by thy renown,  
 Shall pay due homage to the English crown,  
 Shall freely as their king our king receive—  
 Provided the Directors give them leave.  
     Union at home shall mark each rising year,  
 Nor taxes be complain'd of, though severe,  
 Envy her own destroyer shall become,  
 And Faction with her thousand mouths be dumb. 460  
 With the meek man thy meekness shall prevail,  
 Nor with the spirited thy spirit fail:

Some to thy force of reason shall submit, 463  
 And some be converts to thy princely wit  
 Reverence for thee shall still a nation's cries,  
 A grand concurrence crown a grand excise ,  
 And unbelievers of the first degree,  
 Who have no faith in God, have faith in thee

When a strange jumble, whimsical and vain,  
 Possess'd the region of each heated brain , 470  
 When some were fools to censure, some to praise,  
 And all were mad, but mad in different ways ,  
 When commonwealthsmen, starting at the shade  
 Which in their own wild fancy had been made,  
 Of tyrants dream'd, who wore a thorny crown,  
 And with state bloodhounds hunted Freedom down ,  
 When others, struck with fancies not less vain,  
 Saw mighty kings by their own subjects slain,  
 And, in each friend of Liberty and Law,  
 With horror big, a future Cromwell saw, 480  
 Thy manly zeal stept forth, bade discord cease,  
 And sung each jarring atom into peace ,  
 Liberty, cheer'd by thy all-cheering eye,  
 Shall, waking from her trance, live and not die ,  
 And, patronised by thee, Prerogative  
 Shall, striding forth at large, not die, but live ,  
 Whilst Privilege, hung betwixt earth and sky,  
 Shall not well know whether to live or die

When on a rock which overhung the flood,  
 And seem'd to totter, Commerce shivering stood , 490  
 When Credit, building on a sandy shore,  
 Saw the sea swell, and heard the tempest roar,  
 Heard death in every blast, and in each wave  
 Or saw, or fancied that she saw her grave ,  
 When Property, transferr'd from hand to hand,  
 Weaken'd by change, crawl'd sickly through the land ;



When mutual confidence was at an end, 497  
 And man no longer could on man depend ,  
 Oppress'd with debts of more than common weight,  
 When all men fear'd a bankruptcy of state ,  
 When, certain death to honour, and to trade,  
 A sponge was talk'd of as our only aid ;  
 That to be saved we must be more undone,  
 And pay off all our debts, by paying none ,  
 Like England's better genius, born to bless,  
 And snatch his sinking country from distress,  
 Didst thou step forth, and, without sail or oar,  
 Pilot the shatter'd vessel safe to shore  
 Nor shalt thou quit, till, anchor'd firm and fast,  
 She rides secure, and mocks the threatening blast ! 510

Born in thy house, and in thy service bred,  
 Nursed in thy arms, and at thy table fed,  
 By thy sage counsels to reflection brought,  
 Yet more by pattern than by precept taught,  
 Economy her needful aid shall join  
 To forward and complete thy grand design,  
 And, warm to save, but yet with spirit warm,  
 Shall her own conduct from thy conduct form  
 Let friends of prodigals say what they will,  
 Spendthrifts at home, abroad are spendthrifts still 520  
 In vain have sly and subtle sophists tried  
 Private from public justice to divide ,  
 For credit on each other they rely,  
 They live together, and together die,  
 'Gainst all experience 'tis a rank offence,  
 High treason in the eye of Common-sense,  
 To think a statesman ever can be known  
 To pay our debts, who will not pay his own :  
 But now, though late, now may we hope to see  
 Our debts discharged, our credit fair and free, 530

Since rigid Honesty (fair fall' that hour !)  
 Sits at the helm, and Sandwich is in power  
 With what delight I view thee, wondrous man,  
 With what delight survey thy steeling plan,  
 That plan which all with wonder must behold,  
 And stamp thy age the only age of Gold

Nor rest thy triumphs here—that Discord fled,  
 And sought with grief the hell where she was bled,  
 That Faction, 'gainst her nature forced to yield,  
 Saw her rude rabble scatter'd o'er the field,  
 Saw her best friends a standing jest become,  
 Her fools turn'd speakers, and her wits struck dumb,  
 That our most bitter foes (so much depends  
 On men of name) are turn'd to cordial friends,  
 That our offended friends (such terror flows  
 From men of name) dare not appear our foes,  
 That Credit, gasping in the jaws of Death,  
 And ready to expire with every breath,  
 Grows stronger from disease, that thou hast saved  
 Thy drooping country, that thy name, engraved  
 On plates of brass, defies the rage of Time,  
 Than plates of brass more firm, that sacred rhyme  
 Embalms thy memory, bids thy glories live,  
 And gives thee what the Muse alone can give—  
 These heights of Virtue, these rewards of Fame,  
 With thee in common other patriots claim

But, that poor sickly Science, who had laid  
 And droop'd for years beneath Neglect's cold shade,  
 By those who knew her purposely forgot,  
 And made the jest of those who knew her not  
 Whilst Ignorance in power, and pamper'd pride,  
 'Clad like a priest, pass'd by on t' other side,'  
 Recover'd from her wretched state, at length  
 Puts on new health, and clothes herself with strength,

To thee we owe, and to thy friendly hand 565  
 Which raised, and gave her to possess the land  
 This praise, though in a court, and near a throne,  
 This praise is thine, and thine, alas ! alone

With what fond rapture did the goddess smile,  
 What blessings did she promise to this isle, 570  
 What honour to herself, and length of reign,  
 Soon as she heard that thou didst not disdain  
 To be her steward , but what grief, what shame,  
 What rage, what disappointment, shook her frame,  
 When her proud children dared her will dispute,  
 When Youth was insolent,<sup>1</sup> and Age was mute !

That young men should be fools, and some wild few,  
 To Wisdom deaf, be deaf to Interest too,  
 Moved not her wonder , but that men, grown gray  
 In search of wisdom ; men who own'd the sway 580  
 Of Reason , men who stubbornly kept down  
 Each rising passion , men who wore the gown ;  
 That they should cross her will, that they should dare  
 Against the cause of Interest to declare ,  
 That they should be so abject and unwise,  
 Having no fear of loss before their eyes,  
 Nor hopes of gain , scorning the ready means  
 Of being vicars, rectors, canons, deans,  
 With all those honours which on mitres wait,  
 And mark the virtuous favourites of state , 590  
 That they should dare a Hardwicke to support,  
 And talk, within the hearing of a court,  
 Of that vile beggar, Conscience, who, undone,  
 And starved heiself, starves every wretched son ,  
 This turn'd her blood to gall, this made her swear  
 No more to throw away her time and care

<sup>1</sup> ' Youth was insolent ' the younger members of the University were unanimous in favour of Lord Hardwicke, and incurred the censure of their superiors

On wayward sons who scorn'd her love, no more      597  
 To hold her courts on Cam's ungrateful shore  
 Rather than bear such insults, which disgrace  
 Her royalty of nature, birth, and place,  
 Though Dulness there unrivall'd state doth keep,  
 Would she at Winchester with Burton<sup>1</sup> sleep,  
 Or, to exchange the mortifying scene  
 For something still more dull, and still more mean,  
 Rather than bear such insults, she would fly  
 Far, far beyond the reach of English eye,  
 And reign amongst the Scots to be a queen  
 Is worth ambition, though in Aberdeen  
 Oh, stay thy flight, fair Science! what though some  
 Some base-born children, rebels are become?      610  
 All are not rebels, some are dutious still,  
 Attend thy precepts, and obey thy will,  
 Thy interest is opposed by those alone  
 Who either know not, or oppose their own  
     Of stubborn virtue, marching to thy aid,  
 Behold in black, the livery of their trade,  
 Marshall'd by Form, and by Discretion led,  
 A grave, grave troop, and Smith<sup>2</sup> is at their head,  
 Black Smith of Trinity, on Christian ground  
 For faith in mysteries none more renown'd      620  
 Next, (for the best of causes now and then  
 Must beg assistance from the worst of men)  
 Next (if old story lies not) sprung from Greece,  
 Comes Pandarus, but comes without his niece  
 Her, wretched maid! committed to his trust,  
 To a rank lecher's coarse and bloated lust  
 The arch, old, hoary hypocrite had sold,  
 And thought himself and her well damn'd for gold

<sup>1</sup> 'Burton' Dr John Burton, head master of Winchester school — <sup>2</sup> 'Smith  
 Dr Smith, master of Trinity College, Cambridge, a mechanical and musical  
 genius

But (to wipe off such traces from the mind, 629  
 And make us in good humour with mankind)  
 Leading on men, who, in a college bred,  
 No woman knew, but those which made them bed,  
 Who, planted virgins on Cam's virtuous shore,  
 Continued still male virgins at threescore,  
 Comes Sumner,<sup>1</sup> wise, and chaste as chaste can be,  
 With Long,<sup>2</sup> as wise, and not less chaste than he  
     Are there not friends, too, enter'd in thy cause  
 Who, for thy sake, defying penal laws,  
 Were, to support thy honourable plan,  
 Smuggled from Jersey, and the Isle of Man ? 640  
 Are there not Philomaths of high degree  
 Who, always dumb before, shall speak for thee ?  
 Are there not Proctors, faithful to thy will,  
 One of full growth, others in embryo still,  
 Who may, perhaps, in some ten years, or more,  
 Be ascertain'd that two and two make four,  
 Or may a still more happy method find,  
 And, taking one from two, leave none behind ?  
     With such a mighty power on foot, to yield  
 Were death to manhood, better in the field 650  
 To leave our carcasses, and die with fame,  
 Than fly, and purchase life on terms of shame  
 Sackvilles<sup>3</sup> alone anticipate defeat,  
 And ere they dare the battle, sound retreat  
     But if persuasions ineffectual prove,  
 If arguments are vain, nor prayers can move,  
 Yet in thy bitterness of frantic woe  
 Why talk of Burton ? why to Scotland go ?  
 Is there not Oxford ? she, with open arms,  
 Shall meet thy wish, and yield up all her charms 660

<sup>1</sup> ' Sumner ' the Rev Dr Humphrey Sumner, Vice Chancellor of the University of Cambridge — <sup>2</sup> ' Long ' Roger Long, D D, Professor of Astronomy, Cambridge — <sup>3</sup> Sackville ' Sir George, who behaved scandalously at the battle of Minden

Shall for thy love her former loves resign, 661  
 And jilt the banish'd Stuarts to be thine

Bow'd to the yoke, and, soon as she could read,  
 Tutor'd to get by heart the despot's creed,  
 She, of subjection proud, shall knee thy throne,  
 And have no principles but thine alone,  
 She shall thy will implicitly receive,  
 Nor act, nor speak, nor think, without thy leave  
 Where is the glory of imperial sway  
 If subjects none but just commands obey? 670

Then, and then only, is obedience seen,  
 When by command they dare do all that's mean.  
 Hither, then, wing thy flight, here fix thy stand,  
 Nor fail to bring thy Sandwich in thy hand  
 Gods! with what joy, (for Fancy now supplies,  
 And lays the future open to my eyes)  
 Gods! with what joy I see the worthies meet,  
 And Brother Litchfield<sup>1</sup> Brother Sandwich greet!  
 Blest be your greetings, blest each dear embrace,  
 Blest to yourselves, and to the human race 680

Sickenning at virtues, which she cannot reach,  
 Which seem her baser nature to impeach,  
 Let Envy, in a whirlwind's bosom hurl'd,  
 Outrageous, search the corners of the world,  
 Ransack the present times, look back to past,  
 Rip up the future, and confess at last,  
 No times, past, present, or to come, could e'er  
 Produce, and bless the world with such a pair.

Phillips,<sup>2</sup> the good old Phillips, out of breath,  
 Escaped from Monmouth, and escaped from death, 690

<sup>1</sup> 'Brother Litchfield' the last Earl of Litchfield succeeded the Earl of Westmoreland as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in 1762, through Lord Bute's influence — <sup>2</sup> 'Phillips' Sir John Phillips, a barrister and active member of the House of Commons, a defender of the rebellion in 1745

Shall hail his Sandwich with that virtuous zeal, 691  
 That glorious ardour for the commonweal,  
 Which warm'd his loyal heart and bless'd his tongue,  
 When on his lips the cause of rebels hung,  
 Whilst Womanhood, in habit of a nun,  
 At Medenham<sup>1</sup> lies, by backward monks undone,  
 A nation's reckoning, like an alehouse score,  
 Whilst Paul, the aged, chalks behind a door,  
 Compell'd to hire a foe to cast it up,  
 Dashwood shall pour, from a communion cup, 700  
 Libations to the goddess without eyes,  
 And hob or nob in order and excise.

From those deep shades, where Vanity, unknown,  
 Doth penance for her pride, and pines alone,  
 Cursed in herself, by her own thoughts undone,  
 Where she sees all, but can be seen by none,  
 Where she, no longer mistress of the schools,  
 Hears praise loud pealing from the mouths of fools,  
 Or hears it at a distance, in despair  
 To join the crowd, and put in for a share, 710  
 Twisting each thought a thousand different ways,  
 For his new friends new-modelling old praise,  
 Where frugal sense so very fine is spun,  
 It serves twelve hours, though not enough for one,  
 King<sup>2</sup> shall arise, and, bursting from the dead,  
 Shall hurl his piebald Latin at thy head.

Burton (whilst awkward affectation hung  
 In quaint and labour'd accents on his tongue,  
 Who 'gainst their will makes junior blockheads speak,  
 Ignorant of both, new Latin and new Greek, 720

<sup>1</sup> 'Medenham' or as it was commonly called, Mednam Abbey, was a very large house on the banks of the Thames, near Marlow, in Bucks, where infamous doings went on under the auspices of Sir F. Dashwood, Lord Sandwich, and others — <sup>2</sup> 'King' Dr William King, LL D, Principal of St Mary's Hall

Not such as was in Greece and Latium known, 721  
 But of a modern cut, and all his own ,  
 Who threads, like beads, loose thoughts on such a string,  
 They're praise and censure , nothing, every thing ,  
 Pantomime thoughts, and style so full of trick,  
 They even make a Merry Andrew sick ,  
 Thoughts all so dull, so pliant in their growth,  
 They're verse, they're prose, they're neither, and  
 they're both)

Shall (though by nature ever loth to praise)  
 Thy curious worth set forth in curious phrase , 730  
 Obscurely stiff, shall press poor Sense to death,  
 Or in long periods run her out of breath ,  
 Shall make a babe, for which, with all his fame,  
 Adam could not have found a proper name,  
 Whilst, beating out his features to a smile,  
 He hugs the bastard briar, and calls it Style

Hush'd be all Nature as the land of Death ,  
 Let each stream sleep, and each wind hold his breath ,  
 Be the bells muffled, nor one sound of Care,  
 Pressing for audience, wake the slumbering air , 740  
 Browne<sup>1</sup> comes—behold how cautiously he creeps—  
 How slow he walks, and yet how fast he sleeps—  
 But to thy praise in sleep he shall agree ,  
 He cannot wake, but he shall dream of thee

Physic, her head with opiate poppies crown'd,  
 Her loins by the chaste matron Camphire bound ,  
 Physic, obtaining succour from the pen  
 Of her soft son, her gentle Heberden,<sup>2</sup>  
 If there are men who can thy virtue know,  
 Yet spite of virtue treat thee as a foe, 750

<sup>1</sup> 'Browne' Dr William Browne, Lord Litchfield's Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford from 1759 to 1769 —<sup>2</sup> 'Heberden' Dr William Heberden, the celebrated physician, the first who used the wet-shect



Shall, like a scholar, stop their rebel breath, 751  
And in each recipe send classic death.

So deep in knowledge, that few lines can sound  
And plumb the bottom of that vast profound,  
Few grave ones with such gravity can think,  
Or follow half so fast as he can sink,  
With nice distinctions glossing o'er the text,  
Obscure with meaning, and in words perplex'd,  
With subtleties on subtleties refined,  
Meant to divide and subdivide the mind, 760  
Keeping the forwardness of youth in awe,  
The scowling Blackstone<sup>1</sup> bears the train of law.

Divinity, enrobed in college fur,  
In her right hand a new Court Calendar,  
Bound like a book of prayer, thy coming waits  
With all her-pack, to hymn thee in the gates.

Loyalty, fix'd on Isis' alter'd shore,  
A stranger long, but stranger now no more,  
Shall pitch her tabernacle, and, with eyes  
Brimful of rapture, view her new allies, 770  
Shall, with much pleasure and more wonder, view  
Men great at court, and great at Oxford too.

O sacred Loyalty ! accused be those  
Who, seeming friends, turn out thy deadliest foes,  
Who prostitute to kings thy honour'd name,  
And soothe their passions to betray their fame,  
Nor praised be those, to whose proud nature clings  
Contempt of government, and hate of kings,  
Who, willing to be free, not knowing how,  
A strange intemperance of zeal avow, 780  
And start at Loyalty, as at a word  
Which without danger Freedom never heard

<sup>1</sup> ' Blackstone ' Dr Blackstone, afterwards Sir William Blackstone, Solicitor-General, and a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas

Vain errors of vain men—wild both extremes, 783  
 And to the state not wholesome, like the dreams,  
 Children of night, of Indigestion bred;  
 Which, Reason clouded, seize and turn the head,  
 Loyalty without Freedom is a chain  
 Which men of liberal notice can't sustain;  
 And Freedom without Loyalty, a name  
 Which nothing means, or means licentious shame 790

Thine be the art, my Sandwich, thine the toil,  
 In Oxford's stubborn and untoward soil  
 To rear this plant of union, till at length,  
 Rooted by time, and foster'd into strength,  
 Shooting aloft, all danger it defies,  
 And proudly lifts its branches to the skies,  
 Whilst, Wisdom's happy son but not her slave,  
 Gay with the gay, and with the grave ones grave,  
 Free from the dull impertinence of thought,  
 Beneath that shade, which thy own labours wrought see  
 And fashion'd into strength, shalt thou repose,  
 Secure of liberal praise, since Isis flows,  
 True to her Tame, as duty hath decreed,  
 Nor longer, like a harlot, lust for Tweed,  
 And those old wreaths, which Oxford once dared twine  
 To grace a Stuart brow, she plants on thine.

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### THE FAREWELL.

*P* FAREWELL to Europe, and at once farewell  
 To all the follies which in Europe dwell,  
 To Eastern India now, a richer clime,  
 Richer, alas! in everything but rhyme,

The Muses stéer their coursé , and, fond of change,     5  
 At large, in other wolds, desire to range ,  
 Resolved, at least, 'since they the fool must play,  
 To do it in a different place, and way

*F* What whim is this, what error of the brain,  
 What madness worse than in the dog-star's reign ?     10  
 Why into foreñ countries would you roam,  
 Are there not knaves and fools enough at home ?  
 If satire be thy object—and thy lays  
 As yet have shown no talents fit for praise—  
 If satire be thy object, search all round,  
 Nor to thy purpose can one spot be found  
 Like England, where, to rampant vigour grown,  
 Vice chokes up every virtue , where, self-sown,  
 The seeds of folly shoot forth rank and bold,  
 And every seed brings forth a hundredfold.     20

*P* No more of this—though Truth, (the more our shame,  
 The more our guilt) though Truth perhaps may claim,  
 And justify her part in this, yet here,  
 For the first time, e'en Truth offends my ear ;  
 Declaim from morn to night, from night to morn,  
 Take up the theme anew, when day's new-born,  
 I hear, and hate—be England what she will,  
 With all her faults, she is my country still

*F* Thy country ! and what then ? Is that mere word  
 Against the voice of Reason to be heard ?     30  
 Are prejudices, deep imbibed in youth,  
 To counteract, and make thee hate the truth ?  
 'Tis sure the symptom of a narrow soul  
 To draw its grand attachment from the whole,  
 And take up with a part , men, not confined  
 Within such party limits, men design'd  
 Their nature to exalt, where'er they go,  
 Wherever waves can roll, and winds can blow,

Where'er the blessed sun, placed in the sky 39  
 To watch this subject world, can dart his eye,  
 Are still the same, and, prejudice outgrown,  
 Consider every country as their own,  
 At one grand view they take in Nature's plan,  
 Not more at home in England than Japan

*P* My good, grave Sir of Theory, whose wit,  
 Grasping at shadows, ne'er caught substance yet,  
 'Tis mighty easy o'er a glass of wine  
 On vain refinements vainly to refine,  
 To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign, 50  
 To boast of apathy when out of pain,  
 And in each sentence, worthy of the schools,  
 Vainish'd with sophistry, to deal out rules  
 Most fit for practice, but for one poor fault  
 That into practice they can ne'er be brought

At home, and sitting in your elbow-chair,  
 You praise Japan, though you was never there  
 But was the ship this moment under sail,  
 Would not your mind be changed, your spirits fail ?  
 Would you not cast one longing eye to shore,  
 And vow to deal in such wild schemes no more ? 60  
 Howe'er our pride may tempt us to conceal  
 Those passions which we cannot choose but feel,  
 There's a strange something, which, without a brain  
 Fools feel, and which e'en wise men can't explain,  
 Planted in man to bind him to that earth,  
 In dearest ties, from whence he drew his birth

If Honour calls, where'er she points the way  
 The sons of Honour follow, and obey,  
 If need compels, wherever we are sent  
 'Tis want of courage not to be content, 70  
 But, if we have the liberty of choice,  
 And all depends on our own single voice,

To deem of every country as the same 73  
 Is rank rebellion 'gainst the lawful claim  
 Of Nature, and such dull indifference  
 May be philosophy, but can't be sense

*F* Weak and unjust distinction, strange design,  
 Most peevish, most perverse, to undermine  
 Philosophy, and throw her empire down  
 By means of Sense, from whom she holds her crown 80  
 Divine Philosophy ! to thee we owe  
 All that is worth possessing here below ;  
 Virtue and wisdom consecrate thy reign,  
 Doubled each joy, and pain no longer pain.

When, like a garden, where, for want of toil  
 And wholesome discipline, the rich, rank soil  
 Teems with incumbrances , where all around,  
 Herbs, noxious in their nature, make the ground,  
 Like the good mother of a thankless son,  
 Curse her own womb, by fruitfulness undone , 90  
 Like such a garden, when the human soul,  
 Uncultured, wild, impatient of control,  
 Brings forth those passions of luxuriant race,  
 Which spread, and stifle every herb of grace ,  
 Whilst Virtue, check'd by the cold hand of Scorn,  
 Seems withering on the bed where she was born,  
 Philosophy steps in , with steady hand,  
 She brings her aid, she clears the encumber'd land ,  
 Too virtuous to spare Vice one stroke, too wise  
 One moment to attend to Pity's cries— 100  
 See with what godlike, what relentless power  
 She roots up every weed !

*P* And every flower.  
 Philosophy, a name of meek degree,  
 Embraced, in token of humility,

By the proud sage, who, whilst he strove to hide, 105  
 In that vain artifice reveal'd his pride,  
 Philosophy, whom Nature had design'd  
 To purge all errors from the human mind,  
 Herself misled by the philosopher,  
 At once her priest and master, made us err. 110  
 Pride, pride, like leaven in a mass of flour,  
 Tainted her laws, and made e'en Virtue sour.

Had she, content within her proper sphere,  
 Taught lessons suited to the human ear,  
 Which might fair Virtue's genuine fruits produce,  
 Made not for ornament, but real use,  
 The heart of man, unrivall'd, she had sway'd,  
 Praised by the good, and by the bad obey'd,  
 But when she, overturning Reason's throne,  
 Strove proudly in its place to plant her own, 120  
 When she with apathy the breast would steel,  
 And teach us, deeply feeling, not to feel,  
 When she would wildly all her force employ,  
 Not to correct our passions, but destroy,  
 When, not content our nature to restore,  
 As made by God, she made it all new o'er;  
 When, with a strange and criminal excess,  
 To make us more than men, she made us less;  
 The good her dwindled power with pity saw,  
 The bad with joy, and none but fools with awe 130

Truth, with a simple and unvarnish'd tale,  
 E'en from the mouth of Norton might prevail,  
 Could she get there, but Falsehood's sugar'd strain  
 Should pour her fatal blandishments in vain,  
 Nor make one convert, though the Siren hung,  
 Where she too often hangs, on Mansfield's tongue  
 Should all the Sophs, whom in his course the sun  
 Hath seen, or past, or present, rise in one,

Should he, whilst pleasure in each sentence flows,      139  
 Like Plato, give us poetry in prose ,  
 Should he; full orator, at once impart  
 The Athenian's genius with the Roman's art ,  
 Genius and Art should in this instance fail,  
 Not Rome, though join'd with Athens, here prevail  
 'Tis not in man, 'tis not in more than man,  
 To make me find one fault in Nature's plan  
 Placed low ourselves, we censure those above,  
 And, wanting judgment, think that she wants love ,  
 'Blame, where we ought in reason to commend,  
 And think her most a foe when most a friend      150  
 Such be philosophers—their specious art,  
 Though Friendship pleads, shall never warp my heart,  
 Ne'er make me from this breast one passion tear,  
 Which Nature, my best friend, hath planted there  
     F' Forgiving as a friend, what, whilst I live,  
 As a philosopher I can't forgive,  
 In this one point at last I join with you,  
 To Nature pay all that is Nature's due ,  
 But let not clouded Reason sink so low,  
 To fancy debts she does not, cannot owe      160  
 Bear, to full manhood grown, those shackles bear,  
 Which Nature meant us for a time to wear,  
 As we wear leading-stings, which, useless grown,  
 Are laid aside, when we can walk alone ,  
 But on thyself, by peevish humour sway'd,  
 Wilt thou lay burdens Nature never laid ?  
 Wilt thou make faults, whilst Judgment weakly eris,  
 And then defend, mistaking them for hers ?  
 Darest thou to say, in our enlighten'd age,  
 That this grand master passion, this brave rage,      170  
 Which flames out for thy country, was impress'd  
 And fix'd by Nature in the human breast ?

If you prefer the place where you were born, . . . 173  
 And hold all others in contempt and scorn,  
 On fair comparison, if on that land  
 With liberal, and a more than equal hand,  
 Her gifts, as in profusion, Plenty sends  
 If Virtue meets with more and better friends,  
 If Science finds a patron 'mongst the great,  
 If Honesty is minister of state, 180  
 If Power, the guardian of our rights design'd,  
 Is to that great, that only end, confined,  
 If riches are employ'd to bless the poor,  
 If Law is sacred, Liberty secure  
 Let but these facts depend on proofs of weight,  
 Reason declares thy love can't be too great,  
 And, in this light could he our country view,  
 A very Hottentot must love it too.

But if, by Fate's decrees, you owe your birth  
 To some most barren and penurious earth, 190  
 Where, every comfort of this life denied,  
 Her real wants are scantily supplied,  
 Where Power is Reason, Liberty a joke,  
 Laws never made, or made but to be broke,  
 To fix thy love on such a wretched spot,  
 Because in Lust's wild fever there begot,  
 Because, thy weight no longer fit to bear,  
 By chance, not choice, thy mother dropp'd thee there,  
 Is folly, which admits not of defence,  
 It can't be Nature, for it is not sense 200  
 By the same argument which here you hold,  
 (When Falsehood's insolent, let Truth be told)  
 If Propagation can in torments dwell,  
 A devil must, if born there, love his Hell.

*P* Had Fate, to whose decrees I lowly bend,  
 And e'en in punishment confess a friend,



Ordain'd my birth in some place yet untrod, 207  
 On purpose made to mortify my pride,  
 Where the sun never gave one glimpse of day,  
 Where Science never yet could dart one ray,  
 Had I been born on some bleak, blasted plain  
 Of barren Scotland, in a Stuart's reign,  
 Or in some kingdom, where men, weak, or worse,  
 Turn'd Nature's every blessing to a curse,  
 Where crowns of freedom, by the fathers won,  
 Dropp'd leaf by leaf from each degenerate son,  
 In spite of all the wisdom you display,  
 All you have said, and yet may have to say,  
 My weakness here, if weakness I confess,  
 I, as my country, had not loved her less 220

Whether strict Reason bears me out in this,  
 Let those who, always seeking, always miss  
 The ways of Reason, doubt with precious zeal,  
 Theirs be the praise to argue, mine to feel  
 Wish we to trace this passion to the root,  
 We, like a tree, may know it by its fruit,  
 From its rich stem ten thousand virtues spring,  
 Ten thousand blessings on its branches cling;  
 Yet in the circle of revolving years  
 Not one misfortune, not one vice, appears 230  
 Hence, then, and what you Reason call, adore,  
 This, if not Reason, must be something more

But (for I wish not others to confine,  
 Be their opinions unrestrain'd as mine)  
 Whether this love's of good or evil growth,  
 A vice, a virtue, or a spice of both,  
 Let men of nicer argument decide,  
 If it is virtuous, soothe an honest pride  
 With liberal praise; if vicious, be content,  
 It is a vice I never can repent; 240

A vice which, weigh'd in Heaven, shall more avail 241  
Than ten cold virtues in the other scale

*P* This wild, untemper'd zeal (which, after all,  
We, candour unimpeach'd, might madness call)  
Is it a virtue? That you scarce pretend,  
O! can it be a vice, like Virtue's friend,  
Which draws us off from and dissolves the force  
Of private ties, nay, stops us in our course  
To that grand object of the human soul,  
That nobler love which comprehends the whole? 250

Coop'd in the limits of this petty isle,  
This nook, which scarce deserves a frown or smile,  
Weigh'd with Creation, you, by whim undone,  
Give all your thoughts to what is scarce worth one  
The generous soul, by Nature taught to soar,  
Her strength confirm'd in philosophic lore,  
At one grand view takes in a world with ease,  
And, seeing all mankind, loves all she sees

*P* Was it most sure, which yet a doubt endues,  
Not found in Reason's creed, though found in yours, 260  
That these two services, like what we're told,  
And know, of God's and Mammon's, cannot hold  
And draw together, that, however loth,  
We neither serve, attempting to serve both,  
I could not doubt a moment which to choose,  
And which in common reason to refuse

Invented oft for purposes of art,  
Born of the head, though father'd on the heart,  
This grand love of the world must be confess'd  
A barren speculation at the best 270  
Not one man in a thousand, should he live  
Beyond the usual term of life, could give,  
So rare occasion comes, and to so few,  
Proof whether his regards are feign'd, or true.

The love we bear our country is a root 275  
 Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit ,  
 'Tis in the mind an everlasting spring  
 Of glorious actions, which become a king,  
 Nor less become a subject , 'tis a debt  
 Which bad men, though they pay not, can't forget , 280  
 A duty, which the good delight to pay,  
 And every man can practise every day  
 Nor, for my life (so very dim my eye,  
 Or dull your argument) can I descrie  
 What, you with faith assert, how that dear love,  
 Which binds me to my country, can remove,  
 And make me of necessity forego,  
 That general love which to the world I owe.  
 Those ties of private nature, small extent,  
 In which the mind of narrow cast is pent, 290  
 Are only steps on which the generous soul  
 Mounts by degrees till she includes the whole  
 That spring of love, which, in the human mind,  
 Founded on self, flows narrow and confined,  
 Enlarges as it rolls, and comprehends  
 The social charities of blood and friends,  
 Till, smaller streams included, not o'erpast,  
 It rises to our country's love at last ,  
 And he, with liberal and enlarged mind,  
 Who loves his country, cannot hate mankind 300  
*F* Friend, as you would appear, to Common Sense,  
 Tell me, or think no more of a defence,  
 Is it a proof of love by choice to run  
 A vagrant from your country ?  
*P.* Can the son  
 (Shame, shame on all such sons !) with ruthless eye,  
 And heart more patient than the flint, stand by,

And by some ruffian, from all shame divorced, 307  
 All virtue, see his honour'd mother forced ?  
 Then—no, by Him that made me ! not e'en then,  
 Could I with patience, by the worst of men,  
 Behold my country plunder'd, beggar'd, lost  
 Beyond redemption, all her glories cross'd,  
 E'en when occasion made them ripe, her fame  
 Fleed like a dream, while she awakes to shame

*F* Is it not more the office of a friend,  
 The office of a patron, to defend  
 Her sinking state, than basely to decline  
 So great a cause, and in despair resign ?

*P.* Beyond my reach, alas ! the grievance lies,  
 And, whilst more able patriots doubt, she dies 320  
 From a foul source, more deep than we suppose,  
 Fatally deep and dark, this grievance flows  
 'Tis not that peace our glorious hopes defeats  
 'Tis not the voice of Faction in the streets ,  
 'Tis not a gross attack on Freedom made ,  
 'Tis not the arm of Privilege display'd,  
 Against the subject, whilst she wears no sting  
 To disappoint the purpose of a king ,  
 These are no ills, or trifles, if compared  
 With those which are contrived, though not declared

Tell me, Philosopher, is it a crime 331  
 To pry into the secret womb of Time ,  
 Or, born in ignorance, must we despair  
 To reach events, and read the future there ?  
 Why, be it so—still 'tis the right of man,  
 Imparted by his Maker, where he can,  
 To former times and men his eye to cast,  
 And judge of what's to come, by what is past.

Should there be found, in some not distant year,  
 (Oh, how I wish to be no prophet here !)

Amongst our British Loids should there be found 341  
 Some great in power, in principles unsound,  
 Who look on Freedom with an evil eye,  
 In whom the springs of Loyalty are dry ;  
 Who wish to soar on wild Ambition's wings,  
 Who hate the Commons, and who love not Kings  
 Who would divide the people and the throne,  
 To set up separate interests of their own ,  
 Who hate whatever aids their wholesome growth,  
 And only join with, to destroy them both , 350  
 Should there be found such men in after-times,  
 May Heaven, in mercy to our grievous crimes,  
 Allot some milder vengeance, nor to them,  
 And to their rage, this wretched land condemn  
 Thou God above, on whom all states depend,  
 Who knowest from the first their rise, and end,  
 If there's a day mark'd in the book of Fate,  
 When ruin must involve our equal state ,  
 When law, alas ! must be no more, and we,  
 To freedom born, must be no longer free , 360  
 Let not a mob of tyrants seize the helm,  
 Nor titled upstarts league to rob the realm ,  
 Let not, whatever other ills assail,  
 A damned aristocracy prevail  
 If, all too short, our course of freedom run,  
 'Tis thy good pleasure we should be undone,  
 Let us, some comfort in our griefs to bring,  
 Be slaves to one, and be that one a king  
*F* Poets, accustom'd by their trade to feign,  
 Oft substitute creations of the brain 370  
 For real substance, and, themselves deceived,  
 Would have the fiction by mankind believed  
 Such is your case—but grant, to soothe your pride,  
 That you know more than all the world beside,

Why deal in hints, why make a moment's doubt? 375  
 Resolved, and like a man, at once speak out,  
 Show us our danger, tell us where it lies,  
 And, to ensure our safety, make us wise

*P.* Rather than bear the pain of thought, fools  
 stray ;

The proud will rather lose than ask their way 380  
 To men of sense what needs it to unfold,  
 And tell a tale which they must know untold ?  
 In the bad, interest warps the canker'd heart,  
 The good are hoodwink'd by the tricks of art ;  
 And, whilst aich, subtle hypocrites contrive  
 To keep the flames of discontent alive ,  
 Whilst they, with arts to honest men unknown,  
 Breed doubts between the people and the throne,  
 Making us fear, where Reason never yet  
 Allow'd one fear, or could one doubt admit, 390  
 Themselves pass unsuspected in disguise,  
 And 'gainst our real danger seal our eyes

*F* Mark them, and let their names recorded stand  
 On Shame's black roll, and stink through all the land

*P* That might some courage, but no prudence be ,  
 No hurt to them, and jeopardy to me

*F* Leave out their names.

*P* For that kind caution, thanks ,  
 But may not judges sometimes fill up blanks ?

*F* Your country's laws in doubt then you reject ?

*P* The laws I love, the lawyers I suspect 401  
 Amongst twelve judges may not one be found  
 (On bare, bare possibility I ground  
 This wholesome doubt) who may enlarge, retrench,  
 Create, and uncreate, and from the bench,  
 With winks, smiles, nods, and such like palt'ry arts,  
 May work and worm into a jury's hearts ?

Or, baffled there, may, turbulent of soul, 408  
 Ciamp their high office, and their rights control,  
 Who may, though judge, turn advocate at large,  
 And deal replies out by the way of charge,  
 Making Interpretation all the way,  
 In spite of facts, his wicked will obey,  
 And, leaving Law without the least defence,  
 May damn his conscience to approve his sense?

*F* Whilst, the true guardians of this charter'd land,  
 In full and perfect vigour, juries stand,

*A* judge in vain shall awe, cajole, perplex  
*P* Suppose I should be tried in Middlesex?

*F* To pack a jury they will never dare 420

*P* There's no occasion to pack juries there<sup>1</sup>

*F* 'Gainst prejudice all arguments are weak;  
 Reason herself without effect must speak.

Fly then thy country, like a coward fly,  
 Renounce her interest, and her laws defy.  
 But why, bewitch'd, to India turn thine eyes?

Cannot our Europe thy vast wiath suffice?

Cannot thy misbegotten Muse lay bare  
 Her brawny arm, and play the butcher there?

*P* Thy counsel taken, what should Satire do? 430  
 Where could she find an object that is new?

Those travell'd youths, whom tender mothers wean,

And send abroad to see, and to be seen,  
 With whom, lest they should fornicate, or worse,

A tutor's sent by way of a dry nurse,  
 Each of whom just enough of spirit bears  
 To show our follies, and to bring home theirs,  
 Have made all Europe's vices so well known,  
 They seem almost as natural as our own

<sup>1</sup> 'Juries there' alluding to the then recent acquittal from the charge of perjury, by the petty jury, of Mr Philip Carteret Webb, solicitor to the Treasury, who had sworn against Wilkes

*F* Will India for thy purpose better do? 440

*P* In one respect, at least—there's something new

*F* A harmless people, in whom Nature speaks  
Free and untainted, 'mongst whom Satire seeks,  
But vainly seeks, so simply plain their hearts,  
One bosom where to lodge her poison'd darts.

*P* From knowledge speak you this? or, doubt on  
doubt

Weigh'd and resolved, hath Reason found it out?  
Neither from knowledge, nor by Reason taught,  
You have faith every where, but where you ought  
India or Europe—what's there in a name? 450

Propensity to vice in both the same,  
Nature alike in both works for man's good,  
Alike in both by man himself withstood  
Nabobs, as well as those who hunt them down,  
Deserve a cord much better than a crown,  
And a Mogul can thrones as much debase  
As any polish'd prince of Christian race

*F* Could you,—a task more hard than you suppose,—

Could you, in ridicule whilst Satire glows,  
Make all their follies to the life appear, 460  
'Tis ten to one you gain no credit here;  
Howe'er well drawn, the picture, after all,  
Because we know not the original,  
Would not find favour in the public eye

*P* That, having your good leave, I mean to try.  
And if your observations sterling hold,  
If the piece should be heavy, tame, and cold,  
To make it to the side of Nature lean,  
And meaning nothing, something seem to mean  
To make the whole in lively colours glow, 470  
To bring before us something that we know,



And from all honest men applause to win, 472  
 I'll group the Company,<sup>1</sup> and put them in.

*F* Be that ungenerous thought by shame suppress'd,  
 Add not distress to those too much distress'd,  
 Have they not, by blind zeal misled, laid bare  
 Those sores which never might endure the air ?  
 Have they not brought their mysteries so low,  
 That what the wise suspected not, fools know ?  
 From their first rise e'en to the present hour, 480  
 Have they not proved their own abuse of power,  
 Made it impossible, if fairly view'd,  
 Ever to have that dangerous power renew'd,  
 Whilst, unseduced by ministers, the throne  
 Regards our interests, and knows its own ?

*P* Should every other subject chance to fail,  
 Those who have sail'd, and those who wish'd to sail  
 In the last fleet, afford an ample field,  
 Which must beyond my hopes a harvest yield.

*F* On such vile food Satue can never thrive 490

*P* She cannot starve, if there was only Clive<sup>2</sup>

### THE TIMES.

THE time hath been, a boyish, blushing time,  
 When modesty was scarcely held a crime,  
 When the most wicked had some touch of grace,  
 And trembled to meet Virtue face to face,  
 When those, who, in the cause of Sin grown gray,  
 Had served her without grudging day by day,  
 Were yet so weak an awkward shame to feel,  
 And strove that glorious service to conceal

<sup>1</sup> ' Company ' East Indian Co — <sup>2</sup> ' Clive ' See Macaulay's Essay

We, better bred, and than our sires more wise, 9  
 Such paltiy narrowness of soul despise  
 To virtue every mean pretence disclaim,  
 Lay bare our crimes, and glory in our shame  
 Time was, ere Temperance had fled the realm,  
 Ere Luxury sat guttling at the helm  
 From meal to meal, without one moment's space  
 Reserved for business or allow'd for grace,  
 Ere Vanity had so far conquer'd Sense  
 To make us all wild rivals in expense,  
 To make one fool strive to outvie another,  
 And every coxcomb dress against his brother, 20  
 Ere banish'd Industry had left our shores,  
 And Labour was by Pride kick'd out of doors;  
 Ere Idleness prevail'd sole queen in courts,  
 Or only yielded to a rage for sports;  
 Ere each weak mind was with externals caught,  
 And dissipation held the place of thought,  
 Ere gambling lords in vice so far were gone  
 To cog the die, and bid the sun look on;  
 Ere a great nation, not less just than free,  
 Was made a beggar by economy, 30  
 Ere rugged Honesty was out of vogue;  
 Ere Fashion stamp'd her sanction on the rogue;  
 Time was, that men had conscience, that they made  
 Scruples to owe what never could be paid  
 Was one then found, however high his name,  
 So far above his fellows damn'd to shame,  
 Who dared abuse, and falsify his trust,  
 Who, being great, yet dared to be unjust,  
 Shunn'd like a plague, or but at distance view'd,  
 He walk'd the crowded streets in solitude, 40  
 Nor could his rank and station in the land  
 Bribe one mean knave to take him by the hand.

Such rigid maxims (Oh ! might such revive 43  
 To keep expunging Honesty alive)  
 Made rogues, all other hopes of fame denied,  
 Not just through principle, be just through pride  
 Our times; more polish'd, wear a different face,  
 Debts are an honour, payment a disgrace  
 Men of weak minds, high-placed on Folly's list,  
 May gravely tell us trade cannot subsist, 50  
 Nor all those thousands who're in trade employ'd,  
 If faith 'twixt man and man is once destroy'd  
 Why—be it so—we in that point accord ;  
 But what are trade, and tradesmen, to a lord ?  
 Faber, from day to day, from year to year,  
 Hath had the cries of tradesmen in his ear,  
 Of tradesmen by his villany betray'd,  
 And, vainly seeking justice, bankrupts made.  
 What is 't to Faber ? Lordly as before,  
 He sits at ease, and lives to ruin more 60  
 Fix'd at his door, as motionless as stone,  
 Begging, but only begging for their own,  
 Unheard they stand, or only heard by those,  
 Those slaves in livery, who mock their woes.  
 What is 't to Faber ? He continues great,  
 Lives on in grandeur, and runs out in state.  
 The helpless widow, wrung with deep despair,  
 In bitterness of soul pours forth her prayer,  
 Hugging her starving babes with streaming eyes,  
 And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the skies 70  
 What is 't to Faber ? He stands safe and clear,  
 Heaven can commence no legal action here,  
 And on his breast a mighty plate he wears,  
 A plate more firm than triple brass, which bears  
 The name of Privilege, 'gainst vulgar awe,  
 He feels no conscience, and he fears no law.

Which Vice hath not polluted , none so high, 111  
 But with bold pinion she hath dared to fly,  
 And build, there for her pleasure , none so low  
 But she hath crept into it, made it know  
 And feel her power , in courts, in camps, she reigns,  
 O'er sober citizens, and simple swains ,  
 E'en in our temples she hath fix'd her throne,  
 And 'bove God's holy altars placed her own

More to increase the honor of our state,  
 To make her empire lasting as 'tis great , 120  
 To make us, in full-grown perfection, feel  
 Curses which neither Art nor Time can heal ,  
 All shame discarded, all remains of pride,  
 Meanness sits crown'd, and triumphs by her side  
 Meanness, who gleans out of the human mind  
 Those few good seeds which Vice had left behind,  
 Those seeds which might in time to virtue tend,  
 And leaves the soul without a power to mend ;  
 Meanness, at sight of whom, with brave disdain,  
 The breast of Manhood swells, but swells in vain , 130  
 Before whom Honour makes a forced retreat,  
 And Freedom is compell'd to quit her seat ,  
 Meanness, which, like that mark by bloody Cain  
 Borne in his forehead for a brother slain,  
 God, in his great and all-subduing rage,  
 Ordains the standing mark of this vile age

The venal hero trucks his fame for gold,  
 The patriot's virtue for a place is sold ,  
 The statesman bargains for his country's shame,  
 And, for preferment, priests their God disclaim , 140  
 Worn out with lust, her day of lechery o'er,  
 The mother trains the daughter whom she bore  
 In her own paths , the father aids the plan,  
 And, when the innocent is ripe for man,

Sells her to some old lecher for a wife, 145  
 And makes her an adulteress for life ,  
 Or in the papers bids his name appear,  
 And advertises for a L——

Husband and wife (whom Avarice must applaud)  
 Agree to save the charge of pimp and bawd , 150  
 Those parts they play themselves, a frugal pair,  
 And share the infamy, the gain to share ,  
 Well pleased to find, when they the profits tell,  
 That they have play'd the whore and rogue so well.

Nor are these things (which might imply a spark  
 Of shame still left) transacted in the dark  
 No—to the public they are open laid,  
 And carried on like any other trade .  
 Scorning to mince damnation, and too proud  
 To work the works of darkness in a cloud, 160  
 In fullest vigour Vice maintains her sway ,  
 Free are her marts, and open at noonday  
 Meanness, now wed to Impudence, no more  
 In darkness skulks, and trembles, as of yore,  
 When the light breaks upon her coward eye ,  
 Boldly she stalks on earth, and to the sky  
 Lifts her proud head, nor fears lest time abate,  
 And turn her husband's love to canker'd hate,  
 Since Fate, to make them more sincerely one,  
 Hath crown'd their loves with Montague their son , 170  
 A son so like his dam, so like his sire,  
 With all the mother's craft, the father's fire,  
 An image so express in every part,  
 So like in all bad qualities of heart,  
 That, had they fifty children, he alone  
 Would stand as heu apparent to the throne.

With our own island vices not content,  
 We rob our neighbours on the Continent ,

Dance Europe round, and visit every court, 179  
 To ape their follies, and their crimes import  
 To different lands for different sins we roam,  
 And, richly freighted, bring our cargo home,  
 Nobly industrious to make Vice appear  
 In her full state, and perfect only here

To Holland, where politeness ever reigns,  
 Where primitive sincerity remains,  
 And makes a stand, where Freedom in her course  
 Hath left her name, though she hath lost her force  
 In that as other lands, where simple Trade  
 Was never in the garb of Fraud array'd, 180  
 Where Avarice never dared to show his head,  
 Where, like a smiling cherub, Mercy, led  
 By Reason, blesses the sweet-blooded race,  
 And Cruelty could never find a place,  
 To Holland for that charity we roam,  
 Which happily begins and ends at home.

France, in return for peace and power restored,  
 For all those countries which the hero's sword  
 Unprofitably purchased, idly thrown  
 Into her lap, and made once more her own, 200  
 France hath afforded large and rich supplies  
 Of vanities full trimm'd, of polish'd lies,  
 Of soothing flatteries, which through the ears  
 Steal to, and melt the heart, of slavish fears  
 Which break the spirit, and of abject fraud—  
 For which, alas! we need not send abroad

Spain gives us Pride—which Spain to all the earth  
 May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth—  
 Gives us that Jealousy, which, born of Fear  
 And mean Distrust, grows not by Nature here— 210  
 Gives us that Superstition, which pretends  
 By the worst means to serve the best of ends—

That Cruelty, which, stranger to the brave, 213  
 Dwells only with the coward and the slave ,  
 That Cruelty, which led her Christian bands  
 With more than savage rage o'er savage lands,  
 Bade her, without remorse, whole countries thin,  
 And hold of nought, but Mercy, as a sin

Italia, nurse of every softer art,  
 Who, feigning to refine, unmans the heart , 220  
 Who lays the realms of Sense and Virtue waste ,  
 Who maais while she pretends to mend our taste ;  
 Italia, to complete and crown our shame,  
 Sends us a fiend, and Legion is his name.  
 The farce of greatness without being great,  
 Pride without power, titles without estate,  
 Souls without vigour, bodies without force,  
 Hate without cause, revenge without remorse,  
 Dark, mean revenge, murder without defence,  
 Jealousy without love, sound without sense, 230  
 Mirth without humour, without wit grimace,  
 Faith without reason, Gospel without Grace,  
 Zeal without knowledge, without nature art,  
 Men without manhood, women without heart ;  
 Half-men, who, dry and pithless, are debarr'd  
 From man's best joys—no sooner made than marr'd—  
 Half-men, whom many a rich and noble dame,  
 To serve her lust, and yet secure her fame,  
 Keeps on high diet, as we capons feed,  
 To glut our appetites at last decreed , 240  
 Women, who dance in postures so obscene,  
 They might awaken shame in Aretine ,  
 Who when, retired from the day's piercing light,  
 They celebrate the mysteries of Night,  
 Might make the Muses, in a corner placed  
 To view their monstrous lusts, them Sappho chaste ,

These, and a thousand follies rank as these, 247  
 A thousand faults, ten thousand fools, who please  
 Our pall'd and sickly taste, ten thousand knaves,  
 Who serve our foes as spies, and us as slaves,  
 Who, by degrees, and unperceived, prepare  
 Our necks for chains which they already wear,  
 Madly we entertain, at the expense  
 Of fame, of virtue, taste, and common sense

Nor stop we here—the soft luxurious East,  
 Where man, his soul degraded, from the beast  
 In nothing different but in shape we view,  
 They walk on four legs, and he walks on two,  
 Attracts our eye, and flowing from that source,  
 Sins of the blackest character, sins worse 260

Than all her plagues, which truly to unfold,  
 Would make the best blood in my veins run cold,  
 And strike all manhood dead, which but to name,  
 Would call up in my cheeks the marks of shame .  
 Sins, if such sins can be, which shut out grace,  
 Which for the guilty leave no hope, no place,  
 E'en in God's mercy, sins 'gainst Nature's plan  
 Possess the land at large, and man for man  
 Burns, in those fires, which Hell alone could raise  
 To make him more than damn'd, which, in the days  
 Of punishment, when guilt becomes her prey, 271  
 With all her tortures she can scarce repay

Be grace shut out, be mercy deaf, let God  
 With tenfold terrors arm that dreadful nod  
 Which speaks them lost, and sentenced to despair ;  
 Distending wide her jaws, let Hell prepare,  
 For those who thus offend amongst mankind,  
 A fire more fierce, and tortures more refined  
 On earth, which groans beneath their monstrous weight,  
 On earth, alas ! they meet a different fate , 280



And whilst the laws, false grace, false mercy shown, 281  
 Are taught to wear a softness not their own,  
 Men, whom the beasts would spurn, should they appear  
 Amongst the honest herd, find refuge here

No longer by vain fear or shame controll'd,  
 From long, too long, security grown bold,  
 Mocking rebuke, they brave it in our streets,  
 And Lumley e'en at noon his mistress meets  
 So public in their crimes, so daring grown,  
 They almost take a pride to have them known, 290  
 And each unnatural villain scarce endures  
 To make a secret of his vile amours  
 Go where we will, at every time and place,  
 Sodom confronts, and stares us in the face,  
 They ply in public at our very doors,  
 And take the bread from much more honest whores  
 Those who are mean high paramours secure,  
 And the rich guilty screen the guilty poor,  
 The sin too proud to feel from reason awe,  
 And those who practise it, too great for law 300

Woman, the pride and happiness of man,  
 Without whose soft endearments Nature's plan  
 Had been a blank, and life not worth a thought,  
 Woman, by all the Loves and Graces taught,  
 With softest arts, and sure, though hidden skill,  
 To humanise, and mould us to her will,  
 Woman, with more than common grace form'd here,  
 With the persuasive language of a tear  
 To melt the rugged temper of our isle,  
 Or win us to her purpose with a smile, 310  
 Woman, by Fate the quickest spur decreed,  
 The fairest, best reward of every deed  
 Which bears the stamp of honour, at whose name  
 Our ancient heroes caught a quicker flame,

And dared beyond belief, whilst o'er the plain, 315  
 Spurning the carcases of princes slain,  
 Confusion proudly strode, whilst Horror blew  
 The fatal trump, and Death stalk'd full in view  
 Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by,  
 As having lost its use no more the eye, 320  
 With female beauty caught, in wild amaze,  
 Gazes entianced, and could for ever gaze,  
 No more the heart, that seat where Love resides,  
 Each breath drawn quick and short, in fuller tides  
 Life posting through the veins, each pulse on fire,  
 And the whole body tingling with desire,  
 Pants for those charms, which Virtue might engage,  
 To break his vow, and thaw the frost of Age,  
 Bidding each trembling nerve, each muscle strain,  
 And giving pleasure which is almost pain. 330  
 Women are kept for nothing but the breed,  
 For pleasure we must have a Ganymede,  
 A fine, fresh Hylas, a delicious boy,  
 To serve our purposes of beastly joy

Fairest of nymphs, where every nymph is fair,  
 Whom Nature form'd with more than common care,  
 With more than common care whom Art improved,  
 And both declared most worthy to be loved,  
 — neglected wanders, whilst a crowd  
 Pursue and consecrate the steps of — , 340  
 She, hapless maid, born in a wretched hour,  
 Wastes life's gay prime in vain, like some fair flower,  
 Sweet in its scent, and lively in its hue,  
 Which withers on the stalk from whence it grew,  
 And dies unciopp'd; whilst he, admired, caress'd,  
 Beloved, and everywhere a welcome guest,  
 With brutes of rank and fortune plays the whore,  
 For their unnatural lust a common sewer

Dine with Apicius—at his sumptuous board 349  
 Find all, the world of dainties can afford—  
 And yet (so much distemper'd spurts pall  
 The sickly appetite) amidst them all

Apicius finds no joy, but, whilst he carves  
 For every guest, the landlord sits and starves

The forest haunch, fine, fat, in flavour high,  
 Kept to a moment, smokes before his eye,  
 But smokes in vain, his heedless eye runs o'er  
 And loathes what he had deified before :

The turtle, of a great and glorious size,  
 Worth its own weight in gold, a mighty prize 360  
 For which a man of taste all risks would run,  
 Itself a feast, and every dish in one ,

The turtle in luxurious pomp comes in,  
 Kept, kill'd, cut up, prepared, and dress'd by Quin ,<sup>1</sup>  
 In vain it comes, in vain lies full in view ,

As Quin hath dress'd it, he may eat it too ,  
 Apicius cannot When the glass goes round,  
 Quick-cuching, and the roofs with mirth resound,  
 Sober he sits, and silent—all alone

Though in a crowd, and to himself scarce known . 370  
 On grief he feeds nor friends can cure, nor wine  
 Suspend his cares, and make him cease to pine.

Why mourns Apicius thus ? Why runs his eye,  
 Heedless, o'er delicates, which from the sky  
 Might call down Jove ? Where now his generous wish,  
 That, to invent a new and better dish,  
 The world might burn, and all mankind expire,  
 So he might roast a phoenix at the fire ?  
 Why swims that eye in tears, which, through a race  
 Of sixty years, ne'er show'd one sign of grace ? 380

<sup>1</sup> ' Quin ' was a great voluptuary

Why feels that heart, which never felt before ? 381  
 Why doth that pamper'd glutton eat no more,  
 Who only lived to eat, his stomach pall'd,  
 And drown'd in floods of sorrow ? Hath Fate call'd  
 His father from the grave to second life ?  
 Hath Clodius on his hands return'd his wife ?  
 Or hath the law, by strictest justice taught,  
 Compell'd him to restore the dow'r she brought ?  
 Hath some bold creditor, against his will,  
 Brought in, and forced him to discharge, a bill, 390  
 Where-eating had no share ? Hath some vain wench  
 Run out his wealth, and forced him to retrench ?  
 Hath any rival glutton got the start,  
 And beat him in his own luxurious art—  
 Bought cates for which Apicius could not pay,  
 Or dress'd old dainties in a newer way ?  
 Hath his cook, worthy to be slain with rods,  
 Spoil'd a dish fit to entertain the gods ?  
 Or hath some varlet, cross'd by cruel Fate,  
 Thrown down the price of empires in a plate ? 400  
 None, none of these—his servants all are tried  
 So sure, they walk on ice, and never slide ;  
 His cook, an acquisition made in Fiance,  
 Might put a Chloe<sup>1</sup> out of countenance ;  
 Nor, though old Holles still maintains his stand,  
 Hath he one rival glutton in the land.  
 Women are all the objects of his hate ,  
 His debts are all unpaid, and yet his state  
 In full security and triumph held,  
 Unless for once a knave should be expell'd . 410  
 His wife is still a whore, and in his power,  
 The woman gone, he still retains the dower ;

<sup>1</sup> ' Chloe ' M. St Clouet, or Chloe, cook to Holles, Duke of Newcastle

Sound in the grave (thanks' to his filial care 413  
 Which mix'd the draught, and kindly sent him there)  
 His father sleeps, and, till the last trump shake  
 The corners of the earth, shall not awake

Whence flows this sorrow, then ? Behind his chair,  
 Didst thou not see, deck'd with a solitaire,  
 Which on his bare breast glittering play'd, and graced  
 With nicest ornaments, a stripling placed, 420  
 A smooth, smug stripling, in life's fairest prime ?  
 Didst thou not mind, too, how from time to time,  
 The monstrous lecher, tempted to despise  
 All other dainties, thither turn'd his eyes ?  
 How he seem'd inly to reproach us all,  
 Who strove his fix'd attention to recall,  
 And how he wish'd, e'en at the time of grace,  
 Like Janus, to have had a double face ?  
 His cause of grief behold in that fair boy,  
 Apicius dotes, and Corydon is coy. 430

Vain and unthinking stripling ! when the glass  
 Meets thy too curious eye, and, as you pass,  
 Flattering, presents in smiles thy image there,  
 Why dost thou bless the gods, who made thee fair ?  
 Blame their large bounties, and with reason blame,  
 Curse, curse thy beauty, for it leads to shame,  
 When thy hot lord, to work thee to his end,  
 Bids showers of gold into thy breast descend,  
 Suspect his gifts, nor the vile giver trust ;  
 They're baits for virtue, and smell strong of lust 440  
 On those gay, gaudy trappings, which adorn  
 The temple of thy body, look with scorn,  
 View them with horror ; they pollution mean,  
 And deepest ruin thou hast often seen  
 From 'mongst the herd, the fairest and the best  
 Carefully singled out, and richly dress'd,

With grandeur mock'd, for sacrifice decreed, 447  
 Only in greater pomp at last to bleed  
 Be warn'd on time, the threaten'd danger shun,  
 To stay a moment is to be undone  
 What though, temptation proof, thy virtue shine,  
 Nor bribes can move, nor arts can undermine ?  
 All other methods failing, one resource  
 Is still behind, and thou must yield to force  
 Paint to thyself the horrors of a rape,  
 Most strongly paint, and, while thou canst, escape  
 Mind not his promises—they're made in sport—  
 Made to be broke—was he not bled at court ?  
 Trust not his honour, he's a man of birth  
 Attend not to his oaths—they're made on earth, 460  
 Not register'd in heaven—he mocks at Grace,  
 And in his creed God never found a place,  
 Look not for Conscience—for he knows her not,  
 So long a stranger, she is quite forgot,  
 Nor think thyself in law secure and firm,  
 Thy master is a lord, and thou a worm,  
 A poor mean reptile, never meant to think,  
 Who, being well supplied with meat and drink,  
 And suffer'd just to crawl from place to place,  
 Must serve his lusts, and think he does thee grace 470  
 Fly then, whilst yet 'tis in thy power to fly ;  
 But whither canst thou go ? on whom rely  
 For wish'd protection ? Virtue's sure to meet  
 An armed host of foes in every street.  
 What boots it, of Apicius fearful grown,  
 Headlong to fly into the arms of Stone ?  
 Or why take refuge in the house of prayer  
 If sure to meet with an Apicius there ?  
 Trust not old age, which will thy faith betray,  
 Saint Socrates is still a goat, though gray 480

Trust not green youth , Flório will scarce go down, 481  
 And, at eighteen, hath surfeited the town  
 Trust not to rakes—alas ! 'tis all pretence—  
 They take up iaking only as a fence  
 'Gainst common fame—place H—— in thy view,  
 He keeps one whore, as Barrowby kept two  
 Trust not to marriage—T—— took a wife,  
 Who chaste as Dian might have pass'd her life,  
 Had she not, far more prudent in her aim,  
 (To propagate the honours of his name, 490  
 And save expiring titles) taken care,  
 Without his knowledge, to provide an heir :  
 Trust not to marriage, in mankind unread ,  
 S——'s a married man, and S—— new wed.

Wouldst thou be safe ? Society forswear,  
 Fly to the desert, and seek shelter therē ,  
 Herd with the brutes—they follow Nature's plan—  
 There's not one brute so dangerous as man  
 In Afric's wilds—'mongst them that refuge find  
 Which Lust denies thee here among mankind 500  
 Renounce thy name, thy nature, and no more  
 Pique thy vain pride on Manhood on all four  
 Walk, as you see those honest creatures do,  
 And quite forget that once you walk'd on two

But, if the thoughts of solitude alarm,  
 And social life hath one remaining charm ,  
 If still thou art to jeopardy decreed  
 Amongst the monsters of Augusta's<sup>1</sup> breed,  
 Lay by thy sex, thy safety to procure ;  
 Put off the man, from men to live secure , 510  
 Go forth a woman to the public view,  
 And with their garb assume their manners too

<sup>1</sup> ' Augusta ' London

Had the light-footed Greek<sup>1</sup> of Chiron's school 518  
 Been wise enough to keep this single rule,  
 The maudlin hero, like a puling boy  
 Robb'd of his plaything, on the plains of Troy  
 Had never blubber'd at Patroclus' tomb,  
 And placed his minion in his mistress' room  
 Be not in this than catamites more nice,  
 Do that for virtue, which they do for vice 520  
 Thus shalt thou pass untainted life's gay bloom,  
 Thus stand uncourted in the drawing-room ,  
 At midnight thus, untempted, walk the street,  
 And run no danger but of being beat

Where is the mother, whose officious zeal,  
 Discreetly judging what her daughters feel  
 By what she felt herself in days of yore,  
 Against that lecher man makes fast the door ?  
 Who not permits, e'en for the sake of prayer,  
 A priest, uncastrated, to enter there, 530  
 Nor (could her wishes, and her care prevail)  
 Would suffer in the house a fly that's male ?  
 Let her discharge her cares, throw wide her doors,  
 Her daughters cannot, if they would, be whores ,  
 Nor can a man be found, as times now go,  
 Who thinks it worth his while to make them so

Though they more fiesh, more lively than the morn,  
 And brighter than the noonday sun, adorn  
 The works of Nature ; though the mother's grace  
 Revives, improved, in every daughter's face, 540  
 Undisciplined in dull Discretion's rules,  
 Untaught and undebauch'd by boarding-schools,  
 Free and unguarded let them range the town,  
 Go forth at random, and run Pleasure down,

<sup>1</sup> ' Light-footed Greek ' Achilles, who was left at Scyros, dressed in female attire



Start where she will , discard all taint of fear, . . . 545  
 Nor think of danger, when no danger's near  
 Watch not their steps—they're safe without thy care,  
 Unless, like jennets, they conceive by air,  
 And every one of them may die a nun, 550  
 Unless they breed, like carrion, in the sun  
 Men, dead to pleasure, as they're dead to grace,  
 Against the law of Nature set their face,  
 The grand primeval law, and seem combined  
 To stop the propagation of mankind ,  
 Vile pathics read the Marriage Act with pride,  
 And fancy that the law is on their side  
     Broke down, and strength a stranger to his bed,  
 Old L——<sup>1</sup>, though yet alive, is dead ,  
 T—— lives no more, or lives not to our isle ,  
 No longer bless'd with a Cz——'s <sup>2</sup> smile ; 560  
 T—— is at P——<sup>3</sup> disgraced,  
 And M—— grown gray, perforce grows chaste ,  
 Nor to the credit of our modest race,  
 Rises one stallion to supply their place  
 A maidenhead, which, twenty years ago,  
 In mid December the rank fly would blow,  
 Though closely kept, now, when the Dog-star's heat  
 Inflames the marrow, in the very street  
 May lie untouch'd, left for the worms, by those  
 Who daintily pass by, and hold their nose , 570  
 Poor, plain Concupiscence is in disgrace,  
 And simple Lechery dares not show her face,  
 Lest she be sent to bridewell , bankrupts made,  
 To save their fortunes, bawds leave off their trade,  
 Which first had left off them ; to Wellclose Square  
 Fine, fresh, young stumptets (for Dodd <sup>4</sup> preaches there)

<sup>1</sup> 'L——' Liggner — <sup>2</sup> 'Cz——'s 'Czarina's' — <sup>3</sup> 'P——' Petersburg  
<sup>4</sup> 'Dodd' the Rev Dr William Dodd, the unfortunate divine, afterwards  
 hanged for forgery See Boswell

Throng for subsistence ; pimps no longer thrive, 577  
 And pensions only keep L—— alive

Where is the mother, who thinks all her pain,  
 And all her jeopardy of tiavail, gain  
 When a man-child is born , thinks every prayer  
 Paid to the full, and answer'd in an heir ?  
 Short-sighted woman ! little doth she know  
 What streams of sorrow from that source may flow  
 Little suspect, while she surveys her boy,  
 Her young Narcissus, with an eye of joy  
 Too full for continence, that Fate could give  
 Her darling as a curse ; that she may live,  
 Ere sixteen winters their short course have run,  
 In agonies of soul, to curse that son 590

Pray then for daughters, ye wise mothers, pray ,  
 They shall reward your love, nor make ye gray  
 Before your time with sorrow ; they shall give  
 Ages of peace, and comfort , whilst ye live  
 Make life most truly worth your care, and save,  
 In spite of death, your memories from the grave  
 That sense with more than manly vigour fraught,  
 That fortitude of soul, that stretch of thought,  
 That genius, great beyond the narrow bound  
 Of earth's low walk, that judgment perfect found 600  
 When wanted most, that purity of taste,  
 Which critics mention by the name of chaste ,  
 Adorn'd with elegance, that easy flow  
 Of ready wit, which never made a foe ,  
 That face, that form, that dignity, that ease,  
 Those powers of pleasing, with that will to please,  
 By which Lepel,<sup>1</sup> when in her youthful days,  
 E'en from the currish Pope extorted praise,

<sup>1</sup> 'Lepel ' Mary, daughter of Bugadier-General Le Pœl, married in 1720  
 to John Lord Hervey

We see, transmitted, in her daughter shine, 609  
And view a new Lepel in Caroline <sup>1</sup>

Is a son born into this world of woe ?  
In never-ceasing streams let sorrow flow ,  
Be from that hour the house with sables hung,  
Let lamentations dwell upon thy tongue ;  
E'en from the moment that he first began  
To wail and whine, let him not see a man ,  
Lock, lock him up, far from the public eye ;  
Give him no opportunity to buy,  
Or to be bought , B——, though rich, was sold,  
And gave his body up to shame for gold. 620

Let it be bruited all about the town,  
That he is coarse, indelicate, and brown,  
An antidote to lust , his face deep scarr'd  
With the small-pox, his body mann'd and mann'd ,  
Ate up with the king's evil, and his blood  
Tainted throughout, a thick and putrid flood,  
Where dwells Corruption, making him all o'er,  
From head to foot, a rank and running sore.  
Shouldst thou report him, as by Nature made,  
He is undone, and by thy praise betray'd ; 630  
Give him out fair, lechers, in number more,  
More brutal and more fierce, than throng'd the door  
Of Lot in Sodom, shall to thine repair,  
And force a passage, though a God is there

Let him not have one servant that is male ,  
Where lords are baffled, servants oft prevail  
Some vices they propose to all agree ,  
H—— was guilty, but was M—— free ?

Give him no tutor—throw him to a punk,  
Rather than trust his morals to a monk— 640

<sup>1</sup> ' Caroline ' Lady Caroline Hervey was the youngest daughter of John Lord Hervey

Monks we all know—we, who have lived at home, 641  
 From fair report, and travellers, who roam,  
 More feelingly ;—for trust him to the gown,  
 'Tis oft a covering in this vile town  
 For base designs ourselves have lived to see  
 More than one parson in the pilloiy  
 Should he have brothers, (image to thy view  
 A scene, which, though not public made, is true)  
 Let not one brother be to t' other known,  
 Nor let his father sit with him alone 650  
 Be all his servants female, young and fan .  
 And if the pride of Nature spur thy heir  
 To deeds of venery, if, hot and wild,  
 He chance to get some score of maids with child,  
 Chide, but forgive him , whoredom is a crime  
 Which, more at this than any other time,  
 Calls for indulgence, and, 'mongst such a race,  
 To have a bastard is some sign of grace  
 Born in such times, should I sit tamely down,  
 Suppress my rage, and saunter through the town 660  
 As one who knew not, or who shared these crimes ?  
 Should I at lesser evils point my rhymes,  
 And let this giant sin, in the full eye  
 Of observation, pass unwounded by ?  
 Though our meek wives, passive obedience taught,  
 Patiently bear those wrongs, for which they ought,  
 With the brave spirit of their dams possess'd,  
 To plant a dagger in each husband's breast,  
 To cut off male increase from this fair isle,  
 And turn our Thames into another Nile , 670  
 Though, on his Sunday, the smug pulpiter,  
 Loud 'gainst all other crimes, is silent here,  
 And thinks himself absolved, in the pretence  
 Of decency, which, meant for the defence

Of real virtue, and to raise her price, 675  
Becomes an agent for the cause of vice ;  
Though the law sleeps, and through the care they take  
To drug her well, may never more awake ,  
Born in such times, nor with that patience cursed  
Which saints may boast of, I must speak or burst 680

But if, too eager in my bold career,  
Haply I wound the nice, and chaster ear ,  
If, all unguarded, all too rude, I speak,  
And call up blushes in the maiden's cheek,  
Forgive, ye fair—my real motives view,  
And to forgiveness add your praises too  
For you I write—nor wish a better plan,  
The cause of woman is most worthy man—  
For you I still will write, nor hold my hand  
Whilst there's one slave of Sodom in the land 690

Let them fly far, and skulk from place to place,  
Not daring to meet manhood face to face,  
Their steps I'll track, nor yield them one retreat  
Where they may hide their heads, or rest their feet,  
Till God, in wrath, shall let his vengeance fall,  
And make a great example of them all,  
Bidding in one grand pile this town expire,  
Her towers in dust, her Thames a lake of fire ,  
Or they (most worth our wish) convinced, though late,  
Of their past crimes, and dangerous estate, 700  
Pardon of women with repentance buy,  
And learn to honour them, as much as I.

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## INDEPENDENCE

HAPPY the bard (though few such bards we find)  
 Who, 'bove contrioment, dares to speak his mind ,  
 Dares, unabash'd, in every place appeal,  
 And nothing fears, but what he ought to fear  
 Him Fashion cannot tempt, him abject Need  
 Cannot compel, him Pride cannot mislead  
 To be the slave of Greatness, to strike sail<sup>c</sup>  
 When, sweeping onward with her peacock's tail,  
 Quality in full plumage passes by ,  
 He views her with a fix'd, contemptuous eye, 10  
 And mocks the puppet, keeps his own due state,  
 And is above conversing with the great.

Perish those slaves, those minions of the quill,  
 Who have conspired to seize that sacred hill  
 Where the Nine Sisters pour a genuine strain,  
 And sunk the mountain level with the plain ,  
 Who, with mean, private views, and servile art,  
 No spark of virtue living in their heart,  
 Have basely turn'd apostates ; have debased  
 Their dignity of office , have disgraced, 20  
 Like Eli's sons, the altars where they stand,  
 And caused their name to stink through all the land ,  
 Have stoop'd to prostitute their venal pen  
 For the support of great, but guilty men ;  
 Have made the bard, of their own vile accord,  
 Inferior to that thing we call a lord

What is a lord ? Doth that plain simple word  
 Contain some magic spell ? As soon as heard,  
 Like an alarum bell on Night's dull ear,  
 Doth it strike louder, and more strong appear 30

Than other words? Whether we will or no, 31  
 Through Reason's court doth it unquestion'd go  
 E'en on the mention, and of course transmit  
 Notions of something excellent, of wit  
 Pleasing, though keen, of humour free, though chaste,  
 Of sterling genius, with sound judgment graced,  
 Of virtue far above temptation's reach,  
 And honour, which not malice can impeach?  
 Believe it not—'twas Nature's first intent,  
 Before their rank became their punishment, 40  
 They should have pass'd for men, nor blush'd to prize  
 The blessings she bestow'd, she gave them eyes,  
 And they could see, she gave them ears—they heard,  
 The instruments of stirring, and they stirr'd,  
 Like us, they were design'd to eat, to drink,  
 To talk, and (every now and then) to think,  
 Till they, by Pride corrupted, for the sake  
 Of singularity, disclaim'd that make,  
 Till they, disdaining Nature's vulgar mode,  
 Flew off, and struck into another road, 50  
 More fitting Quality, and to our view  
 Came forth a species altogether new,  
 Something we had not known, and could not know,  
 Like nothing of God's making here below;  
 Nature exclaim'd with wonder—'Lords are things,  
 Which, never made by me, were made by kings'

A lord (nor let the honest and the brave,  
 The true old noble, with the fool and knave  
 Here mix his fame, cursed be that thought of mine,  
 Which with a B——<sup>1</sup> and F——<sup>2</sup> should Grafton<sup>3</sup> join),  
 A lord (nor here let Censure rashly call 61  
 My just contempt of some, abuse of all,

<sup>1</sup> 'B——' Butte —<sup>2</sup> 'F——' Fox —<sup>3</sup> 'Grafton' see Junius, *passim*

And, as of late, when Sodom was my theme, 63  
 Slander my purpose, and my Muse blaspheme,  
 Because she stops not, rapid in her song,  
 To make exceptions as she goes along,  
 Though well she hopes to find, another year,  
 A whole minority exceptions here),  
 A mere, mere lord, with nothing but the name,  
 Wealth all his worth, and title all his fame, 70  
 Lives on another man, himself a blank,  
 Thankless he lives, or must some grandsire thank  
 For smuggled honours, and ill-gotten pelf;  
 A bard owes all to Nature, and himself

Gods! how my soul is burnt up with disdain,  
 When I see men, whom Phœbus in his train  
 Might view with pride, lackey the heels of those  
 Whom Genius ranks among her greatest foes!  
 And what's the cause? Why, these same sons of Scorn,  
 No thanks to them, were to a title born, 80  
 And could not help it; by chance hither sent,  
 And only deities by accident.

Had Fortune on our getting chanced to shine,  
 Their birthright honours had been yours or mine.  
 'Twas a mere random stroke; and should the Throne  
 Eye thee with favour, proud and lordly grown,  
 Thou, though a bard, might'st be their fellow yet  
 But Felix never can be made a wit.  
 No, in good faith—that's one of those few things  
 Which Fate hath placed beyond the reach of kings: 90  
 Bards may be lords, but 'tis not in the cards,  
 Play how we will, to turn lords into bards

A bard!—a lord!—why, let them, hand in hand,  
 Go forth as friends, and travel through the land,  
 Observe which word the people can digest,  
 Most readily, which goes to market best,



Which gets most credit, whether men will trust 97  
 A bard, because they think he may be just,  
 Or on a lord will chose to risk their gains,  
 Though privilege in that point still remains

A bard !—a lord !—let Reason take her scales,  
 And fairly weigh those words, see which prevails,  
 Which in the balance lightly kicks the beam,  
 And which, by sinking, we the victor deem

'Tis done, and Hermes, by command of Jove,  
 Summons a synod in the sacred grove,  
 Gods throng with gods to take their chairs on high,  
 And sit in state, the senate of the sky,  
 Whilst, in a kind of parliament below,  
 Men stare at those above, and want to know 110

What they 'ie transacting Reason takes her stand  
 Just in the midst, a balance in her hand,  
 Which o'er and o'er she tries, and finds it true :  
 From either side, conducted full in view,  
 A man comes forth, of figure strange and queer ,  
 We now and then see something like them here

The first<sup>1</sup> was meagre, flimsy, void of strength,  
 But Nature kindly had made up in length  
 What she in breadth denied , erect and proud,  
 A head and shoulders taller than the crowd, 120  
 He deem'd them pigmies all , loose hung his skin  
 O'er his bare bones , his face so very thin,  
 So very narrow, and so much beat out,  
 That physiognomists have made a doubt,  
 Proportion lost, expression quite forgot,  
 Whether it could be call'd a face or not ;  
 At end of it, howe'er, unblest'd with beard,  
 Some twenty fathom length of chin appear'd ,

<sup>1</sup> ' First ' Lyttelton.

With legs, which we might well conceive that Fate 129  
 Meant only to support a spider's weight,  
 Firmly he strove to tread, and with a stride,  
 Which show'd at once his weakness and his pride,  
 Shaking himself to pieces, seem'd to cry,  
 'Observe, good people, how I shake the sky'

In his right hand a paper did he hold,  
 On which, at large, in characters of gold,  
 Distinct, and plain for those who run to see,  
 Saint Archibald<sup>1</sup> had wrote L, O, R, D  
 This, with an air of scorn, he from afar  
 Twirl'd into Reason's scales, and on that bar, 140  
 Which from his soul he hated, yet admired,  
 Quick turn'd his back, and, as he came, retired  
 The judge to all around his name declared,  
 Each goddess titter'd, each god laugh'd, Jove stared,  
 And the whole people cried, with one accord,  
 'Good Heaven bless us all, is that a Lord!'

Such was the first—the second<sup>2</sup> was a man  
 Whom Nature built on quite a different plan,  
 A bear, whom, from the moment he was born,  
 His dam despised, and left unlick'd in scorn, 150  
 A Babel, which, the power of Art outdone,  
 She could not finish when she had begun,  
 An utter Chaos, out of which no might,  
 But that of God, could strike one spark of light

Broad were his shoulders, and from blade to blade  
 A H—— might at full length have laid;  
 Vast were his bones, his muscles twisted strong,  
 His face was short, but broader than 'twas long;  
 His features, though by Nature they were large,  
 Contentment had contrived to overcharge, 160

<sup>1</sup> 'Archibald' Archibald Bower, the infamous author of 'Lives of the Popes,'  
 patronised at first by Lyttelton, but detected and exposed by Dr Douglas —

<sup>2</sup> 'Second' Churchill himself

And bury meaning, save that we might spy      161  
 Sense lowering on the penthouse of his eye ;  
 His aims were two twin oaks, his legs so stout  
 That they might bear a Mansion-house about ,  
 Nor were they, look but at his body there,  
 Design'd by Fate a much less weight to bear

O'er a brown cassock, which had once been black,  
 Which hung in tatteis on his brawny back,  
 A sight most strange, and awkward to behold,  
 He threw a covering of blue and gold.      170  
 Just at that time of life, when man, by rule,  
 The fop laid down, takes up the graver fool,  
 He started up a fop, and, fond of show,  
 Look'd like another Hercules turn'd beau,  
 A subject met with only now and then.  
 Much fitter for the pencil than the pen ,  
 Hogarth would draw him (Envy must allow)  
 E'en to the life, was Hogarth <sup>1</sup> living now

With such accoutrements, with such a form,  
 Much like a porpoise just before a storm,      180  
 Onward he roll'd , a laugh prevail'd around ,  
 E'en Jove was seen to simper , at the sound  
 (Nor was the cause unknown, for from his youth  
 Himself he studied by the glass of Truth)  
 He joined their mirth , nor shall the gods condemn,  
 If, whilst they laugh at him, he laugh'd at them  
 Judge Reason view'd him with an eye of grace,  
 Look'd through his soul, and quite forgot his face,  
 And, from his hand received, with fair regard  
 Placed in her other scale the name of Bard      190

Then, (for she did as judges ought to do,  
 She nothing of the case beforehand knew,

<sup>1</sup> 'Hogarth' Here satirically represented as dead, lived four weeks after this poem was published, and died nine days before Churchill

Nor wish'd to know, she never stretch'd the laws, 193  
 Nor, basely to anticipate a cause,  
 Compell'd solicitors, no longer free,  
 To show those briefs she had no right to see)  
 Then she with equal hand her scales held out,  
 Nor did the cause one moment hang in doubt,  
 She held her scales out fair to public view,  
 The Lord, as sparks fly upwards, upwards flew, 200  
 More light than air, deceitful in the weight,  
 The Bard, preponderating, kept his state,  
 Reason approved, and with a voice, whose sound  
 Shook earth, shook heaven, on the clearest ground  
 Pronouncing for the Bards a full decree,  
 Cried—' Those must honour them, who honour me,  
 They from this present day, where'er I reign,  
 In their own right, precedence shall obtain,  
 Merit rules here be it enough that Birth  
 Intoxicates, and sways the fools of earth ' 210  
 Nor think that here, in hatred to a lord,  
 I've forged a tale, or alter'd a record,  
 Search when you will, (I am not now in sport)  
 You'll find it register'd in Reason's court  
 Nor think that Envy here hath strung my lyre,  
 That I deprecate what I most admire,  
 And look on titles with an eye of scorn,  
 Because I was not to a title born  
 By Him that made me, I am much more proud,  
 More only satisfied to have a crowd 220  
 Point at me as I pass, and cry—' That's he—  
 A poor but honest bard, who dares be free  
 Amidst corruption,' than to have a train  
 Of flickering levee slaves, to make me vain  
 Of things I ought to blush for, to run, fly  
 And live but in the motion of my eye;

When I am less than man, my faults to adore, 227  
And make me think that I am something more.

Recall past times, bring back the days of old,  
When the great noble bore his honours bold,  
And in the face of peril, when he dared  
Things which his legal bastard, if declared,  
Might well discredit ; faithful to his trust,  
In the extremest points of justice, just,  
Well knowing all, and loved by all he knew,  
True to his king, and to his country true ,  
Honest at court, above the baits of gain,  
Plain in his dress, and in his manners plain ,  
Moderate in wealth, generous, but not profuse,  
Well worthy riches, for he knew their use , 240  
Possessing much, and yet deserving more,  
Deserving those high honours which he wore  
With ease to all, and in return gain'd fame  
Which all men paid, because he did not claim  
When the grim war was placed in dread array,  
Fierce as the lion roaring for his prey,  
Or lioness of royal whelps foredone ,  
In peace, as mild as the departing sun,  
A general blessing wheresoe'er he turn'd,  
Patron of learning, nor himself unlearn'd , 250  
Ever awake at Pity's tender call,  
A father of the poor, a friend to all ,  
Recall such times, and from the grave bring back  
A worth like this, my heart shall bend, or crack,  
My stubborn pride give way, my tongue proclaim,  
And every Muse conspire to swell his fame,  
Till Envy shall to him that praise allow  
Which she cannot deny to Temple now

This justice claims, nor shall the bard forget,  
Delighted with the task, to pay that debt, 260

To pay it like a man, and in his lays, 261  
 Sounding such worth, prove his own right to praise  
 But let not pride and prejudice misdeem,  
 And think that empty titles are my theme ;  
 Titles, with me, are vain, and nothing worth ,  
 I reverence virtue, but I laugh at birth  
 Give me a lord that's honest, frank, and brave,  
 I am his friend, but cannot be his slave ,  
 Though none, indeed, but blockheads would pretend  
 To make a slave, where they may make a friend ; 270  
 I love his virtues, and will make them known,  
 Confess his rank, but can't forget my own  
 Give me a lord, who, to a title born,  
 Boasts nothing else, I'll pay him scorn with scorn.  
 What ! shall my pride (and pride is virtue here)  
 Tamely make way if such a wretch appear ?  
 Shall I uncover'd stand, and bend my knee  
 To such a shadow of nobility,  
 A shred, a remnant ? he might rot unknown  
 For any real merit of his own, 280  
 And never had come forth to public note  
 Had he not worn, by chance, his father's coat  
 To think a M——<sup>1</sup> worth my least regards,  
 Is treason to the majesty of bards

By Nature form'd (when, for her honour's sake,  
 She something more than common strove to make,  
 When, overlooking each minute defect,  
 And all too eager to be quite correct,  
 In her full heat and vigour she impress'd  
 Her stamp most strongly on the favour'd breast) 290  
 The bard, (nor think too lightly that I mean  
 Those little, piddling wittings, who o'erween  
 Of their small parts, the Murphys of the stage,  
 The Masons and the Whiteheads of the age,

<sup>1</sup> ' M—— ' Melcombe

Who all in raptures their own works rehearse, 295  
 And drawl out measured prose, which they call verse)  
 The real bard, whom native genius fires,  
 Whom every maid of Castaly inspires,  
 Let him consider wherefore he was meant,  
 Let him but answer Nature's great intent, 300  
 And fairly weigh himself with other men,  
 Would ne'er debase the glories of his pen,  
 Would in full state, like a true monarch, live,  
 Nor bate one inch of his prerogative

Methinks I see old Wingate<sup>1</sup> frowning here,  
 (Wingate may in the season be a peer,  
 Though now, against his will, of figures sick,  
 He's forced to diet on arithmetic,  
 E'en whilst he envies every Jew he meets,  
 Who cries old clothes to sell about the streets) 310  
 Methinks (his mind with future honours big,  
 His Tyburn bob turn'd to a dress'd bag wig)  
 I hear him cry—'What doth this jargon mean?  
 Was ever such a damn'd dull blockhead seen?  
 Majesty!—Bard!—Prerogative!—Disdain  
 Hath got into, and turn'd the fellow's brain  
 To Bethlem with him—give him whips and straw—  
 I'm very sensible he's mad in law  
 A saucy groom, who trades in reason, thus  
 To set himself upon a par with us, 320  
 If this *here's* suffered, and if that *there* fool,  
 May, when he pleases, send us all to school,  
 Why, then our only business is outright  
 To take our caps, and bid the world good night  
 I've kept a bard myself this twenty years,  
 But nothing of this kind in him appears,

<sup>1</sup> 'Wingate' the pulse-proud upstarts of the day are here designated by the generic name of Wingate, an eminent arithmetician, who lived early in the seventeenth century.

He, like a thorough true-bred spaniel, licks 327  
 The hand which cuffs him, and the foot which kicks,  
 He fetches and he carries, blacks my shoes,  
 Nor thinks it a discredit to his Muse,  
 A creature of the night chameleon hue,  
 He wears my colours, yellow or true blue,  
 Just as I wear them 'tis all one to him  
 Whether I change through conscience, or through whim  
 Now this is something like, on such a plan  
 A bard may find a friend in a great man,  
 But this proud coxcomb—zounds, I thought that all  
 Of this queer tribe had been like my old Paul<sup>1</sup>

Injurious thought! accused be the tongue  
 On which the vile insinuation hung, 340  
 The heart where 'twas engender'd, cursed be those,  
 Those bards, who not themselves alone expose,  
 But me, but all, and make the very name  
 By which they're call'd a standing mark of shame  
 Talk not of custom—'tis the coward's plea,  
 Current with fools, but passes not with me,  
 An old stale trick, which Guilt hath often tried  
 By numbers to o'erpower the better side  
 Why tell me then that from the birth of Rhyme,  
 No matter when, down to the present time, 350

As by the original decree of Fate,  
 Bards have protection sought amongst the great,  
 Conscious of weakness, have applied to them  
 As vines to elms, and, twining round their stem,  
 Flourish'd on high, to gain this wish'd support  
 E'en Virgil to Mæcenæ paid his court?  
 As to the custom, 'tis a point agreed,  
 But 'twas a foolish diffidence, not need,

<sup>1</sup> 'Old Paul' Paul Whitehead, a contemptible sycophant as well as profiteer



From which it rose ; had bards but truly known 359  
 That strength, which is most properly their own;  
 Without a lord, unpropp'd they might have stood  
 And overtopp'd those giants of the wood

But why, when present times my care engage,  
 Must I go back to the Augustan age ?  
 Why, anxious for the living, am I led  
 Into the mansions of the ancient dead ?  
 Can they find patrons nowhere, but at Rome,  
 And must I seek Mæcenas in the tomb ?  
 Name but a Wingate, twenty fools of note  
 Start up, and from report Mæcenas quote ; 370  
 Under his colours lords are proud to fight,  
 Forgetting that Mæcenas was a knight  
 They mention him, as if to use his name  
 Was, in some measure, to partake his fame,  
 Though Virgil, was he living, in the street  
 Might rot for them, or perish in the Fleet  
 See how they redder, and the charge disclaim—  
 Virgil, and in the Fleet !—forbid it, Shame !  
 Hence, ye vain boasters ! to the Fleet repair,  
 And ask, with blushes ask, if Lloyd is there ! 380

Patrons in days of yore were men of sense,  
 Were men of taste, and had a fair pretence  
 To rule in letters—some of them were heard  
 To read off-hand, and never spell a word,  
 Some of them, too, to such a monstrous height  
 Was learning risen, for themselves could write,  
 And kept their secretaries, as the great  
 Do many other foolish things, for state.

Our patrons are of quite a different stain,  
 With neither sense nor taste ; against the grain 390  
 They patronise for Fashion's sake—no more—  
 And keep a bard, just as they keep a whore

Melcombe (on such occasions I am loth 393  
 To name the dead) was a rare proof of both  
 Some of them would be puzzled e'en to read,  
 Nor could deserve their clergy by their creed,  
 Others can write, but such a Pagan hand,  
 A Willes<sup>1</sup> should always at our elbow stand  
 Many, if begg'd, a Chancellor,<sup>2</sup> of right,  
 Would order into keeping at first sight 400  
 Those who stand fairest to the public view  
 Take to themselves the praise to others due,  
 They rob the very spital, and make free  
 With those, alas! who've least to spare    We see  
 — hath not had a word to say,  
 Since winds and waves bore Singlespeech<sup>3</sup> away  
     Patrons, in days of yore, like patrons now,  
 Expected that the bard should make his bow  
 At coming in, and every now and then  
 Hint to the world that they were more than men, 410  
 But, like the patrons of the present day,  
 They never bilk'd the poet of his pay  
 Virgil loved rural ease, and, far from harm,  
 Mæcenæ fix'd him in a neat, snug farm,  
 Where he might, free from trouble, pass his days  
 In his own way, and pay his rent in praise  
 Horace loved wine, and, through his friend at court,  
 Could buy it off the quay in every port.  
 Horace loved mirth, Mæcenæ loved it too;  
 They met, they laugh'd, as Goy<sup>4</sup> and I may do, 420

<sup>1</sup> 'Willess' Dr Edward Willes, Bishop of Bath and Wells — <sup>2</sup> 'Chancellor the Lord High Chancellor is intrusted with the custody of all idiots and lunatics — <sup>3</sup> 'Singlespeech' the Right Honourable William Gerard Hamilton See Boswell, who describes him as a man of great talent, others have ascribed his single speech to the aid of Burke — <sup>4</sup> 'Goy' M Pierre Goy, a Frenchman of brilliant accomplishments

Nor in those moments paid the least regard 421  
To which was minister, and which was bard

Not so our patrons—grave as grave can be,  
They know themselves, they keep up dignity,  
Bards are a forward race, nor is it fit  
That men of fortune rank with men of wit  
Wit, if familiar made, will find her strength—  
'Tis best to keep her weak, and at arm's length.  
'Tis well enough for bards, if patrons give,  
From hand to mouth, the scanty means to live 430  
Such is their language, and then practice such,  
They promise little, and they give not much  
Let the weak bard, with prostituted strain,  
Praise that proud Scot whom all good men disdain,  
What's his reward? Why, his own fame undone,  
He may obtain a patent for the run  
Of his lord's kitchen, and have ample time,  
With offal fed, to court the cook in rhyme,  
Or (if he strives true patriots to disgrace)  
May at the second table get a place; 440  
With somewhat greater slaves allow'd to dine,  
And play at crambo o'er his gill of wine

And are there bards, who, on creation's file,  
Stand rank'd as men, who breathe in this fair isle  
The air of freedom, with so little gall,  
So low a spuit, prostrate thus to fall  
Before these idols, and without a groan  
Bear wrongs might call forth murmurs from a stone?  
Better, and much more noble, to abjure  
The sight of men, and in some cave, secure 450  
From all the outrages of Pride, to feast  
On Nature's salads, and be free at least  
Better, (though that, to say the truth, is worse  
Than almost any other modern curse)

Discard all sense, divorce the thankless Muse, 455  
 Critics' commence, and write in the Reviews,  
 Write without tremor, Griffiths<sup>1</sup> cannot read,  
 No fool can fail, where Langhorne can succeed  
 But (not to make a brave and honest pride  
 Thy those means first, she must disdain when tried) 460  
 There are a thousand ways, a thousand arts,  
 By which, and fairly, men of real parts  
 May gain a living, gain what Nature craves,  
 Let those, who pine for more, live, and be slaves  
 Our real wants in a small compass lie,  
 But lawless appetite, with eager eye,  
 Kept in a constant fever, more requires,  
 And we are bunt up with our own desires  
 Hence our dependence, hence our slavery springs;  
 Bards, if contented, are as great as kings 470  
 Ourselves are to ourselves the cause of ill,  
 We may be independent, if we will  
 The man who suits his spirit to his state  
 Stands on an equal footing with the great;  
 Moguls themselves are not more rich, and he  
 Who rules the English nation, not more free  
 Chains were not forged more durable and strong  
 For bards than others, but they've worn them long,  
 And therefore wear them still, they've quite forgot  
 What Freedom is, and therefore prize her not 480  
 Could they, though in their sleep, could they but know  
 The blessings which from Independence flow,  
 Could they but have a short and transient gleam  
 Of Liberty, though 'twas but in a dream,  
 They would no more in bondage bend their knee,  
 But, once made freemen, would be always free

<sup>1</sup> 'Griffiths' Ralph Griffiths, a bookseller, who, in 1749, published the first number of the 'Monthly Review'

The Muse, if she one moment freedom gains, 487  
 Can nevermore submit to sing in chains.  
 Bied in a cage, far from the feather'd throng,  
 The bud repays his keeper with his song,  
 But if some playful child sets wide the door,  
 Abroad he flies, and thinks of home no more,  
 With love of liberty begins to burn,  
 And rather starves than to his cage return.

Hail, Independence !—by true reason taught,  
 How few have known, and prized thee as they ought !  
 Some give thee up for not, some, like boys,  
 Resign thee, in their childish moods, for toys ;  
 Ambition some, some avarice, misleads,  
 And in both cases Independence bleeds 500  
 Abroad, in quest of thee, how many roam,  
 Nor know they had thee in their reach at home,  
 Some, though about their paths, their beds about,  
 Have never had the sense to find thee out  
 Others, who know of what they are possess'd,  
 Like fearful misers, lock thee in a chest,  
 Nor have the resolution to produce,  
 In these bad times, and bring thee forth for use  
 Hail, Independence !—though thy name's scarce known,  
 Though thou, alas ! art out of fashion grown, 510  
 Though all despise thee, I will not despise,  
 Nor live one moment longer than I prize  
 Thy presence, and enjoy . by angry Fate  
 Bow'd down, and almost crush'd, thou cam'st, though  
 late,  
 Thou cam'st upon me, like a second birth,  
 And made me know what life was truly worth.  
 Hail, Independence !—never may my cot,  
 Till I forget thee, be by thee forgot .

Thither, oh ! thither, oftentimes repair , 519  
 Cotes,<sup>1</sup> whom thou lovest too, shall meet thee there  
 All thoughts but what arise from joy give o'er,

Peace dwells within, and law shall guard the door  
 O'erweening Bard ! Law guard thy door ! What law ?  
 The law of England To control and awe  
 Those saucy hopes, to strike that spirit dumb,  
 Behold, in state, Administration come !

Why, let her come, in all her terrors too ,  
 I dare to suffer all she dares to do  
 I know her malice well, and know her pride,  
 I know her strength, but will not change my side 530  
 This melting mass of flesh she may control  
 With iron ribs—she cannot chain my soul.  
 No—to the last resolved her worst to bear,  
 I'm still at large, and independent there

Where is this minister ? where is the band  
 Of ready slaves, who at his elbow stand  
 To hear, and to perform his wicked will ?  
 Why, for the first time, are they slow to ill ?  
 When some grand act 'gainst law is to be done,  
 Doth —— sleep , doth blood-hound —— run 540  
 To L——, and worry those small deer,  
 When he might do more precious mischief here ?  
 Doth Webb turn tail ? doth he refuse to draw  
 Illegal warrants, and to call them law ?  
 Doth ——, at Guildford kick'd, from Guildford run,  
 With that cold lump of unbaked dough, his son,  
 And, his more honest rival Ketch to cheat,  
 Purchase a burial-place where three ways meet ?  
 Believe it not ; —— is —— still,  
 And never sleeps, when he should wake to ill : 550

<sup>1</sup> ' Cotes ' Humphrey Cotes, a staunch supporter of Wilkes

— doth lesser mischiefs by the by, 551  
 The great ones till the term in *petto* lie  
 — lives, and, to the strictest justice true,  
 Scorns to defraud the hangman of his due

O my poor Country !—weak, and overpower'd  
 By thine own sons—ate to the bone—devour'd  
 By vipers, which, in thine own entrails bred,  
 Prey on thy life, and with thy blood are fed,  
 With unavailing grief thy wrongs I see,  
 And, for myself not feeling, feel for thee 560  
 I grieve, but can't despair—for, lo ! at hand  
 Freedom presents a choice, but faithful band  
 Of loyal patriots, men who greatly dare  
 In such a noble cause ; men fit to bear  
 The weight of empires, Fortune, Rank, and Sense,  
 Virtue and Knowledge, leagued with Eloquence,  
 March in their ranks, Freedom from file to file  
 Darts her delighted eye, and with a smile  
 Approves her honest sons, whilst down her cheek,  
 As 'twere by stealth, (her heart too full to speak) 570  
 One tear in silence creeps, one honest tear,  
 And seems to say, Why is not Granby<sup>1</sup> here ?'

O ye brave few, in whom we still may find  
 A love of virtue, freedom, and mankind !  
 Go forth—in majesty of woe array'd,  
 See at your feet your Country kneels for aid,  
 And, (many of her children traitors grown)  
 Kneels to those sons she still can call her own ;  
 Seeming to breathe her last in every breath,  
 She kneels for freedom, or she begs for death— 580  
 Fly, then, each duteous son, each English chief,  
 And to your drooping parent bring relief.

<sup>1</sup> 'Granby' the Marquis of Granby, in 1766, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all his Majesty's land forces in Great Britain See Junius

Go forth—nor let the siren voice of Ease 583  
 Tempt ye to sleep, whilst tempests swell the seas ,  
 Go forth—nor let Hypocrisy, whose tongue  
 With many a fair, false, fatal art is hung,  
 Like Bethel's fawning prophet, cross your way,  
 When your great errand bids not of delay ,  
 Nor let vain Fear, who cries to all she meets,  
 Trembling and pale, ' A lion in the streets,' 590  
 Damp your free spirits , let not threats affright,  
 Nor bribes corrupt, nor flatteries delight  
 Be as one man—concord success ensues—  
 There's not an English heart but what is yours  
 Go forth—and Virtue, ever in your sight,  
 Shall be your guide by day, your guard by night—  
 Go forth—the champions of your native land,  
 And may the battle prosper in your hand—  
 It may, it must—ye cannot be withstood—  
 Be your hearts honest, as your cause is good! 600

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### THE JOURNEY<sup>1</sup>

SOME of my friends (for friends I must suppose  
 All, who, not daring to appear my foes,  
 Feign great good will, and, not more full of spite  
 Than full of craft, under false colours fight),  
 Some of my friends (so lavishly I print),  
 As more in sorrow than in anger, hint  
 (Though that indeed will scarce admit a doubt)  
 That I shall run my stock of genius out,

<sup>1</sup> 'Journey' a posthumous publication



My<sup>3</sup> no great stock, and, publishing so fast, 9  
 Must needs become a bankrupt at the last

‘The husbandman, to spare a thankful soil,  
 Which, rich in disposition, pays his toil  
 More than a hundredfold, which swells his store  
 E’en to his wish, and makes his barns run o’er,  
 By long Experience taught, who teaches best,  
 Foregoes his hopes a while, and gives it rest  
 The land, allow’d its losses to repair,  
 Refresh’d, and full in strength, delights to wear  
 A second youth, and to the farmer’s eyes  
 Bids richer crops, and double harvests rise 20

‘Nor think this practice to the earth confined,  
 It reaches to the culture of the mind  
 The mind of man craves rest, and cannot bear,  
 Though next in power to God’s, continual care  
 Genius himself (nor here let Genius frown)  
 Must, to ensue his vigour, be laid down,  
 And fallow’d well had Churchill known but this,  
 Which the most slight observer scarce could miss,  
 He might have flourish’d twenty years or more,  
 Though now, alas ! poor man ! worn out in four ’<sup>1</sup> 30

Recover’d from the vanity of youth,  
 I feel, alas ! this melancholy truth,  
 Thanks to each cordial, each advising friend,  
 And am, if not too late, resolved to mend,  
 Resolved to give some respite to my pen,  
 Apply myself once more to books and men ;  
 View what is present, what is past review,  
 And, my old stock exhausted, lay in new.  
 For twice six moons (let winds, turn’d porters, bear  
 This oath to Heaven), for twice six moons, I swear, 40

‘In four ’ he did not complete the fourth

No Muse shall tempt me with her siren lay, 41  
 Nor draw me from Improvement's thorny way  
 Verse I abjure, nor will forgive that friend,  
 Who, in my hearing, shall a rhyme commend  
 It cannot be—whether I will or no,  
 Such as they are, my thoughts in measure flow  
 Convinced, determined, I in prose begin,  
 But ere I write one sentence, verse creeps in,  
 And taunts me through, and through, by this good light,  
 In verse I talk by day, I dream by night ! 50  
 If now and then I curse, my curses rhyme,  
 Nor can I pray, unless I pray in rhyme  
 E'en now I err, in spite of Common Sense,  
 And my confession doubles my offence  
 Rest then, my friends, —spare, spare your precious  
 breath,  
 And be your slumbers not less sound than death,  
 Perturbed spirits rest, nor thus appear,  
 To waste your counsels in a spendthrift's ear,  
 On your grave lessons I cannot subsist,  
 Nor even in verse become economist 60  
 Rest then, my friends, nor, hateful to my eyes,  
 Let Envy, in the shape of Pity, rise  
 To blast me ere my time ; with patience wait,  
 ('Tis no long interval) propitious Fate  
 Shall glut your pride, and every son of phlegm  
 Find ample room to censure and condemn  
 Read some three hundred lines (no easy task,  
*But probably the last that I shall ask*),  
 And give me up for ever, wait one hour,  
 Nay not so much, revenge is in your power, 70  
 And ye may cry, ere Time hath turn'd his glass,  
 Lo ! what we prophesied is come to pass

Let those, who poetry in poems claim, 73  
 Or not read this, or only read to blame ;  
 Let those who are by Fiction's charms enslaved,  
 Return me thanks for half-a-crown well saved ,  
 Let those who love a little gall in rhyme ,  
 Postpone their purchase now, and call next time ,  
 Let those who, void of Nature, look for Art,  
 Take up their money, and in peace depart , 80  
 Let those who energy of diction prize,  
 For Billingsgate quit Flexney,<sup>1</sup> and be wise  
 Here is no lace, no gall, no art, no force,  
 Mean are the words, and such as come of course ,  
 The subject not less simple than the lay ,  
 A plain, unlabour'd Journey of a Day.

Far from me now be every tuneful maid,  
 I neither ask, nor can receive their aid  
 Pegasus turn'd into a common hack,  
 Alone I jog, and keep the beaten track, 90  
 Nor would I have the Sisters of the hill  
 Behold their bard in such a dishabille.  
 Absent, but only absent for a time,  
 Let them caress some dearer son of Rhyme ,  
 Let them, as far as decency permits,  
 Without suspicion, play the fool with wits,  
 'Gainst fools be guarded , 'tis a certain rule,  
 Wits are safe things ; there's danger in a fool.

Let them, though modest, Gray more modest woo ;  
 Let them with Mason bleat, and bray, and coo , 100  
 Let them with Franklin,<sup>2</sup> proud of some small Greek,  
 Make Sophocles, disguised, in English speak ,  
 Let them, with Glover,<sup>3</sup> o'er Medea doze ,  
 Let them, with Dodsley, wail Cleone's<sup>4</sup> woes,

<sup>1</sup> 'Flexney' the publisher of his poems — <sup>2</sup> 'Franklin' Dr Franklin, author, of a translation of Sophocles — <sup>3</sup> 'Glover' Dr Glover in his tragedy of Medea. — <sup>4</sup> 'Cleone' a tragedy by Robert Dodsley.

Whilst he, fine feeling creature, all in tears, 105  
 Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping peers ,  
 Let them, with simple Whitehead<sup>1</sup> taught to creep  
 Silent and soft, lay Fontenelle asleep ,  
 Let them with Biowne,<sup>2</sup> contrive, no vulgar trick,  
 To cure the dead, and make the living sick , 110  
 Let them, in charity, to Murphy give  
 Some old French piece, that he may steal and live ,  
 Let them with antic Fôte, subscriptions get,  
 And advertise a summer-house of wit

Thus, or in any better way they please,  
 With these great men, or with great men like these,  
 Let them their appetite for laughter feed ,  
 I on my Journey all alone proceed

If fashionable grown, and fond of power,  
 With humorous Scots let them disport their hour, 120  
 Let them dance, fairy like, round Ossian's tomb ,  
 Let them forge lies and histories for Hume ;  
 Let them with Home, the very prince of verse,  
 Make something like a tragedy in Erse ,  
 Under dark Allegory's flimsy veil,  
 Let them, with Ogilvie,<sup>3</sup> spin out a tale  
 Of rueful length , let them plain things obscure,  
 Debase what's truly rich, and what is poor  
 Make poorer still by jargon most uncouth ,  
 With every pert, prim prettiness of youth, 130  
 Born of false taste, with Fancy (like a child  
 Not knowing what it cries for) running wild,  
 With bloated style, by Affectation taught,  
 With much false colouring, and little thought,

<sup>1</sup> 'Whitehead' Whitehead dedicated his 'School for Lovers' to the memory of Fontenelle — <sup>2</sup> 'Biowne' 'The Cure of Saul,' a sacred ode by Dr Biowne, was set to music — <sup>3</sup> 'Ogilvie' John Ogilvie, A.M., was the author of 'Providence,' an allegorical poem

With phrases strange, and dialect decreed 155  
 By Reason never to have pass'd the Twèed,  
 With words, which Nature meant each other's foe,  
 Forc'd to compound whether they will or no ;  
 With such materials, let them, if they will,  
 To prove at once their pleasantry and skill, 140  
 Build up a bard to war 'gainst Common Sense,  
 By way of compliment to Providence ,  
 Let them, with Armstrong,<sup>1</sup> taking leave of Sense,  
 Read musty lectures on Benevolence,  
 Or con the pages of his gaping Day,  
 Where all his former fame was thrown away,  
 Where all, but barren labour, was forgot,  
 And the vain stiffness of a letter'd Scot ;  
 Let them, with Armstrong, pass the term of light,  
 But not one hour of darkness: when the night 150  
 Suspends this mortal coil, when Memory wakes,  
 When for our past misdoings, Conscience takes  
 A deep revenge, when, by Reflection led,  
 She draws his curtains, and looks Comfort dead,  
 Let every Muse be gone , in vain he turns,  
 And tries to pray for sleep , an *Ætna* burns,  
 A more than *Ætna*, in his coward breast,  
 And Guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him rest  
 Though soft as plumage from young Zephyr's wing,  
 His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring , 160  
 Ingratitude hath planted daggers there  
 No good man can deserve, no brave man bear  
 Thus, or in any better way they please,  
 With these great men, or with great men like these,  
 Let them their appetite for laughter feed ,  
 I on my Journey all alone proceed.

<sup>1</sup> 'Armstrong.' Dr John Armstrong, author of that beautiful poem, 'The Art of Preserving Health,' also of one entitled 'Day,' in which he reflected on Churchill, who had been his friend

## DEDICATION

TO CHURCHILL'S SERMONS.

The manuscript of this unfinished poem was found among the few papers  
Churchill left behind him

HEALTH to great Glo'ster !—from a man unknown,  
Who holds thy health as dearly as his own,  
Accept this greeting—nor let modest fear  
Call up one maiden blush—I mean not here  
To wound with flattery, 'tis a villain's art,  
And suits not with the frankness of my heart  
Truth best becomes an orthodox divine,  
And, spite of Hell, that character is mine :  
To speak e'en bitter truths I cannot fear ;  
But truth, my lord, is panegyric here 10

Health to great Glo'ster !—nor, through love of ease,  
Which all priests love, let this address displease  
I ask no favour, not one *note* I crave,  
And when this busy brain rests in the grave,  
(For till that time it never can have rest)  
I will not trouble you with one bequest  
Some humbler friend, my mortal journey done,  
More near in blood, a nephew or a son,  
In that dread hour executor I'll leave,  
For I, alas ! have many to receive, 20

To give, but little —To great Glo'ster health !  
Nor let thy true and proper love of wealth  
Here take a false alarm—in purse though poor,  
In spirit I'm right proud, nor can endure  
The mention of a bribe—thy pocket's free :  
I, though a dedicator, scorn a fee  
Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes share ;  
I would not Allen rob, nor Allen's heir.

Think not,—a thought unworthy thy great soul, 29  
Which pumps of this world never could control,  
Which never offer'd up at Power's vain shrine,—  
Think not that pomp and power can work on mine  
'Tis not thy name, though that indeed is great,  
'Tis not the tinsel trumpery of state,  
'Tis not thy title, Doctor though thou art,  
'Tis not thy mitre, which hath won my heart  
State is a faice, names are but empty things,  
Degrees are bought, and, by mistaken kings,  
Titles are oft misplaced, mitres, which shine  
So bright in other eyes, are dull in mine, 40  
Unless set off by virtue, who deceives  
Under the sacred sanction of lawn sleeves  
Enhances guilt, commits a double sin;  
So fair without, and yet so foul within  
'Tis not thy outward form, thy easy mien,  
Thy sweet complacency, thy brow serene,  
Thy open front, thy love-commanding eye,  
Where fifty Cupids, as in ambush, lie,  
Which can from sixty to sixteen impart  
The force of Love, and point his blunted dart; 50  
'Tis not thy face, though that by Nature's made  
An index to thy soul, though there display'd  
We see thy mind at large, and through thy skin  
Peeps out that courtesy which dwells within,  
'Tis not thy birth, for that is low as mine,  
Around our heads no lineal glories shine—  
But what is birth,—when, to delight mankind,  
Heralds can make those arms they cannot find,  
When thou art to thyself, thy sire unknown,  
A whole Welsh genealogy alone? 60  
No, 'tis thy inward man, thy proper worth,  
Thy right just estimation here on earth,

Thy life and doctrine uniformly join'd, 63  
 And flowing from that wholesome source, thy mind,  
 Thy known contempt of Persecution's rod,  
 Thy charity for man, thy love of God,  
 Thy faith in Christ, so well approved 'mongst men,  
 Which now give life and utterance to my pen  
 Thy virtue, not thy rank, demands my lays,  
 'Tis not the Bishop, but the Saint, I praise 70  
 Raised by that theme, I soar on wings more strong,  
 And burst forth into praise withheld too long

Much did I wish, e'en whilst I kept those sheep  
 Which, for my curse, I was ordain'd to keep,—  
 Ordain'd, alas! to keep, through need, not choice,  
 Those sheep which never heard their shepherd's voice,  
 Which did not know, yet would not learn their way,  
 Which stray'd themselves, yet grieved that I should stray.  
 Those sheep which my good father (on his bier  
 Let filial duty drop the pious tear) 80  
 Kept well, yet starved himself, e'en at that time  
 Whilst I was pure and innocent of rhyme,  
 Whilst, sacred Dulness ever in my view,  
 Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew,—  
 Much did I wish, though little could I hope,  
 A friend in him who was the friend of Pope

His hand, said I, my youthful steps shall guide,  
 And lead me safe where thousands fall beside;  
 His temper, his experience, shall control,  
 And hush to peace the tempest of my soul, 90  
 His judgment teach me, from the critic school,  
 How not to err, and how to err by rule;  
 Instruct me, mingle profit with delight,  
 Where Pope was wrong, where Shakspeare was not right,  
 Where they are justly praised, and where, through whim,  
 How little's due to them, how much to him



Raised 'bove the slavery of common rules,  
 Of common-sense, of modern, ancient schools,  
 Those feelings banish'd which mislead us all,  
 Fools as we are, and which we Nature call,  
 He by his great example might impart  
 A better something, and baptize it Art;  
 He, all the feelings of my youth forgot,  
 Might show me what is taste by what is not,  
 By him supported, with a proper pride,  
 I might hold all mankind as fools beside,  
 He (should a world, perverse and peevish grown  
 Explode his maxims and assert their own)  
 Might teach me, like himself, to be content,  
 And let their folly be their punishment,  
 Might, like himself, teach his adopted son,  
 'Gainst all the world, to quote a Warburton

110

Fool that I was! could I so much deceive  
 My soul with lying hopes? could I believe  
 That he, the servant of his Maker sworn,  
 The servant of his Saviour, would be torn  
 From their embrace, and leave that dear employ,  
 The cure of souls, his duty and his joy,  
 For toys like mine, and waste his precious time,  
 On which so much depended, for a rhyme?  
 Should he forsake the task he undertook,  
 Desert his flock, and break his pastoral crook?  
 Should he (forbid it, Heaven!) so high in place,  
 So rich in knowledge, quit the work of grace,  
 And, idly wandering o'er the Muses' hill,  
 Let the salvation of mankind stand still?

120

Far, far be that from thee—yes, far from thee  
 Be such revolt from grace, and far from me  
 The will to think it—guilt is in the thought—  
 Not so, not so, hath Warburton been taught,

130

Not so learn'd Christ Recall that day, well known, 131  
 When (to maintain God's honour, and his own)  
 He call'd blasphemers forth, methinks I now  
 See stern Rebuke enthroned on his brow,  
 And aim'd with tenfold terrors—from his tongue,  
 Where fiery zeal and Christian fury hung,  
 Methinks I hear the deep-toned thunders roll,  
 And chill with horror every sinner's soul,  
 In vain they strive to fly—flight cannot save,  
 And Potter trembles even in his grave— 140  
 With all the conscious pride of innocence,  
 Methinks I hear him, in his own defence,  
 Bear witness to himself, whilst all men knew,  
 By gospel rules his witness to be true

O glorious man ! thy zeal I must commend,  
 Though it deprived me of my dearest friend ;  
 The real motives of thy anger known,  
 Wilkes must the justice of that anger own ,  
 And, could thy bosom have been bared to view,  
 Pitied himself, in turn had pitied you. 150  
 Bred to the law, you wisely took the gown,  
 Which I, like Demas, foolishly laid down ,  
 Hence double strength our Holy Mother drew,  
 Me she got rid of, and made prize of you  
 I, like an idle truant fond of play,  
 Doting on toys, and throwing gems away,  
 Grasping at shadows, let the substance slip ;  
 But you, my lord, renounced attorneyship  
 With better purpose, and more noble aim,  
 And wisely played a more substantial game . 160  
 Nor did Law mourn, bless'd in her younger son,  
 For Mansfield does what Glo'ster would have done  
 Doctor ! Dean ! Bishop ! Glo'ster ! and My Lord !  
 If haply these high titles may accord

With thy meek spirit , if the barren sound 165  
 Of pride delights thee, to the topmost round  
 Of Fortune's ladder got, despise not one  
 For want of smooth hypocrisy undone.  
 Who, far below, turns up his wondering eye,  
 And, without envy, sees thee placed so high 170  
 Let not thy brain (as brains less potent might)  
 Dizzy, confounded, giddy with the height,  
 Turn round, and lose distinction, lose her skill  
 And wonted powers of knowing good from ill,  
 Of sifting truth from falsehood, friends from foes ;  
 Let Glo'ster well remember how he rose,  
 Nor turn his back on men who made him great ;  
 Let him not, gorged with power, and drunk with state,  
 Forget what once he was, though now so high,  
 How low, how mean, and full as poor as I 180

\* \* \* \* \*  
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*Cætera desunt.*

# LINES WRITTEN IN WINDSOR PARK.

These verses appeared with Churchill's name to them in the London Magazine for 1763, and there is no reason to doubt their being genuine.

WHEN Pope to Satire gave its lawful way,  
 And made the Nimiods of Mankind his prey ,  
 When haughty Windsor heard through every wood  
 Their shame, who durst be great, yet not be good ,

Who, drunk with power, and with ambition blind,  
Slaves to themselves, and monsters to mankind,  
Sinking the man, to magnify the prince,  
Were heretofore, what Stūarts have been since  
Cōuld he have look'd into the womb of Time,  
How might his spirit in prophetic rhyme,  
Inspired by virtue, and for freedom bold,  
Matters of different import have foretold '  
How might his Muse, if any Mūse's tongue  
Could equal such an argument, have sung  
One William,<sup>1</sup> who makes all mankind his care,  
And shines the saviour of his country there '  
One William, who to every heart gives law ,  
The son of George, the image of Nassau !

<sup>1</sup> ' William ' Duke of Cumberland- -the Whig hero

THE END